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FIAT JUSTITIA.

(From a Caricature of the day.)

Isaac D'Israeli

"BELPHEGOR, or the DEVIL turned ESQr."

"Yet do I remember the time past, I muse upon my works,
Yea, I exercise myself in the works of wickedness." – *Psalms*

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"THE SHAM SQUIRE,"

AND

THE INFORMERS OF 1798;

WITH

JOTTINGS ABOUT IRELAND A CENTURY AGO.

BY

W. J. FITZ-PATRICK, LL.D.,

BIOGRAPHER OF BISHOP DOYLE, LORD CLONCURRY, LADY MORGAN, ETC.

NEW EDITION,

WITH NEW MATTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CONTEMPORARY PRINTS.

"Truth is stranger than fiction."

J. NORTHWOOD, BOOKSELLER, 3, HIGH STREET, DUBLIN

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE object which originally led me to commence researches in reference to Francis Higgins, "the Sham Squire," was to remove a misapprehension which pervaded almost the entire press of Great Britain and Ireland.

For sixty-one years the name of the person who received the reward of £1000 for the betrayal of Lord Edward Fitzgerald remained an impenetrable mystery, although historians have devoted much time and labour in seeking to discover it. Among other revelations, recently published in the "Cornwallis Papers," we find that "Francis Higgins, proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, was the person who gave all the information which led to the arrest and death of the Patriot Chief." In the following pages, however, it will appear that Higgins was not the actual Betrayer, but the employer of the Betrayer, a much respected "gentleman," who, although in receipt for forty-five years of a pension—the price of Lord Edward's blood—was not suspected of the treachery.

The *Athenæum*, after justly reprobating some of the duplicity practised in 1798, observed:—

"The *Freeman's Journal* was a patriotic print, and advocated the popular cause, and its proprietor earned blood-money by hunting down the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald!"

"Truth is stranger than fiction," however; and the *Freeman's Journal,* when owned by Higgins, was not only the openly and notoriously subsidised organ of the then corrupt Government, but the most violent assailant of the popular party in Ireland.

The *Times,* noticing the United Irishmen, said—

"They believed themselves to be embarked in a noble cause, and were cheered on the path that led to martyrdom by the spirit-stirring effusions of a press which felt their wrongs, shared their sentiments, and deplored their misfortunes. Alas! the press that encouraged was no more free from the influence of Government than the advocate who defended them. Francis Higgins, proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal,* was the person who procured all the intelligence about Lord Edward Fitzgerald. When we reflect that the *Freeman's Journal* was a favourite organ of the United Irishmen,* that in that capacity it must have received much secret and dangerous information, and that all this information was already bargained for and sold to the Irish Government before it was given, we can appreciate at once the refinement of its policy, and the snares and pitfalls among which the path of an Irish conspirator is laid."

The misapprehension under which the paragraphs of the *Times* and *Athenæum* were written, found a prompt echo in the *Mail, Nation, Post,* and other influential Irish journals. The *Nation* gave it to be

* The organ of the United Irishmen was the *Press.*

understood that Higgins, having become a secret traitor to his party, published "next morning thundering articles against the scoundrel who betrayed the illustrious patriot;" and in a subsequent number added: "What fouler treachery was ever practised than the subornation of the journals and the writers in whom the people placed a mistaken confidence, whereby the unsuspecting victims were made to cram a mine for their own destruction!"

These statements excited a considerable sensation. The Irish provincial press reiterated them, and locally fanned the flame. The *Meath People*, after alluding to Higgins, said: "Shame, shame for ever on the recreant who had patriotism on his pen point, and treason to the country in his heart!" I felt that this statement, if unrefuted, would soon find its way into the permanent page of history. A short letter from me, explanatory of the real facts, was gladly accepted by the conductor of the *Freeman's Journal*, who introduced it in the following words, less by one too flattering observation:—

"We publish to-day a most interesting letter from William John Fitzpatrick. The sad fate of the gallant Lord Edward excited peculiar and permanent interest in the minds of all who prized chivalry and patriotism; and when the 'Cornwallis Papers' disclosed the name of the Government agent who had tracked the noble chief to his doom, a host of reviewers, ignorant of the history of the time, and anxious only to cast a slur on the patriots of a bygone century, wrote beautiful romances about the betrayer of Lord Edward. The reviewers, without exception, have represented Higgins as the confidant of the United Irishmen—as a 'patriotic' journalist, who sustained the popular party with his pen, and sold them for Castle gold.

Mr Fitzpatrick dissipates the romance by showing who and what Higgins was—that he was the public and undisguised agent of the English Government; that his journal, instead of being 'patriotic,' or even friendly to the United Irishmen, was the constant vehicle of the most virulent assaults upon their character and motives; that he was the ally and friend of the notorious John Scott; that, as a journalist, he was the panegyrist of Sirr, and his colleague, Swan; and that he never mentioned the name of an Irish patriot—of Lord Edward, O'Connor, Teeling, or their friends—without some such prefix as 'traitor,' 'wretch,' 'conspirator,' 'incendiary,' while the Government that stimulated the revolt, in order to carry the Union, is lauded as 'able,' 'wise,' 'humane,' and 'lenient!' These events are now more than half a century old; but, though nearly two generations have passed away since Higgins received his blood-money, it is, as justly remarked by Mr Fitzpatrick, gratifying to have direct evidence that the many high-minded and honourable men who were, from time to time, suspected for treachery to their chief, were innocent of his blood."

Having, in the letter thus referred to by the *Freeman*, glanced rapidly at a few of the more startling incidents in the life of "the Sham Squire," which elicited expressions of surprise, and even of incredulity, I conceived that I was called upon to give his history more in detail, and with a larger array of authorities than I had previously leisure or space to bring forward. From the original object of this book, I have in the present edition wandered, by pressing into the mosaic many curious *morceaux* illustrative of the history of the time; while in the Appendix will be found some interesting and im-

portant memorabilia, which could not, without injury to artistic effect, appear in the text.

Owing to the recently discovered Fenian conspiracy, and the attention which it has excited, this work possesses, perhaps, more than ordinary interest; but, lest it should be supposed that I was influenced in my choice of the subject by its aptness to existing circumstances, I am bound to add that the book was written, and in great part printed, before the Fenian movement obtained notoriety.

In conclusion, I have only to observe that I feel the less hesitation in publishing these details, from the fact that the two marriages which Mr Higgins contracted produced no issue.

KILLIACUD MANOR, STILLORGAN, CO. DUBLIN,
November 23, 1865.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

A SECOND edition of this book having become exhausted in a few weeks, I am called upon to prepare a third for the press. The matter is entirely recast, and some curious Addenda, not hitherto used, with valuable original documents, are now welded into the text. Among the latter I beg specially to direct attention to the historic importance of the Cope and Reynolds papers,* now first published, and which have been kindly placed at my disposal by Sir William H. Cope, Bart.

Since the publication of this book, I found to my surprise that I had got a few readers so illogical as to assume, first—that because I condemn the Government of a bygone century, I am necessarily opposed to the present Government; and secondly, that my sympathies are with the Revolutionists of '98. The policy of the present Government presents a thorough contrast to that of their remote predecessors, and in my opinion merits support. As to the rebellion of '98 I merely say, with the reigning premier, Earl Russell, that "it was wickedly provoked, rashly begun, and cruelly crushed;"† nor do I go so far as the cabinet

* See Appendix, pp. 227-247.

† Preface to Moore's Memoirs, vol. i., p. 18.

minister, Lord Holland, who, in his "Memoirs of the Whig Party," writes:—"More than twenty years have now passed away. Many of my political opinions are softened—my predilections for some men weakened, my prejudices against others removed; but my approbation of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's actions remains unaltered and unshaken. His country was bleeding under one of the hardest tyrannies that our times have witnessed."

The true moral which I have sought to inculcate has been so accurately perceived by an old and influential journal, *Saunders's News Letter*, that I am tempted to quote a passage or two for the behoof of the illogical few to whom I have referred:—"When," asks this journal, "will the people learn that secret confederacies can do no good, that informers will always be found to betray them, and that no plot which deals in signs and signals, can enlist the sympathy of those whose co-operation would be really valuable? The very interesting work of Mr Fitzpatrick, recently published, 'The Sham Squire and the Informers of 1798,' gives some striking instances of the impossibility of treasonable associations being secure from the spy and the false companion, and the wider the conspiracy, the greater the certainty of detection. . . . . There never yet was an illegal secret confederacy which had not members ready to betray their associates, either to purchase safety, or to make a profit for themselves."

But there is another class of readers who, without holding either of the illogical objections just noticed, entertain an opinion of this book equally

erroneous. They assume that I have sought to dishonour Ireland by showing it as always abounding in spies, betrayers, &c.: but they can have hardly read the emphatic passages with which the volume closes.* I have been hitherto noted for embalming the memory of some of Ireland's worthies;† and it is surely quite consistent and patriotic to stigmatise the representatives of a perfectly opposite character. This course, moreover, serves to show my historic impartiality. Contrasts are often agreeable and useful. "Look upon this picture and on this," says Shakespeare. Plutarch, the prince of biographers and moral philosophers, in his introduction to the life of Demetrius Poliorcites and another person remarkable for his vices, says: "We shall behold and imitate the virtuous with greater attention, if we be not unacquainted with the characters of the vicious and the infamous." Portraits of unscrupulous statesmen and politicians are no doubt introduced for the better illustration of the eventful epoch in question; but the sketches are by no means confined to Irishmen.

* See pp. 327–329.

† The *Caledonian Mercury*, in noticing the life of Bishop Doyle said:—"Mr Fitzpatrick has a commendable patriotic desire to do and have justice done to the more eminent of Ireland's sons. He entertains the belief that Ireland, unlike most other nations, idolises their great men while they live, and neglects their memory when they are dead; he cannot help regretting that neither by 'storied urn or monumental bust,' nor in the written pages of the world's history, have illustrious Celts received that measure of justice and honour to which they are entitled; he has, therefore, in these, as in previous volumes, furnished satisfactory evidence of his own determination, if not to do the whole work required, at least to lay the foundation upon which the temple of Irish worth and genius may be reared, and its niches becomingly filled. For this he is entitled to the gratitude of every true patriot."

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☞ The papers indicated by an asterisk now appear for the first time.

THE SHAM SQUIRE.

CHAPTER I.

The great Annesley Trial.—Wonderful Adventures.—Murder of Patrick Higgins.—Early Struggles and Stratagems of the Sham Squire.—How to Catch an Heiress.—All is not Gold that Glitters.—A Jesuit Outwitted.—Moral, that clergymen should be slow in introducing suitors without inquiry.—Judge Robinson.—John Philpot Curran.—The Black Dog Prison.—Uprise of the Sham Squire.—Lord Chief-Justice Clonmel.—Sham Statesmen as well as Sham Squires.—Irish Administrations of Lord Temple and the Duke of Rutland.—The Beautiful Duchess.—Anecdotes.

THE great Annesley trial, which took place at Dublin in November 1743, disclosed a most exciting episode in the romance of history. A few of its salient points are subjoined for the better illustration of our narrative, with which, as will be seen, the trial has some connexion.

A son was born to Lord and Lady Altham of Dunmaine, in the county of Wexford; but they lived unhappily together, and the lady, having been turned adrift on the world, at last died a victim to disease and poverty. James Annesley, her infant son, was intrusted by Lord Altham to the charge of a woman named Juggy Landy, who lived in a wretched hut near Dunmaine. Lord Altham, after a few years, removed with his son to Dublin, where he formed a connexion with a Miss Kennedy, whom he tried to introduce to society as his wife. This woman, who

wielded considerable influence over Lord Altham, succeeded in driving James Annesley from the paternal roof. He became a houseless wanderer through the streets of Dublin, and, as we learn, procured a scanty subsistence "by running of errands and holding horses."

In order to facilitate a loan of money, which Lord Altham, conjointly with his brother, was induced to borrow on his reversionary interest in the estates of Lord Anglesey, to whom he was heir-at-law, young Annesley was alleged to be dead. On the death of Lord Altham, his brother attended the funeral as chief mourner, and assumed the title of Baron Altham; but when he claimed to have this title registered he was refused by the Ulster king-at-arms "on account of his nephew's being reported still alive, and for want of the honorary fees." "Ultimately, however, by means which are stated to have been 'well known and obvious,' he succeeded in procuring his registration.

"But there was another and a more sincere mourner at the funeral of Lord Altham than the successful inheritor of his title. A poor boy of twelve years of age, half naked, bareheaded and barefooted, wept over his father's grave."* Young Annesley was speedily recognised by his uncle, and forcibly driven from the place. The latter soon after instituted a series of daring attempts to get so troublesome an obstacle to his ambition and peace of mind out of the way. Many efforts made to kidnap the boy were foiled by the prowess of a humane butcher, who took him under his protection; and on one occasion this man, by sheer strength of muscle, and a stout shillelah, successfully resisted the united efforts of half a dozen emissaries despatched by Lord Altham. In an unguarded moment, however, Annesley was seized in the street, and dragged on board a vessel in the Liffey, which sailed for

ntleman's Magazine, vol. xiv., p. 39.

America, where the boy was apprenticed as a plantation slave, and in which capacity he remained for thirteen years. Meanwhile the uncle, on the demise of Lord Anglesey, succeeded to his title and vast estates. The boy made many attempts to escape, and on one occasion nearly lost his life from the effects of several stabs he received from the negro sentinels. The daughter of a slave-driver became passionately attached to him; he, however, failed to reciprocate her passion; and at last escaped to Jamaica, where he volunteered as a sailor on board a man-of-war. He was identified by some of the officers; and Admiral Vernon, who commanded the fleet, wrote home an account of the case to the then Prime Minister, supplied Annesley with money, and treated him with the respect due to his rank. As soon as these matters reached the ears of Lord Anglesey, he left no effort untried to maintain possession of his usurped title and wealth; and "the most eminent lawyers within the English and Irish bars were retained to defend a cause, the prosecution of which was not as yet even threatened." On Annesley's arrival in Dublin, "several servants who had lived with his father came from the country to see him. They knew him at first sight, and fell on their knees to thank Heaven for his preservation; embraced his legs, and shed tears of joy for his return."

Lord Anglesey proposed a compromise with Annesley, but an unexpected incident occurred which the usurper resolved to turn to good account, and thus avoid the expense of an arrangement. A fowling-piece exploded accidentally in Annesley's hand, and killed a man to whom he owed no enmity. Lord Altham exerted his influence to the uttermost, both on the inquest and at the trial, in endeavouring to get his nephew adjudged guilty of wilful murder. He sat with the judges on the bench, browbeat the witnesses, and laboured to entrap them into unguarded admis-

sions. Although Lord Altham expended one thousand pounds on the prosecution, Annesley was triumphantly acquitted.*

A still more memorable trial, in which James Annesley was plaintiff, and Richard, Earl of Anglesey, defendant, was heard before the Chief-Justice and Barons of the Exchequer, on November 11, 1743, and lasted nearly a fortnight. A number of witnesses in the interest of Lord Anglesey were examined, with the unworthy object of attempting to prove Annesley illegitimate; but although the jury found for him, he failed to recover his title and property, as the powerful interest of Lord Anglesey succeeded in procuring a writ of error, which set aside the verdict. Before a new trial could be brought on Annesley died without issue, and his uncle remained in undisturbed possession of the title and estates.†

Patrick Higgins, father of the "Sham Squire," was an attorney's clerk, who had been sent into the country to collect evidence for the trial. "He arrived in Dublin from the country late on a winter's night," writes a correspondent, "and was known to have in his possession some valuable papers relating to the great Annesley case, and it is supposed that he was waylaid, murdered, and disposed of by parties interested in getting possession of those papers."‡

That worth frequently fails to meet its deserts in this life, and that chicane too often makes the fortune of the perpetrator, is painfully evidenced in the histories of James Annesley and Francis Higgins.

In the year 1754, a bare-legged boy, with cunning

* For full details see Howel's State Trials. 15 Geo. II., 1742, vol. xvii., pp. 1093–1139.

† *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xiv., pp. 39–42. Sir Walter Scott is alleged to have taken this history as the groundwork of "Guy Mannering," although he has not admitted it in his explanatory introduction to that novel. See Lockhart's Life of Scott, chapter xxxiv. (edition 1845.)

‡ Letter of J. Curran, Esq., dated Rathmines, November 22, 1865.

eyes, might have been seen carrying pewter quarts in Fishamble Street,* Dublin, which was then a popular locality, owing to the continual ridottos, concerts, and feats of magic, which made the old Music Hall an object of attraction. This boy became the subsequently influential Justice Higgins, or, as he was more frequently styled, the Sham Squire. Fishamble Street is recorded as the scene of his *début* by John Magee, in 1789; and this account we find corroborated by a traditional anecdote of Mr R——, whose grandmother often told him that she remembered her father, Mr Smith, of Fishamble Street, employing Higgins, "a bare-footed, red-haired boy," to sweep the flags in front of his door.

Our adventurer was the only survivor of a large family of brothers and sisters, the children of Patrick and Mary Higgins,† who are said to have migrated from Downpatrick.‡ He himself was born in a cellar in Dublin, and while yet of tender years became successively "errand-boy, shoe-black, and waiter in a porter house."

The number of times which Higgins used his broom, or shouldered pewter pots, it would be uninteresting to enumerate, and unprofitable to record. Passing over a few years occupied in this way, Mr Higgins is re-introduced to the reader, discharging his duties as a "hackney writing clerk" in the office of Daniel Bourne, attorney-at-law, Patrick's Close, Dublin.§ He was born a Roman Catholic, but he had now read his recantation, as appears from the *Official Register of Conversions*, preserved in the Record Tower, Dublin Castle.‖ Nevertheless, he failed to rise in the social scale. Having become a perfect

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1789.

† Will of Francis Higgins, Prerogative Court, Dublin.

‡ *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1837. § *Ibid.*, No. 1765.

‖ This record, which seems unknown to most Irish biographers, contains the names of Barry Yelverton, afterwards Lord Avonmore, Leonard MacNally, and several other men of mark. Thanks to Sir

master of scrivenery, a strong temptation smote him to turn his talent for caligraphy to some more substantial account than £16 per annum, the general salary of hackney writing clerks in those days.* Higgins had great ambition, but without money and connexion he was powerless. Accordingly, to gain these ends, we find him in 1766 forging, with his cunning brain and ready hand, a series of legal instruments, purporting to show that he was not only a man of large landed property, but in the enjoyment of an office of some importance under Government. Trusting to his tact for complete success, Higgins, full of daring, sought Father Shortall, and, on his knees, hypocritically declared himself a convert to the Roman Catholic Church. The iron pressure of the penal code had not then received its first relaxation; Catholics were daily conforming to the Establishment; Father Shortall regarded Mr Higgins's case as a very interesting and touching one, and he affectionately received the convert squire into the heaving bosom of the suffering Church of Ireland. "And now, holy father," said the neophyte, "I must implore of you to keep my conversion secret. My parent has got a property of £3000 a year, and if this matter transpires I shall be disinherited." The good pastor assured him that he would be as silent as the grave; he gave him his blessing, and Higgins retired, hugging himself on his dexterity, and offering mental congratulations on the prospect that began to open to his future success. When this religious intercourse had continued for some time, Higgins told his spiritual adviser that the ease of his soul was such as induced him humbly to hope that the Almighty had accepted the sincerity of his repentance. "If any-

Bernard Burke, the courteous and efficient custodian of the records, many valuable MSS. are constantly turning up, to the great satisfaction of historical students.

* *Faulkner's Dublin Journal*, January 24, 1767.

thing be now wanting to my complete happiness," he added, "it is an amiable wife of the true religion, whose bright example will serve to keep my frail resolutions firm; as to the amount of fortune, it is an object of little or no consideration, for, as you are aware, my means will be ample."* His engaging manner won the heart of Father Shortall, who resolved and avowed to befriend him as far as lay in his power. Duped by the hypocrisy of our adventurer, the unsuspecting priest introduced him to the family of an eminent Catholic merchant, named Archer.

To strengthen his footing, Higgins ordered some goods from Mr Archer, and requested that they might be sent to 76 Stephen's Green, the house of his uncle, the then celebrated Counsellor Harward, M.P. Mr Archer treated his visitor with the respect due to the nephew and, as it seemed, the heir presumptive of that eminent person. The approach to deformity of Higgins's person had made Miss Archer shrink from his attentions; but her parents, who rejoiced at the prospect of an alliance so apparently advantageous, sternly overruled their daughter's reluctance. The intimacy gradually grew. Higgins accompanied Mr Archer and his daughter on a country excursion: seated in a noddy, they returned to town through Stephen's Green, and in passing Mr Harward's house, Higgins in a loud tone expressed a hope to some person at the door that his uncle's health continued to convalesce.† When too late Mr Archer discovered that no possible relationship existed between his hopeful son-in-law and the old counsellor.

It is also traditionally stated that Higgins turned to profitable account an intimacy which he had

* Sketches of Irish Political Characters. By Henry MacDougall, M.A., T.C.D. Lond. 1799, p. 182.

† Tradition communicated by the late Very Rev. Dr Yore.

formed with the servants of one of the judges. His lordship having gone on circuit, a perfect "High Life Below Stairs" was performed in his absence; and Higgins, to promote the progress of his scheme, succeeded in persuading his friend, the coachman, to drive him to a few places in the judicial carriage.

The imposture was too well planned to fail; but let us allow the heart-broken father to tell the tragic tale in his own words:—

"*County of the City of Dublin, to wit.*" The examination of William Archer, of Dublin, merchant, who, being duly sworn and examined, saith, that on the 9th day of November [1766] last, one Francis Higgins, who this examinant now hears and believes to be a common hackney writing clerk, came to the house of this examinant in company with a clergyman of the Church of Rome,* and was introduced as a man possessing lands in the county of Down, to the amount of £250 per annum, which he, the said Francis Higgins, pretended to this examinant, in order to deceive and cheat him; and also that he was in considerable employ in the revenue; and that he was entitled to a large property on the death of William Harward, Esq., who the said Higgins alleged was his guardian, and had

* We are indebted to John Cornelius O'Callaghan, Esq., author of "The Green Book," and historian of "The Irish Brigades in the Service of France," for the following tradition, which he has obligingly taken down from the lips of an octogenarian relative:—"The Rev. Mr Shortall (I believe a Jesuit) became acquainted with Higgins through the medium of religion; the fellow having pretended to become a convert to the Catholic Church, and even so zealous a one as to confess himself every Saturday to that gentleman, in order to receive the Blessed Sacrament the following day! This having gone on for some time, Mr Shortall formed a high opinion of Higgins, and spoke of him in such terms to the parents of the young lady he was designing to marry, that they were proportionately influenced in his favour. After the 'fatal marriage' Mr Shortall was sent to Cork, and was introduced there to my maternal grandmother and her sisters, to whom he used to mention how bitterly he regretted having been so imposed upon. The story made such an impression on my mother as a child, that, shortly after she came to Dublin, she went to see the 'Sham Squire's' tomb, in Kilbarrack churchyard."

adopted him. In a few days after this introduction (during which time he paid his addresses to Miss Mary Anne Archer, the daughter of this examinant) he produced a state of a case, all of his own handwriting, saying, that he was entitled to the lands of Ballyveabeg, Islang, Ballahanera, and Dansfort, in the county of Down; and the more effectually to deceive and cheat this examinant and his daughter, Higgins had at the foot thereof obtained the legal opinion of the said William Harward, Esq., that he was entitled to said lands under a will mentioned to be made in said case. Higgins, in order to deceive this examinant, and to induce him to consent to a marriage with his daughter, agreed to settle £1500 on her, and informed examinant that if said marriage were not speedily performed, his guardian would force him to take the oath to qualify him to become an attorney, which he could not think of, as he pretended to be of the contrary opinion; and that as to the title-deeds of said lands, he could not then come at them, being lodged, as he pretended, with William Harward, Esq. But that if examinant thought proper, he would open a window in William Harward's house, in order to come at said deeds, let what would be the consequences. Examinant was advised not to insist on said measure, and therefore waived it; and relying on the many assertions and representations of the said Higgins, and of his being a person of consideration and property, and particularly having great confidence in the opinion of so eminent a lawyer as William Harward, this examinant having found on inquiry the same was the handwriting of Harward, agreed to give Higgins £600 as a portion with examinant's daughter, and one half of this examinant's substance at his death, which he believes may amount to *a considerable sum*, and executed writings for the performance of said agreement. And upon said marriage Higgins perfected a deed, and thereby agreed to settle the lands above mentioned on the issue of said marriage, together with £1500 on examinant's daughter. Soon after the marriage, the examinant being informed of the fraud, he made inquiries into the matters so represented by the said Higgins to facilitate said fraud, and the examinant found that there was not the least colour of truth in

any of the pretensions or suggestions so made by Higgins, and that he was not entitled to a foot of land, either in this kingdom or elsewhere, nor of any personal property, nor hath he any employment in the revenue or otherwise. Notwithstanding the repeated assurances of the said Higgins, and the said several pretences to his being a person of fortune or of business, he now appears to be a person of low and indigent circumstances, of infamous life and character,* and that he supported himself by the craft of a cheat and impostor; nor is the said William Harward either guardian or any way related to Higgins, as this examinant is informed and verily believes."

Mr Harward, whose name has been frequently mentioned, became a member of the Irish Bar in Michaelmas Term, 1718, and was the contemporary of Malone, Dennis, Lord Tracton, and Mr Fitzgibbon, father of Lord Clare, and sat for some years in the Irish Parliament. At the period when Higgins took such strange liberties with his name, Mr Harward was in an infirm state of health; he died, childless, in 1772.†

A person named Francis Higgins really held an ap-

* From a contemporary publication, "Irish Political Characters,' p. 180, we learn that when Higgins acted as an attorney's clerk his talents were not confined exclusively to the desk. "His master's pleasures found an attentive minister in Sham, and Sham found additional profits in his master's pleasures."

† The biographer of Charlemont mentions Harward as "deservedly celebrated for the acuteness of his understanding, his pleasantry, and his original wit." He would seem, indeed, to have been fonder of Joe Miller than of Blackstone. We find the following anecdote in the Life of Edmund Malone:—"Harward, the Irish lawyer, with the help of a great brogue, a peculiar cough, or long h-e-m, was sometimes happy in a retort. Harward had read a great deal of law, but it was all a confused mass; he had little judgment. Having, however, made one of his best harangues, and stated, as he usually did, a great deal of *doubtful* law, which yet he thought very sound, Lord Chief-Justice Clayton, who, though a most ignorant boor, had got the common black-letter of Westminster Hall pretty ready, as soon as Harward had done, exclaimed, 'You don't suppose, Mr Harward, that I take this to be law?' 'Indeed, my lord,' replied Harward, with his usual shrug and cough, 'I don't suppose you do!'"

pointment in the revenue, and our adventurer availed himself of the coincidence in carrying out his imposture. In the *Freeman's Journal* of October 21, 1766, we read:—"Mr Francis Higgins, of the Custom-house,* to Miss Anne Gore, of St Stephen's Green, an accomplished young lady with a handsome fortune."

The following is a copy of the true bill found by the grand jury against Higgins:—

"The jurors for our Lord the King, upon their oath, say that Francis Higgins, of Dublin, yeoman, being a person of evil name, fame, and dishonest conversation, and a common deceiver and cheat of the liege subjects of our said Lord, and not minding to gain his livelihood by truth and honest labour, but devising to cheat, cozen, and defraud William Archer of his moneys, fortune, and substance, for support of the profligate life of him, the said Francis Higgins, and with intent to obtain Mary Anne Archer in marriage, and to aggrieve, impoverish, and ruin her, and with intent to impoverish the said William Archer, his wife, and all his family, by wicked, false, and deceitful pretences, on the 19th November, in the seventh year of the reign of King George III., and on divers other days and times, with force and arms, at Dublin, in the parish of St Michael, the more fully to complete and perpetrate the said wicked intentions and contrivances, did fraudulently pretend to the said William Archer that—[here the facts are again recited in detail.] The said F. Higgins, by the same wicked pretences, procured Mary Anne Archer to be given in marriage to him, to the great damage of the said William Archer, to the great discomfort, prejudice, injury, and disquiet of mind of the said Mary Anne and the rest of the family, to the evil example of all others, and against the peace of our said Lord the King, his crown and dignity."

There is a painfully-interesting episode connected with this imposture which the foregoing documents

* The old Custom-house stood on the site now occupied by Wellington Quay.

do not tell, and we give it on the authority of the late venerable divine, Dr Yore, who was specially connected with the locality. As soon as the marriage between Higgins and Miss Archer had been solemnised, he brought her to some lodgings at Lucan. The bride, after a short matrimonial experience, found that Higgins was by no means a desirable husband; and having watched her opportunity to escape, fled, with almost maniac wildness, to Dublin. Higgins gave chase, and came in sight just as the poor girl had reached her father's house. It was the dawn of morning, and her parents had not yet risen; but she screamed piteously at the street door, and Mrs Archer, in her night-dress, got up and opened it. The affrighted girl had no sooner rushed through the threshold than Higgins came violently up, and endeavoured to push the door open. Mrs Archer resisted. She placed her arms across the ample iron sockets which had been formed for the reception of a wooden bolt. Higgins applied his strength. Mrs Archer cried wildly for relief and mercy; but her son-in-law disregarded the appeal, and continued to force the door with such violence that Mrs Archer's arm was crushed in two.

On the informations being sworn, Higgins was committed to prison. We read that on January 9, 1767, the citizens of Dublin witnessed his procession from Newgate, in Cutpurse Row, to the Tholsel, or Sessions' House, at Christ Church Place, then known as Skinner's Row.*

The Hon. Christopher Robinson, Second Justice of the King's Bench, tried the case. It was unusual in those days to report ordinary law proceedings; and there is no published record of the trial beyond three or four lines. But the case excited so strong a sensation that its leading details are still traditionally preserved among several respectable families.

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1829.

Faulkner's Journal of the day records:—"At an adjournment of the Quarter Sessions, held at the Tholsel, January 9, 1767, Francis Higgins was tried and found guilty of several misdemeanours."* At the commission of oyer and terminer following, we find that Higgins stood his trial for another offence committed subsequent to his conviction in the case of Miss Archer. The leniency of the punishment inflicted on Higgins, which permitted him to regain his liberty within a few weeks after having been found guilty of "*several misdemeanours*, will not fail to surprise the reader. But a violent hatred of Popery prevailed at that time; and even the bench of justice often seemed to rejoice when it had the power to give a rebuff to those who had rejected the allurements of Protestantism, and clung with fidelity to the oppressed Church.† With reference to the Archer case, we find that Judge Robinson

* *Faulkner's Dublin Journal*, No. 4144.

† About 1759, Laurence Saul, of Saul's Court, Fishamble Street, a wealthy Catholic distiller, was prosecuted for having harboured a young lady who had sought refuge in his house to avoid being compelled by her friends to conform to the Established Church. The Lord Chancellor, in the course of this trial, declared that the law did not presume an Irish Papist existed in the kingdom! Saul, writing to Charles O'Conor, says:—"Since there is not the least prospect of such a relaxation of the penal laws as would induce one Roman Catholic to tarry in this place of bondage, who can purchase a settlement in some other land where freedom and security of property can be obtained, will you condemn me for saying, that if I cannot be one of the first, I will not be one of the last to take flight?" Saul then bemoans the hard necessity of quitting for ever friends, relatives, and an ancient patrimony at a time of life when nature had far advanced in its decline, and his constitution by constant mental exercise was much impaired, to retire to some dreary clime, there to play the schoolboy again, to learn the language, laws, and institutions of the country, to make new friends—in short, to begin the world anew. "But," he adds, "when religion dictates, and prudence points out the only way to preserve posterity from temptation and perdition, I feel this consideration predominating over all others. I am resolved, as soon as possible, to sell out, and to expatriate." Saul retired to France, and died there in 1768. — *Gilbert's Dublin; Memoirs of Charles O'Conor.*

in his charge to the jury observed, that Higgins could not be heavily punished for attempting false pretences, and flying under false colours in the family of Mr Archer, inasmuch as, if they believed the prisoner at the bar to be the important personage which he represented himself, their own conduct presented a deception in not acquainting the prisoner's pretended guardian and uncle with the matrimonial intentions, which, unknown to his family, he entertained. "Gentlemen," added the judge, "that deception has existed on both sides we have ample evidence. 'Tis true this *Sham Squire* is guilty of great duplicity, but so also are the Archers." *

In thus fastening upon Higgins that stinging nickname which clung to him throughout his subsequent highly-inflated career, Judge Robinson unintentionally inflicted a punishment more severe than a long term of imprisonment in Newgate or the Black Dog.

Higgins exhibited great effrontery in the dock; and, appealing to the jury, asked if there was one man among them who would not do as much to possess so fine a girl.†

Judge Robinson was a bad lawyer and an unpopular judge. When proceeding to the Armagh assizes, in 1763, he found a gallows erected, and so constructed across the road that it was necessary to pass under it. To the "Heart-of-Oak-Boys" Judge Robinson was indebted for this compliment.‡ He was called to the bar in 1737, and died in Dominic Street in 1786. Mr O'Regan, in his "Memoir of Curran," describes Robinson as small and peevish. A member of the bar, named Hoare, sternly resisted the moroseness of the judge; at last, Robinson charged him with a design to bring the king's com-

* Tradition communicated by Mr Gill, publisher, Dublin.
† *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1765.
‡ Hardy's Life of Charlemont, vol. i., p. 199.

mission into contempt. "No, my lord," replied Hoare, "I have read that when a peasant, during the troubles of Charles I., found the crown in a bush, he showed it all marks of reverence. But I will go further; for though I should find the king's commission even upon a *bramble*, still I shall respect it." Mr Charles Phillips tells us that Judge Robinson had risen to his rank by the publication of some political pamphlets, only remarkable for their senseless, slavish, and envenomed scurrility. This fellow, when poor Curran was struggling with adversity, and straining every nerve in one of his infant professional exertions, made an unfeeling effort to crush him. Curran had declared, in combating some opinion of his adversary, that *he had consulted all his law books*, and could not find a single case in which the principle contended for was established. "I suspect, sir," said the heartless blockhead, "that your law library is rather contracted!" Curran eyed the judge for a moment in the most contemptuous silence, and then said: "It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and the circumstance has certainly rather curtailed my library; my books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than *by the composition of a great many bad ones.* I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should of my wealth, could I stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and the more notoriously contemptible."

Poor Miss Archer did not long survive her humiliation and misfortune. She died of a broken heart; and her parents had not long laid her

remains in the grave when their own mournfully followed.

Mr Higgins's companions throughout the period of his detention in Newgate were not of the most select description, nor were the manners prevalent in the place calculated to reform his reckless character. Wesley having visited the prison, found such impiety prevailing, that he always looked back upon it with loathing. "In 1767," observes Mr Gilbert, "Newgate was found to be in a very bad condition, the walls being ruinous, and a constant communication existing between the male and female prisoners, owing to there being but one pair of stairs in the building."* The gaoler carried on an extensive trade by selling liquors to the inmates at an exorbitant price; and prisoners refusing to comply with his demands were abused, violently beaten, stripped naked, and dragged to a small subterranean dungeon, with no light save what was admitted through a sewer which ran close by it, carrying off all the ordure of the prison, and rendering the atmosphere almost insupportable. In this noisome *oubliette*, perversely called "the nunnery," from being the place where abandoned females were usually lodged, twenty persons were frequently crowded together and plundered. Criminals under sentence of transportation were permitted to mix among the debtors. By bribes and collusion between the gaoler and the constables, legal sentences, in many instances, were not carried out. These practices at length attracted the attention of Parliament. Among other facts which transpired in the resolution of the Irish House of Commons, we find that the gaoler had "unlawfully kept in prison and loaded with irons persons not duly committed by any magistrate, till they had complied with the most exorbitant demands."

Even when in durance Mr Higgins's cunning did

* History of Dublin, pp. 265–6, vol. i.

not forsake him. Though far from being a Macheath in personal attractions, he contrived to steal the affections of the Lucy Lockit of the prison, and the happy couple were soon after married.* The gaoler was an influential person in his way, and promoted the worldly interest of his son-in-law.

For his "misdemeanours" in the family of Mr Archer, Higgins was committed to Newgate on January 9, 1767; but the punishment failed to make much impression on him. In the *Freeman's Journal* for February 28—the paper of which Higgins subsequently became the influential proprietor—we find the following:—

"At the commission of oyer and terminer, Mark Thomas, a revenue officer, and Francis Higgins, the celebrated adventurer, were convicted of an assault against Mr Peck. . . . . Higgins was fined £5, to be imprisoned one year, and to give £1000 security for his good behaviour for seven years."

Chronologically in place here are the details embodied in a curious letter, addressed on July 23, 1789, by "An Old Gray-headed Attorney," to John Magee, editor of the *Dublin Evening Post*, who, through its medium, continued with indomitable spirit to expose and execrate "the Sham," when he became an efficient tool of the Government, and was placed on the Bench by them:—

"In one of your late papers mention was made that the Sham had taken off the roll the record of his conviction in the case of Miss Archer; but if you wish to produce another record of his conviction, you will find one still remaining, in a case wherein the late John Peck was plaintiff, and the Sham and the late Mark Thomas, a revenue officer, were defendants. Sham being liberated from Newgate on Miss Archer's affair, sought out the celebrated Mark Thomas, who at that time kept a shop in Capel

* Sketches of Irish Political Characters, p. 182.

Street for the purpose of registering numbers in the then English lottery at 1d. per number. Thomas found Sham a man fitting for his purpose, and employed him as clerk during the drawing, and afterwards as setter and informer in revenue matters.

"Sham's business was to go to unwary grocers, and sell them bags of tea by way of smuggled goods, and afterwards send Thomas to seize them and to levy the fines by information. One evening, however, Sham and Thomas being inebriated, they went to John Peck's, in Corn Market, to search for run tea. Words arose in consequence: Sham made a violent pass at Peck with his tormentor (an instrument carried by revenue officers) and wounded him severely in the shoulder. Peck indicted them both: they were tried, found guilty, and ordered a year's imprisonment in Newgate, where they remained during the sentence of the court.

"The time of confinement having passed over, they were once more suffered to prowl on the public. Thomas died shortly after, and Sham enlisted himself under the banners of the late Charles Reilly, of Smock Alley, who then kept a public house, with billiard and hazard tables. Reilly considered him an acquisition to prevent riotous persons spoiling the play; for Sham at that time was not bloated, and was well known to be a perfect master in bruising, having carefully studied that art for two years in Newgate under the noted Jemmy Stack.

"Sham having lived some time at Reilly's, contrived by means of his cunning to put Reilly in the Marshalsea, and at the same time to possess himself of Reilly's wife, his house, and his all. The unfortunate Reilly from his sufferings became frantic and insane, and his wife died miserably. Sham still holds the house in Smock Alley. It is sometimes let out for a b——l, at other times his worship occupies it as a warehouse for the disposal of hose." *

Mr Gilbert, in his "History of Dublin," (vol. ii., p. 113,) refers to "Reilly's" with other gambling houses of the worst character, which continued to exist in

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1836.

Smock Alley till the close of the last century. "The police, in 1790, on breaking into a house in this alley, found numbers of false dice; and discovered in the cellar a quantity of human bones, with the skeleton of a man who had apparently fallen a victim to the proprietors of the hell."

For the assault on Peck, described by the "Grayheaded Attorney," we learn that Higgins "was publicly led by the common hangman through the streets of Dublin to the Court of King's Bench; and while in durance vile had no other subsistence than bread and water, save what he extorted by his piteous tale, and piteous countenance exhibited through the grated bars of a Newgate air-hole."*

The next glimpse we get of Mr Higgins is in the year 1775, exercising the craft of a hosier at "the Wholesale and Retail Connemara Sock and Stocking Warehouse, Smock Alley,"† and as a testimony to his importance, elected president of the Guild of Hosiers.‡ In 1780 we find his services engaged by Mr David Gibbal, conductor of the *Freeman's Journal*, and one of the proprietary of *Pue's Occurrences*.

The Public Register, or Freeman's Journal, stood high as a newspaper. In 1770 it became the organ of Grattan, Flood, and other opponents of the corrupt Townshend administration; while in *Hoey's Mercury* the viceroy was defended by Jephson, Marley, and Simcox. In literary ability the *Freeman* of that day has been pronounced, by a competent authority, as "incomparably superior to its Dublin contemporaries, and had the merit of being, with the exception of the *Censor*, the first Irish newspaper which published original and independent political essays."§ Dr Jebb, and the subsequent Judge Johnson, contributed papers to the *Freeman* at this period. ‖ Un-

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1779. † *Ibid.*, No. 1791.
‡ *Ibid.*, No. 1775. § Gilbert's Dublin, vol. i., p. 294.
‖ For notices of both see Appendix.

til 1782 it was printed at St Audeon's Arch; but at the close of that year Gibbal transferred it to Crane Lane.

In the journals of the Irish House of Commons we find an order issued, bearing date April 7, 1784, "That leave be given to bring in a bill to secure the liberty of the press, by preventing abuses arising from the publication of seditious, false, and slanderous libels. *Ordered*—That Francis Higgins, one of the conductors of the *Freeman's Journal*, do attend this House to-morrow morning."* The terms in which Mr Higgins was reproved are not recorded.

A short discussion on the subject may be found in the "Irish Parliamentary Debates." The Right Hon. John Foster impugned the conduct of the *Freeman's Journal*, and General Luttrel, afterwards Lord Carhampton, who, as will be seen, never flinched in his support of Mr Higgins, defended it.†

On the 8th of April following, Mr Foster brought in a bill to secure the liberty of the press, by preventing the publication of slanderous libels. The provisions of the bill were, that henceforth the name of the proprietor of every newspaper should be registered upon oath at the Stamp Office, and that the printer enter into a recognisance of £500 to answer all civil suits which might be instituted against him for publications. Mr Foster severely censured "those papers that undertake slander for hire, and calumny for reward." Sir Hercules Rowley saw no necessity for the bill; "he knew of no traitorous, scandalous, or malicious libels but one, viz., the title of the bill itself, which was an infamous libel on the Irish nation." On April 12, the subject was again debated. Mr Grattan declared that there was one paper which daily teemed with exhortations and incitements to assassination. Parliament was called upon to inter-

* Commons' Journals, vol. xi., pp. 267-268.
† Irish Parl. Debates, vol. iii., p. 147.

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fere, not by imposing any new penalty, nor by compelling printers to have their publications licensed, but merely to oblige them to put their names to their newspapers. The Attorney-General observed that these violent publications had great effect on the popular mind. A conspiracy had recently been discovered for murdering no less than seven members of that House. "The conditions were that the assassins should, upon performance of the business, receive £100; and, in the meantime, they were actually furnished with money, pistols, ammunition, and bayonets. They were urged to use the latter weapon, because it would neither miss fire nor make a noise." The bill, in an amended form, passed both Houses, and received the royal assent on the 14th of May following.

We must now go back a little. While engaged in Mr Bourne's office as an attorney's clerk, in 1766, Higgins had contrived to acquire no inconsiderable knowledge of law; and as his ambition now pointed to the profession of solicitor, for which, having renounced "Popery,"* he was eligible, a short course of study sufficed to qualify him. Higgins made several attempts to grasp the privileges and gown of an attorney; but the antecedents of his life were so damnatory, that opposition was offered by high legal authorities to his efforts. But Higgins was not a man on whom rebuffs made any impression, and we learn that so indomitable was his perseverance in endeavouring to obtain admittance as an attorney of the Court of Exchequer, that Chief Baron Foster† pronounced it "impudence,"

* "Attorneys were sworn not to take a Catholic apprentice. I have heard that there were instances of judges swearing in their own servants as attorneys."—*MS. Letter.* Until 1793 Roman Catholics were inadmissible as attorneys.

† Anthony Foster, Chief Baron of the Exchequer; called to the Bar in 1732; died 1778. He was father of the Right Hon. John Foster, last Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and first Lord Oriel.

and threatened a committal to Newgate if again repeated.*

The importance of having a friend at court was, ere long, pleasantly exemplified. John Scott, afterwards Earl of Clonmel, had in the days of his obscurity known the Sham Squire. Mr Scott, as we are reminded by Sir Jonah Barrington,† Charles Phillips,‡ and Walter Cox,§ was a person of very humble origin, but of some tact and talent. In 1765 he became a member of the Irish Bar.‖ In 1769 we find Lord Chancellor Lifford recommending him to the patronage of Lord Townshend, then viceroy of Ireland. "The marquis," observes one who knew Scott well, "had expressed his wishes for the assistance of some young gentleman of the Bar, on whose talents and fidelity he might rely in the severe parliamentary campaigns." Scott was accordingly returned for Mullingar. "The opposition," adds Hardy, "was formidable, being composed of the most leading families in the country, joined to great talents, and led on by Flood, whose oratorical powers were then at their height. Against this lofty combination did Mr Scott oppose himself with a promptitude and resolution almost unexampled. No menace from without, no invective within, no question, however popular, no retort, however applauded, no weight or vehemence of eloquence, no delicate satire, for a moment deterred this young, vigorous, and ardent assailant. On he moved, without much incumbrance of argument certainly, but all the light artillery and total war of jests were peculiarly his own."¶

Mr Scott's antecedents had been foreign to his new duties. Sprung from the ranks of the people, a zealous disciple of Lucas, the companion of patriots, and

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1828. † Personal Sketches, p. 314.
‡ Curran and his Contemporaries, p. 35.
§ *Irish Magazine* for 1810.
‖ Wilson's Dublin Directories.
¶ Hardy's Life of Charlemont, vol. i., p. 269.

even while at college a staunch opponent of the Government, Mr Scott was, in principle and practice, a thorough democrat. When introduced to Lord Townshend by Lord Chancellor Lifford, he observed with some humour, not unmixed with regret, "My lord, you have spoiled a good patriot!"* A few months subsequent to his return for Mullingar, we find Mr Scott created a king's counsel; in 1772, counsel to the Revenue Board; in 1774, solicitor-general; in 1774, privy-councillor and attorney-general. During the administration of Lord Northington, he became prime sergeant; and in that of the Duke of Rutland, Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, with a peerage.†

Politically speaking, Lord Clonmel was a bad Irishman and a worse logician. "When he failed to convince," writes Mr Phillips, "he generally succeeded in diverting; and if he did not, by the gravity of his reasoning, dignify the majority to which, when in Parliament, he sedulously attached himself, he, at all events, covered their retreat with an exhaustless quiver of alternate sarcasm and ridicule. Added to this, he had a perseverance not to be fatigued, and a personal intrepidity altogether invincible. When he could not overcome, he swaggered; and when he could not bully, he fought." On the Bench, too, he was often very overbearing, and for having subjected a barrister named Hackett to some discourtesy, which, at a meeting of the Bar, was reprobated and resented as a personal offence, Lord Clonmel was obliged to apologise in the public papers. He had many social virtues, however, and Mr Hardy informs us that in convivial hours his *bonhommie* and pleasantry were remarkable. "To his great honour be it recorded," adds the biographer of Charlemont, "he never forgot an obligation; and as his sagacity and knowledge of mankind

* Grattan's Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 141.

† Archdall's Lodge's Irish Peerage, vol. vii., pp. 242–3.

must have been pre-eminent, so his gratitude to persons who had assisted him in the mediocrity of his fortune was unquestionable, and marked by real generosity and munificence."

With Francis Higgins, whom he had known in that darkly-clouded period which preceded the dawn of his good fortune, Lord Clonmel ever afterwards kept up a friendly intercourse.* It is traditionally asserted that Higgins had been of some use to Mr Scott, both in early life and subsequently. Higgins having been peremptorily refused admission to the craft of solicitors by Chief Baron Foster,† Mr Scott, when Attorney-General, kindly undertook to introduce him to Lord Annaly,‡ Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, and the request so influentially urged was immediately granted.§

The name of Francis Higgins, as an attorney-at-law, appears for the first time in the Dublin Directory for 1781. His then residence is given as Ross Lane. From 1784 to 1787 he is styled Deputy-Coroner of Dublin.‖ We further learn that his practice as solicitor throughout those years was exclusively confined to the court in which Lord Clonmel presided as chief-justice.

Notwithstanding our adventurer's legal avocations and professional business, which, owing to his natural aptitude and pleasant cordiality of manner, were daily increasing, he contrived, nevertheless, to contribute regularly to the press.

"In his speculations towards advancement," says a

* *Dublin Evening Post*, file for 1789, *passim*.

† Anthony Foster was appointed Chief Baron on September 19, 1765. See Smyth's Law Officers of Ireland, pp. 144, 252.

‡ Letter of an "Old Gray-headed Attorney," *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1791. See also No. 1786.

§ John Gore, member for Jamestown, having pleased the parliamentary whipper-in, was appointed, in 1764, Chief-Justice of the King's Bench. Gore was created Baron Annaly in 1766, but dying without issue in 1783, the title became extinct.

‖ Wilson's Dublin Directories.

writer, "he considered the command of a newspaper as an essential weapon, both offensive and defensive." To attain this desideratum he insinuated himself into the confidence of the proprietor of a very respectable print, the *Freeman's Journal*. This gentleman becoming embarrassed, requested an accommodation. With some apparent good nature, Higgins at once granted the request; but, watching his opportunity when he thought his victim's distress at its height, suddenly asked him to pay back the money; the proprietor seemed surprised, and begged that a longer period of accommodation might be extended. The Sham Squire declined; the journalist expostulated; but Mr Higgins was inexorable, and forthwith arrested him for the debt. To procure his liberty he was glad to transfer to his creditors the property of the paper for one-fourth of its value.* This paper had hitherto been prominently conspicuous on the patriotic side of the question, and was, therefore, the more saleable a commodity in the hands of this new proprietor. He made his terms with Lord Northington, and thenceforth his paper was the most subservient to, and therefore the most favoured by, the ministers.†

Mr Higgins, having now acquired the sole control, literary and pecuniary, of the paper, became a person of some importance in the public eye, and of boundless consequence in his own. The tone of abject subserviency infused into its columns seemed almost inconsistent with his own arrogant strut and inflated bearing. His wealth and influence, swagger and effrontery increased; but it keenly chagrined him to find that the more important he became the more inveterately he was pursued by the nickname of the Sham Squire.

But there were sham statesmen, and other shams too, in those days, who were glad to secure the support

* Tradition preserved in the office of the *Freeman's Journal*.
† Gilbert's History of Dublin; Plowden's Historical Review, 1803.

of even a Sham Squire. "Higgins," we are told, "wormed himself into the intimacy of several persons of rank, fortune, and consequence in the country, who demeaned themselves by their obsequiousness to his art, or sold themselves to him for his unqualified enterprise in maligning their enemies, or bearing them out of difficulties and disgrace."*

"Till the Volunteers have, in some degree, subsided, your Government can only subsist by expedients, painful as such an idea must be to your feelings,"† writes Mr, afterwards Lord, Grenville, brother to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The Irish Government of these days was eminently weak and venal; and Mr Higgins at once prostituted to its purposes the hitherto virtuous journal, of which he had now become the master.

In recognition of his services he received some small offices. Wilson's Dublin Directories from 1784 to 1787 record that Mr Higgins discharged the duties of coroner for Dublin during that interval.

Lord Temple retired from the Government, and was succeeded by the Duke of Rutland. Mr Connolly, and other large landed proprietors, who had formerly supported Government, took, in 1786 and following years, a decided part against his Grace's administration. They denounced various bills as unconstitutional jobs, introduced solely for the purpose of ministerial patronage. But the grand attack of the opposition was on the Pension List. Mr Grattan gave great offence to the Treasury Bench by causing the whole list to be read aloud by the clerk, and exclaiming, "If I should vote that pensions are not a grievance, I should vote an impudent, an insolent, and a public lie." The Duke of Rutland fell into great unpopularity with the populace, and narrowly escaped

* Plowden's Historical Review; Gilbert's Dublin, iii. 27.

† Court and Cabinets of George III., by the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. Vol. i., p. 87.

personal outrage at the theatre. Meanwhile, the discontent which prevailed in the city extended to the country parts, and found noisy exponents in the "Right Boys" and the "Defenders."

Yet the Duke possessed qualities and characteristics which made him not unpopular with the gentry and middle classes. It was supposed that he had sown his wild oats in England; but, as events proved, he had still some bushels to scatter broadcast in the green fields of Erin. His mission in Ireland seemed to aim at extending luxury and extravagance, conviviality and unbridled pleasure. He had great affability, and was free from the haughty deportment which marked his predecessor's intercourse with the Irish people. Moreover, he showered knighthoods around with a lavish hand; and it is told of him that, having one evening in his cups knighted a jolly innkeeper at Kilbeggan, named Cuffe, of which he repented in the calm reaction of the following day, he sent for the landlord, and told him that, as the whole affair was a joke, the sooner it was forgotten the better. "I should be well plazed to obleedge your Ex-cèl-lency," he replied, "but I unfortunately mentioned the matter to Leedy Cuffe, and she would part with her life before she'd give it up."* In the Duke of Rutland's energetic efforts to attain popularity, he found in his beautiful wife a zealous ally. She made the Circular Road, now a comparatively deserted highway, the Hyde Park of Dublin.† A contemporary song says—

> "If you wish to see her Grace,
> The Circular Road it is the place."

There this lovely woman, with her six spanking

* This incident occurred on the property of the Lamberts of Beauparc, in whose family the story is preserved.

† This pleasant innovation continued for several years afterwards. Lord Cloncurry, in his "Personal Recollections," (2d ed., p. 187,) writes:—"It was the custom, on Sundays, for all the great folk to rendezvous, in the afternoon, upon the North Circular

ponies, sparkling postilions, and gorgeously-attired out-riders, was daily to be seen smiling and bowing. She was considered the handsomest woman in Ireland, with one exception—Mrs Dillon, wife of a Roman Catholic woollen-draper, residing at No. 5 Francis Street. We are informed by Mr O'Reilly, in his "Reminiscences of an Emigrant Milesian," that one day the Liberty was thrown into a state of unwonted excitation by the appearance of her Grace and out-riders in front of Mrs Dillon's door. She entered the shop, but Mrs Dillon was not behind the counter. "Shall I call her?" inquired an agitated shopman. "No," said the Duchess, "I shall go to her myself;" saying which she entered the parlour, and received a graceful bow from the lady of the

Road, just as, in latter times, the fashionables of London did in Hyde Park; and upon that magnificent drive I have frequently seen three or four coaches-and-six, and eight or ten coaches-and-four, passing slowly to and fro in a long procession of other carriages, and between a double column of well-mounted horsemen. Of course, the populace were there, too, and saluted with friendly greetings, always cordially and kindly acknowledged, the lords and gentlemen of the country party, who were neither few in number nor insignificant in station. . . . . The evenings of those Sunday mornings were commonly passed by the same parties in promenading at the Rotundo. I have frequently seen there, of a Sunday evening, a third of the members of the two houses of parliament."—Moore mentions in his "Memoirs," (i. 10,) that about the year 1790, a curious toy called "a quiz" became fashionable with the class of pedestrians to whom Lord Cloncurry alludes. "To such a ridiculous degree," he writes, "did the fancy for this toy pervade at that time all ranks and ages, that in the public gardens and in the streets, numbers of persons, of both sexes, were playing it up and down as they walked along." The subsequent Duke of Wellington, when in Ireland in 1797, was much given to playing with this toy; and Lord Plunkett said, that while serving on a committee with him he never for a moment ceased the puerile indulgence. The early life of "the Iron Duke," if honestly told, would exhibit him deficient in ballast. Having had some warm words with a Frenchman in Dublin, he wrested from his hand a cane, which was not returned. The Frenchman brought an action for the robbery of the cane, and Wellesley was absolutely tried in the Sessions House, Dublin, for the offence. He was acquitted of the robbery, but found guilty of the assault.

house. "There is no exaggeration in the description," said the Duchess, as she peered into the dove-like eyes of Mrs Dillon; "you *are* the handsomest woman in the three kingdoms."

The duchess had many devoted admirers who loved to flatter her with extravagantly fulsome compliments, "Counsellor" Walsh in "Ireland Fifty Years Ago," mentions that Colonel St Ledger having seen the duchess wash her mouth and fingers one day after dinner, he snatched up the glass and drained the contents. "St Ledger," said the duke, "you are in luck; her Grace washes her feet to-night, and you shall have another goblet after supper."

A career so dissipated as that of the Duke of Rutland was not likely to last long. He died in the government of Ireland from the effects of a fever induced by intemperance, and the imposing pageantry which marked the funeral procession was consistent with the splendour of his memorable regime.

He who writes the history of the Rutland viceroyalty should consult the files of the Sham Squire's journal. Higgins was its organ and eulogist; but, setting aside political considerations, the Duke possessed tendencies which specially recommended him to the cordial appreciation of Higgins. The services of Shamado did not pass unrewarded. During the Rutland viceroyalty, he received the office of undersheriff for the county of Dublin,* one, in those days, of considerable emolument. Mr Higgins had a busy time of it. Presiding in court with all the assumption of a judge, he not only tried all the forty-shilling causes, but much larger questions, under the writ of *Scire Facias*. He executed the writs which had been issued by the superior courts, superintended the gibbeting of criminals, and throughout the popular tumults, which locally raged at this time, he no doubt frequently figured at the head of his *posse comitatus*, or sheriff's guard.

* Wilson's Dublin Directory for 1787, p. 112.

Nefarious practices had long degraded the office of sheriff, but in 1823 they received a decided check by the parliamentary inquiry into the conduct of Mr Sheriff Thorpe. The partiality with which sheriffs habitually packed juries for particular cases was then unveiled; and it transpired that they pledged themselves, before their election, to take a decided part in politics against every Catholic. "Catholics," observed Mr O'Connell, "would rather submit to great wrongs than attempt a trial in Dublin." Competent witnesses were examined at the same time; and the *Edinburgh Review*, noticing their evidence, said that "no one could fail to be equally surprised and disgusted with the abominable course of profligacy and corruption which is there exhibited." That the Sham Squire was no better than his predecessors and successors, we have reason to believe.

Mr Higgins became every day a richer man. From the publication of the Government proclamations alone he derived a considerable income. When we know that the sum paid in 1788 to Mr Higgins for proclamations was £1600, according to the parliamentary return, it is not surprising that the popular organs of the day should have complained that "Signor Shamado" received from the Government annually, more than a commissioner of his Majesty's revenue.*

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1765. The archives of the Board of Inland Revenue, Dublin, contain some documents illustrative of the subsidisation of the Irish press at this period.

CHAPTER II.

Peculation.—The Press Subsidised and Debauched.—How to get up an Ovation for an Unpopular Viceroy.—Lord Buckingham.—Judges Revel at the Board of the Sham Squire.—A Pandemonium Unveiled.—Lord Avonmore.—A Great Struggle.—The Regency.—Peerages Sold.—John Magee.—Lord Carhampton.—Mrs Lewellyn.—Squibs and Lampoons.—The Old Four Courts in Dublin.—Dr Houlton.—The Duke of Wellington on Bribing the Irish Press.

THE viceroy's leisure in the last century was heavily taxed by unceasing applications from Lord Clonmel and his unpopular colleagues to authorise and sign proclamations on every imaginable infraction of the law. Mr Griffith, on January 23, 1787, complained in his place in Parliament that the "newspapers seemed under some very improper influence. In one paper the country was described as one scene of riot and confusion; in another all is peace. By the proclamations that are published in them, and which are kept in for years, in order to make the fortunes of some individuals, the kingdom is scandalised and disgraced through all the nations of the world where our newspapers are read. The proclamations are a libel on the country. Was any offender ever taken up in consequence of such publications? And are they not rather a hint to offenders to change their situation and appearance? He did hope, from what a right honourable gentleman had said last year that this abuse would have been redressed, but ministers have not deigned to give any answer on the subject."* On 2d February following, Mr Corry animadverted to the same effect. Foreigners would mistake the

* Irish Parl. Register, vol. vii., p. 37–8.

character of our people, and look upon us as a savage nation; hence the low price of land in Ireland, and the difficulty of raising money. He denounced the bills furnished by newspapers as a gross attempt to waste the public funds. Hussey Burgh declared that more proclamations were to be found in the *Dublin Gazette*, in the time of profound peace, long before the Right Boys created a disturbance, than in the *London Gazette* during the rebellion! Mr Wolfe observed that Government absolutely abetted the Right Boys; they had inserted Captain Right's manifesto in the middle of a Government proclamation, and so sent it round the kingdom much more effectually than Captain Right ever could have done, and that without any expense to the captain.

Mr Forbes "thought it hard that the payment of the *Freeman's Journal* should be disputed; for he was sure that the proprietor was a very generous man. An innkeeper in the town he represented regularly received that paper. On his inquiring what he paid for it, and who sent it, the innkeeper replied that he did not know. A Mr F. H., some worthy gentleman, God bless him, had sent it to him, and never troubled him for payment or anything else!"*

Here two things are obvious; first, that the editor of the "Parliamentary Register" held Mr Higgins in such fear that he dared not report his name; secondly, that "F. H." considered himself so overpaid by his peculating employers, that he could well afford to push his paper into an enormous gratuitous circulation.

In January 1788, the Marquis of Buckingham, who had previously ruled Ireland as Lord Temple, resumed the viceregal reins. An historic writer, alluding to Higgins, says:—

"This man, ready for any job for which he should be paid, under some natural suspicions that the return of the

* Irish Parl. Register, vol. vii., pp. 83, 88, 89.

Marquis of Buckingham to assume the vicerегency of Ireland would not be attended by any particular demonstrations of joy, had hired a mob to wait his arrival, and had supplied a proper number of them with silken cords and harness to draw him in his carriage to the Castle, under the fastidious deceit of mercenary popularity and triumph."*

Of this chief governor, Mr Grattan observes: "He opposed many good measures, promoted many bad men, increased the expenses of Ireland in a manner wanton and profligate, and vented his wrath upon the country."† Such being the case, it is not surprising that Lord Bulkley, in a letter to his Excellency, dated June 14, 1788, should remark: "I saw your brother, Marquis, who told me that he heard with the greatest concern that your popularity in Ireland was falling apace, and that the candles were out."‡ By way of counterbalance, Higgins swung the censer with more than ordinary energy. According to the *Post*, a cheque from the treasury for £1030 was graciously presented to the Sham Squire at this period, in testimony of his efficient support of Lord Buckingham's administration.§

The daring and dastardly experiment of bribing the press was then of recent introduction in Ireland. A letter from Mr Eden, afterwards Lord Auckland, addressed to Lord North, and dated "Phœnix Park, August 27, 1781," says:—

"We have hitherto, by the force of good words and with some degree of private expense, preserved an ascendancy over the press not hitherto known here, and it is of an importance equal to ten thousand times its cost, but we are without the means of continuing it."‖

* Plowden's Historical Review; Gilbert's Dublin, iii. 27.

† Memoirs of Henry Grattan, vol. iii., p. 146.

‡ Court and Cabinets of George III., vol. i., p. 396. London: 1853.

§ *Dublin Evening Post*, Nos. 1806–1808.

‖ Correspondence of Right Hon. J. C. Beresford, i., p. 170. Mr Eden was Chief Secretary for Ireland from 1780 until 1782; created,

But Higgins had too much natural taste for the "art and mystery" of legal lore, as well as for bills of costs, to forego the emoluments of an attorney-at-law for the editorial desk, however lucrative. We find him figuring as solicitor for prisoners in several cases which excited much noise at this time—instance the "Trial of Robert Keon, gentleman, for the murder of George Nugent Reynolds, Esq."* Retaining the absolute control of the *Freeman's Journal*, Higgins, in order that he might be able to devote more time to his profession, engaged Doctor Houlton as his sub-editor, and George Joseph Browne, barrister, but originally a player,† and C. Brennan, formerly a fierce democratic writer in the *Evening Post*,‡ as contributors. In a short time the *Freeman's Journal* became an important and influential organ of the Irish Government. The Sham Squire's society is said to have been courted by high authorities in the law and the state. In the great liberal organ of the day it is alleged that "judges are the companions of his festive hours"—that "judges revel at his board, and are his associates."§ But the most startling feature in this epoch of the Sham Squire's life, is the allegation repeatedly made by the *Post*, that Higgins, at

1789, Baron Auckland; died, 1814. Modern statesmen seem to hold conflicting opinions as to the expediency of subsidising newspapers for political ends. The memorable trial of Birch *v.* Lord Clarendon in 1850, revealed that hard cash had been given to the editor of the *World* for writing down the Young Ireland Party. Cavour, on the other hand, who was for many years before his death the daily butt of journalistic abuse, disdained the purchase of the press. "One day," writes his secretary, M. Artom, "somebody tried to show him the advantage of founding a semi-official journal, which should have the province of defending the policy of the Government. He replied, 'If you want to bring the best and soundest ideas into discredit, put them into officious or official form. If you have a good cause to defend, you will easily find writers who, without being paid, will defend it with more warmth and talent than paid journalists.'"

* Dublin, 1788. 163 pages. Reported by George J. Browne.

† *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1793.

‡ *Ibid.*, No. 1774.

§ *Ibid.*, No. 1756.

the very period of which we write, was the proprietor of, or secret partner in, a gambling house of the worst possible description. In prose and verse, this public nuisance received energetic denunciation.

"Where is the muse that lash'd the Roman crimes?
Where now is Pope with all his poignant rhymes?
Where's Churchill now, to aim the searching dart,
Or show the foulness of a villain's heart?
Where is the muse to tune the piercing lay,
And paint the hideous monster to the day?
Alas! all gone! let every virtue weep:
Shamado lives, and Justice lies asleep.
How shall I wake her—will not all the cries
Of midnight revels, that ascend the skies,
The sounding dice-box, and the shrieking [——]
The groans of all the miserable poor,
Undone and plunder'd by this outcast man,
Will not these wake her?"—— &c., &c.

The satiric bard proceeds to describe Shamado raising the unhallowed fabric in Crane Lane:—

"Henceforth, he cried, no watchman shall presume
To check the pleasures of each festive room;
Henceforth, I say, let no policeman dare,
No sheriff, alderman, or e'en lord mayor,
No constable, or untaught bailiff rude,
With hideous visage, on these realms intrude.
He said, and striking with a golden wand,
The doors obey the impulse of his hand;
The portals back upon their hinges flew,
And many a hazard-table rose to view.
On every table did a dice-box stand,
Waiting impatient for the gamester's hand,
Full many a couch prepared for soft delight,
And a few lamps gleam'd out a glimmering light." *

But we have quoted sufficient as a specimen. In a subsequent number the editor asks:—

"Will not a day of retribution come for all this accumulation of villany and enormity at which the blood runs cold? Oh that we had a Fitzgibbon judge. Then would not longer the Newgate felon, the murderer of wretched parents, the betrayer of virgin innocence, the pestiferous defiler of the marriage couch, *Sham* his fate, and defy the laws of God and man." †

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1743 † *Ibid.*, No. 1767.

In the Directory for 1788 is recorded Mr Higgin's removal from the obscurity of Ross Lane to 72 Stephen's Green, South, one of the fine old Huguenot houses, of which Grattan occupied one. From the above date, we find his professional practice extended from the King's Bench to the Common Pleas, besides acting at the Tholsel or Sessions' Court—the very edifice in whose dock he stood a fettered malefactor a few years before. Chief Baron Yelverton, afterwards Lord Avonmore, presided in the Exchequer, and discountenanced the impudent pretensions of the Sham Squire to practise in that court. Yelverton, as one of the illustrious patriots of 1782, had not much claims to the favourable consideration of the Sham Squire. He was accordingly lampooned by him. On May 3, 1789, we read:—

"Counsel rose on behalf of Mr Higgins, who had been ordered to attend, to answer for certain scandalous paragraphs reflecting on that court.

"Chief Baron Yelverton said, 'If you had not mentioned that affair, the court would not have condescended to recollect its insignificance, but would have passed it by, as it has done every other paragraph, whether of praise or censure, which has appeared in that paper, with the most supreme contempt. Let the fellow return to his master's employment. Let him exalt favourite characters, if there be any mean enough to take pleasure in his adulation: let him continue to spit his venom against everything that is praiseworthy, honourable, or dignified in human nature: but let him not presume to meddle with the courts of justice, lest, forgetting his baseness and insignificance, they should at some time deign to inflict a merited punishment.'" *

Yelverton's opinion of the Sham Squire's insignificance was not endorsed by Inspector-General Amyas Griffith, who, in his tracts published this year, after returning thanks to the "established Bishops of

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1757.

Dublin, Cashel, Cloyne, and Kildare," and other personages who had patronised him, acknowledges his obligation to Francis Higgins, Esq.*

To render the career of the Sham Squire more distinct, and the interest of this book more general, we shall here make a slight historical digression.

A most important and embarrassing struggle between England and Ireland took place in 1789, in reference to the regency which George the Third's mental aberration had made necessary. The Prince of Wales at this period professed not unpopular politics, and favoured the Catholic claims. Mr Pitt, apprehensive that the regency might prove fatal to his ambition and to his cabinet, powerfully resisted the heir-apparent's right to the prerogative of his father, and declared on 11th December 1788, that "the Prince of Wales had no better right to administer the government during his father's incapacity than any other subject of the realm." † An address to his Royal Highness from the Irish Parliament requested that he would "take upon himself the government of Ireland during the continuation of the king's indisposition, and no longer, and under the title of Prince Regent of Ireland, in the name, and on behalf of his Majesty, to exercise, according to the laws and constitution of that kingdom, all regal powers, jurisdiction, and prerogatives to the crown and government thereof belonging." Ireland called upon the prince, in virtue of the federative compact, to assume at once the sceptre of authority; but Mr Pitt's followers furiously struggled against it. Grattan headed the independent party in the Commons. Mr Pelham, afterwards Lord Chichester, after speaking of what he styles "the tricks and intrigues of Mr Pitt's faction," says, "I have not time to express how strongly the prince is affected by the confidence and

* Advertisement to Miscellaneous Tracts.
† The Prospect Before Us, 1788, p. 4.

attachment of the Irish Parliament. I have only time to say in his own words, 'Tell Grattan that I am a most determined Irishman.'" The Duke of Portland, writing to Mr Grattan on the 21st February 1789, says:—"I beg most sincerely to congratulate you on the decisive effect of your distinguished exertions. Your own country is sensible and worthy of the part you have taken in defence and protection of her constitution. The prince thinks himself no less obliged to you; and whenever this deluded country becomes capable of distinguishing her true friends, she will contribute her quota of applause and gratitude."*

"The probability of his Majesty's recovery," writes Sir Jonah Barrington, "had a powerful influence on placemen and official connexions. The viceroy took a decisive part against the prince, and made bold and hazardous attempts upon the rights of the Irish Parliament." The recently-published Buckingham correspondence† confirms Sir Jonah's statement. Every day a bulletin announcing the monarch's convalescence reached the viceroy. The good news was orally circulated among his supporters. Mr Fitzgibbon was promised the seals and a peerage if he succeeded for Mr Pitt. Each member of the Opposition was menaced, that he should be made the "*victim of his vote.*" Lures were held out to the wavering—threats hurled at the independent.

This extraordinary threat elicited that spirited protest familiarly known as "the Round Robin," to

* Life and Times of Henry Grattan, by his son, vol. iii., pp. 373–4.

† Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III., from Original Family Documents, by the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, 1853. The noble editor of these valuable state papers admits that "the Parliament of Ireland preserved the unquestionable right of deciding the regency in their own way. The position of Lord Buckingham," he adds, "had become peculiarly embarrassing. What course should be taken in the event of such an address being carried? The predicament was so strange, and involved constitutional considerations of such importance, as to give the most serious disquietude to the Administration."—Vol. ii., p. 101.

which the Duke of Leinster, Lords Charlemont, Shannon, Granard, Ross, Moira, and a host of other influential men, affixed their signatures. The document dwelt on the recent threat of making individuals "the victim of their vote," and stigmatised it "as a reprobation of their constitutional conduct, and an attack upon public principle and the independence of Parliament; that any administration taking or persevering in such steps was not entitled to their confidence, and should not receive their support."

The address to the regent having passed both the Lords and Commons, it was presented to Lord Buckingham for transmission; but the viceroy declined to have anything to say to it, and thus Parliament was reduced to the necessity of forwarding the address by the hands of delegates. Previous to their departure the following resolution was carried by 115 to 83:—"That His Excellency's answer to both Houses of Parliament, requesting him to transmit their address to his Royal Highness, is ill-advised, contains an unwarrantable and unconstitutional censure on the proceedings of both Houses, and attempts to question the undoubted rights and privileges of the Lords spiritual and temporal, and of the Commons of Ireland." The viceroy, as a last resource, endeavoured to multiply his partisans by the most venal means. Mr Fitzgibbon gave it to be understood that half a million of money had been placed in his hands for corrupt purposes; and as the first law officer of the crown made this disgusting avowal, he casually confessed that one address of thanks to Lord Townshend, a few years before, had cost the nation £500,000.*

Grattan, who was an eye-witness of all these disreputable proceedings, observed at a later period:—"The threat was put into its fullest execution; the canvass of the minister was everywhere—in the

* The corrupt policy and proceedings of the Townshend administration received effective exposure in a publication called *Barataria*na.—*See* Appendix.

House of Commons, in the lobby, in the street, at the door of the parliamentary undertakers, rapped at and worn by the little caitiffs of Government, who offered amnesty to some, honours to others, and corruption to all; and where the word of the viceroy was doubted, they offered their own. Accordingly, we find a number of parliamentary provisions were created, and divers peerages sold, with such effect, that the same parliament which had voted the chief governor a criminal, did immediately after give that very governor implicit support."* "They began," said Curran, "with the sale of the honour of the peerage—the open and avowed sale for money of the peerage to any man who was rich and shameless enough to be the purchaser. It depraved the Commons, it profaned the sanctity of the Lords, it poisoned the sources of legislature and the fountains of justice, it annihilated the very idea of public honour or public integrity!" Curran did not speak thus strongly from any cankering feeling of wounded pride at slights received from the Government. Describing the events of 1798, his biographer tells us:—"To Mr Curran it was communicated that his support of the Government would be rewarded with a judge's place, and with the eventual prospect of a peerage; but, fortunately for his fame, he had too much respect for his duties and his character to sacrifice them to personal advancement."†

Grattan, Curran, and Ponsonby offered to prove on evidence the startling charges to which we have referred; but the Government, knowing that it had been guilty of an impeachable offence, shrunk from the inquiry. The peerages of Kilmaine, Cloncurry, and Glentworth were, beyond doubt, sold for cash in 1789, and the proceeds laid out for the purchase of members in the House of Commons.

* Life and Times of Henry Grattan, vol. iii., p. 338.
† Life of Curran, by his son, vol. i., p. 240.

Mr Wright, in his "History of Ireland," pronounces Mr Johnson's to be the ablest speech on the Government side during this struggle. He quotes it in full; but the effect is spoiled by Mr Johnson's confession to Thomas Moore in 1831, that he had always supported Grattan's policy until the regency question, when he ratted, and at once became the recipient of state favours. "In fact," added the ex-judge Johnson, "we were all jobbers at that time."*

The struggle between the viceroy and the Parliament was a sadly exciting one. Political profligacy stalked, naked and unblushing, through the Senate and the Castle. Vows, resolutions, rules, reputations, and faith were daily broken. Meanwhile, the royal physicians opined that the king would soon be restored to health. "Your object," says the Secretary of State, in a letter to the viceroy on Feb. 19, 1789, "your object will be to use every possible endeavour, by all means in your power, debating every question, dividing upon every question, moving adjournment upon adjournment, and every other mode that can be suggested, to gain time!"† Sheridan's politically penetrating eye saw through the ruse. "I am perfectly aware," he writes in a private letter to the prince, "of the arts that will be practised, and the advantages which some people will attempt to gain by time."‡ These expedients, coupled with the energetic efforts daily made by a venal press and minister, at last triumphed; and the king was now, to quote the words of Lord Grenville in writing to the viceroy, "actually well!" The struggle was therefore at an end, but not the results of that struggle. The master of the rolls, the treasurer, the clerk of permits, the postmaster-general, the secretary at war, the comptroller of stamps, and many other public servants of

* Diary of Thomas Moore, vi., p. 55.
† Buckingham Correspondence, vol. ii., p. 117.
‡ Life of Sheridan, by Thomas Moore, chap. xiii.

importance, were summarily expelled from office. The Duke of Leinster, one of the most respected officers of the crown, received a supersedeas, together with Lord Shannon. The influential family of Ponsonby, long the unwavering supporters of Government, but who on this occasion joined the legislature in asserting its constitutional independence, were also cashiered. But the promotions and appointments vastly exceeded the dismissals. Of the former, which included a long string of creations in the peerage, there were forty—of the latter, fifteen only. Employments that had long remained dormant were revived, useless places invented, sinecures created, salaries increased; while such offices as the board of stamps and accounts, hitherto filled by one, became a joint concern. The weighmastership of Cork was divided into three parts, the duties of which were discharged by deputies, while the principals, who pocketed the gross amount, held seats in Parliament. In 1790, one hundred and ten placemen sat in the House of Commons! On February 11th in that year, Mr Forbes declared that the pensions had been recently increased upwards of £100,000. In 1789 an additional perpetuity of £2800 was saddled on the country. The viceroy, however glad of his victory, had not much reason, one would think, to be proud of the means whereby that victory was attained. But an examination of his correspondence shows the utter unscrupulosity of his heart. Writing to Lord Bulkley, he observes:—"In the space of six weeks I have secured to the crown a decided and steady majority, created in the teeth of the Duke of Leinster, Lord Shannon, Lord Granard, Ponsonby, Conolly, O'Neil, united to all the republicanism, the faction, and the discontent of the House of Commons; and having thrown this aristocracy at the feet of the king, I have taught to the British and Irish Government a lesson which ought never to be forgotten; and I have the pride to

recollect, that the whole of it is fairly to be ascribed to the steady decision with which the storm was met, and to the zeal, vigour, and industry of some of the steadiest friends that ever man was blessed with."

Amongst "the steadiest friends" by whom the viceroy was "blessed," the Sham Squire deserves mention. He worked the engine of the press with unflagging vigour, and by means of a forced circulation he succeeded to some extent in inoculating the public mind with the virus of his politics. It was Lord Buckingham's policy to feed the flame of Shamado's pride and ambition; and we are assured by John Magee, that so essential to the stability of the Irish Government were the services of this once fettered malefactor, that on frequent occasions he was admitted to share the courtesies of the viceroy's closet.

The first allusion to Francis Higgins, which the leading organ of the popular party in the last century contains, is an article on March 8, 1789, wherein the Sham Squire is spoken of as "Frank Paragraph, the Stephen's Green Attorney," who on the previous night, having been escorted up the backstairs of the Castle by Major Hobart,* received the Marquis of Buckingham's hospitality and confidence. The article concluded by expressing a hope that Frank, whether as an attorney, as proprietor of a prostitute print, or as the companion of a viceroy, should not, in the day of his happy exultation, forget his original insignificance.

Mr John Magee was the then proprietor of the *Dublin Evening Post*. Sir Jonah Barrington tells us that although eccentric he was a most acute observer, a smart writer, and a ready wit. Politically honest and outspoken, often to indiscretion, he enjoyed the confidence and love of the popular party in Ireland.

* Major Hobart, afterwards Lord Buckinghamshire, was the diplomatic chief secretary for Ireland at this period.

By the Government he was feared and hated; and on more occasions than one he was consigned to a dungeon. Magee exercised considerable influence on the public events of his time, and he may be styled the Irish Cobbett of the eighteenth century.

Against the Sham Squire Magee had no personal enmity; and previous to 1789 there is no allusion to him direct or indirect in the *Post;* but Mr Higgins's importance having in that year swelled to an unprecedented extent, as the accredited organ of the Castle, Magee felt urged by a sense of public duty to declare uncompromising war against the fortunate adventurer. Probably Magee's labours had good effect in checking the further promotion of Higgins.

Magee first wielded the lash of irony; but finding that this failed to tell with sufficient effect, he thereupon applied the loaded bludgeon of denunciation. Several poetic diatribes appeared in the *Post* at this period; but they are too voluminous to quote in full. One, in which the Sham Squire is found soliloquising, goes on to say:—

> "You know my power; at my dread command
> B—s, pimps, and bullies, all obedient stand:
> Nay, well you know, at my terrific nod
> The *Freeman* lifts aloft the venal rod:
> Or if you still deny my sovereign awe,
> I'll spread the petty-fogging nets of law."

Higgins's antecedents are glanced at:—

> "You know my art can many a form assume.
> Sometimes I seem a hosier at a loom;
> Then at the changing of my magic wand
> Before your face a wealthy Squire I stand,
> With a *Sham* title to seduce the fair,
> And murder wretched fathers by despair."

As soon as the struggle respecting the regency question had ceased, the viceroy is said to have acknowledged Higgins's fidelity by recommending him

to Lords Carhampton and Lifford* as a fit and proper person to grace the magisterial bench!

We resume the Sham Squire's soliloquy:—

"And if Old Nick continues true, no bar shall
Prevent me from becoming Four Courts marshal.
Behold me still in the pursuit of gain,
My golden wand becomes a golden chain.
See how I loll in my judicial chair,
The fees of office piled up at my rear;
A smuggled turkey or illegal hare.
Those I commit who have no bribe to give,—
Rogues that have nothing don't deserve to live.
Then nimbly on the turning of a straw,
I seem to be a pillar of the law;
See even nobles at my tables wait.
. . . . . .
But think not that (like idiots in your plays)
My friendship any saves but him who pays;
Or that the foolish thought of gratitude
Upon my callous conscience can intrude;
And yet I say, not Buckingham himself
Could pardon one, unless I touch the pelf;
There's not a robber hang'd, or pilferer whipt,
Till at my word he's halter'd or he's stript."†

By the Act 5 George the Second (c. 18, s. 2) no attorney can become a justice of peace while in practice as an attorney; but in the case of the Sham Squire all difficulties were smoothed. Some of the most influential political personages of the time travelled out of the way in order to mark their approval of Mr Higgins's elevation. The letter to which we have already referred, signed "An Old Gray-headed Attorney," and published on July 23, 1789, records that Francis Higgins had the honour of being first "introduced as a justice of his Majesty's peace for the

* Before Lord Lifford accepted the seals, then estimated as worth £12,000 per annum, they had been offered to Judges Smyth, Aston, and Sewell, of the English Bench, and declined. He was the son of William Hewit, a draper in Coventry, and began life as an attorney's clerk. See Irish Political Characters—London, 1799, p. 58; also Sleator's *Dublin Chronicle*, 1788-9, pp. 240, 550, 1256. Lord Lifford's personality was £150,000.

† *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1742.

county of Dublin, to the bench assembled at Kilmainham, by the good, the virtuous, the humane Earl Carhampton; that peer who so truly, nobly, and gallantly added to the blushing honour of a before unsullied fame, by rescuing from a gibbet the chaste Mrs Lewellyn. Mr Higgins was also there, and there accompanied by that enlightened senator, independent placeman, and sound lawyer, Sir Frederick Flood, Bart."*

Lord Carhampton, Governor and Custos Rotulorum of the County Dublin, who regarded Higgins with such paternal patronage and protection, has received scant courtesy from the historians of his time. As Colonel Luttrel, he first attained notoriety at the Middlesex election, where he acted as unconstitutional a part as he afterwards did in Ireland in his military capacity. Mr Scott, on this occasion, publicly declared that Luttrel "was vile and infamous." Luttrel did not resent the insult, and his spirit was called in question. An unpopular Cabinet and subservient Senate tried to force him, with 296 votes, instead of Mr Wilkes, with 1143 votes, on Middlesex as its representative; but a later Parliament cancelled the unconstitutional record. "There is in this young man's conduct," wrote Junius to Lord North, "a strain of prostitution, which for its singularity I cannot but admire. He has discovered a new line in the human character. He has disgraced even the name of Luttrel." These shafts told; and we learn that policies of insurance on Lord Carhampton's life were opened at Lloyd's Coffee-house, in London.† Unpopular to loathing in England, and hooted from its shores,

* Frederick Flood, Esq., K.C., M.P. for Wexford, received his baronetcy (which is now extinct) on June 3, 1780. Sir F. Flood also sat in the English Parliament. He was a commissioner of the Stamp Office. For a notice of Sir F. Flood see "A Review of the Principal Characters of the Irish House of Commons," by Falkland, (*i.e.*, John Robert Scott, B.D.,) London, 1795, p. 50; also Barrington's Personal Sketches, i. 207.

† O'Callaghan's History of the Irish Brigades, vol. i., p. 364.

Luttrel came to try his fortune in Ireland, where, having openly joined the Beresford party in their system of coercion, he daily sank lower and lower in popular estimation. Lord Carhampton's utter contempt for public reputation was evidenced in every act. Flippant and offensive in his speech—arrogant, haughty, and overbearing in his manner—steadily opposing, on perverse principles, generous sentiments and public opinion—Lord Carhampton soon acquired an unenviable character and fame. But even had his lordship had the purity of a Grattan or a Fox, he would have vainly attempted to cast off a hereditary stigma of unpopularity which was originally fastened on his family by Luttrel, the betrayer of King James.

The picketings, free quarters, half-hangings, floggings, and pitch-cappings, which at length fanned the flame of disaffection into open rebellion, were understood to be mainly directed by Lord Carhampton. In 1797 the Rev. Mr Berwick, under whose windows men had been flogged, and in some instances left for dead, having humanely procured proper surgical treatment for some of the sufferers, was sent for by Lord Carhampton, who told him "that he had heard he was interfering with what was going on; that it was shameful for him; and that if he persevered he would send him in four days on board the tender!"* Thirteen hundred of the king's subjects had been already transported by Lord Carhampton without trial or sentence.†

Under the auspices of this peer, who at last attained the rank of commander-in-chief, the army were permitted to riot in the most demoralising licence. Cottages were burnt, peasants shot, their wives and daughters violated.‡ General Sir Ralph

* Grattan's Memoirs, vol. iv., p. 334.

† Plowden's History of Ireland, vol. ii., p. 372.

‡ Speech of Lord Moira, Nov. 22, 1797. See also Speeches of Lord Dunsany, Sir L. Parsons, and Mr Vandeleur.

Abercrombie viewed the state of the army with disgust, and declared that they had become "formidable to all but the enemy." As a commander, Lord Carhampton was ruthless and capricious. The Lord-Lieutenant on several occasions interfered, but Lord Carhampton refused to obey him.* At last so detested did he become, that his own labourers conspired to assassinate him in cold blood. But one named Ferris, having turned informer, the murderous design was frustrated, and the ringleaders hanged.

In the letter of "A Gray-headed Attorney," from which we have taken an extract, Lord Carhampton's name is mentioned in conjunction with that of a woman named Lewellyn, who seventy years ago enjoyed an infamous notoriety in Dublin. A young girl, named Mary Neal, having been decoyed into a house by Mrs Lewellyn, met with some ill-usage, for which Lord Carhampton got the credit. Against Mrs Lewellyn, as mistress of this house, the father of the girl lodged informations. But in order to avert the prosecution, a friend of Mrs Lewellyn, named Edgeworth, trumped up a counter-charge to the effect that Neal, his wife, and daughter, had robbed a girl, and thus got warrants against them. "She had interest enough with the gaoler," writes Hamilton Rowan, "to procure a constable who, in the middle of the night, took the Neals to Newgate, and locked them up in separate cells." Mrs Neal, it seems, was *enceinte;* and in the morning, on opening the cell, she and an infant, of whom she had been delivered, were found dead.† Neal was tried for the alleged robbery, but the case failed. Meanwhile, Mary Neal remained dangerously ill at a public hospital, where, adds Mr Rowan, "she was protected from the examinations and interrogations of some persons of high rank,

* Barrington's Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation, p. 261.
† Autobiography of A. Hamilton Rowan, p. 95.

which did them no credit, in order to intimidate her, and make her acknowledge that she was one of those depraved young creatures who infest the streets, and thus to defend Lewellyn on her trial." Mrs Lewellyn was tried for complicity in the violation, and received sentence of death. Edgeworth was convicted of subornation of perjury, and ordered to stand three times in the pillory, and to be imprisoned for one year. Both culprits were shortly afterwards pardoned and liberated by the viceroy! Several pamphlets appeared on the subject. Hamilton Rowan wrote—"An Investigation of the Sufferings of John, Anne, and Mary Neal;" another writer published—"The Cries of Blood and Injured Innocence; or, The Protection of Vice and Persecution of Virtue," &c., addressed "to his Excellency the Marquis of B——." Dr Boyton also entered the lists, and was called out by Lord Carhampton. Rowan espoused the cause of Mary Neal with Quixotic fervour. He challenged to mortal combat every man who dared to asperse her fame. He accompanied her to the castle, and presented a petition to the Lord-Lieutenant, praying that, as Lewellyn's "claim to mercy was founded on the principle of Mary Neal being soiled with guilt, which her soul abhorred, such a communication of the evidence might be made as she may defend herself against." The viceroy, however, declined to grant the prayer: and the statue of Justice over the castle gate was thereupon supposed to say—

> "Since Justice is now but a pageant of state,
> Remove me, I pray you, from this castle gate.
> Since the rape of an infant, and blackest of crimes,
> Are objects of mercy in these blessed times,
> On the front of new prison, or hell let me dwell in,
> For a pardon is granted to Madame Lewellyn."

John Magee declared that the Sham Squire's influence in high quarters had been exerted to the uttermost in effecting the liberation of Mrs Lewellyn and

her obliging friend Edgeworth. The *Post* of the day, in a parody on the Rev. Dr Burrowes' slang song, "The Night afore Larry was Stretched," tells us that,

> "Oh! de night afore Edgwort was tried,
> De council dey met in despair,
> George Jos—he was there, and beside,
> Was a doctor, a lord, and a player.*
> Justice Sham den silence proclaim'd,
> De bullies dey all of them harken'd;
> Poor Edgwort, siz he, will be framed,
> His daylights perhaps will be darken'd,
> Unless we can lend him a hand."†

Several stanzas to the same effect are given. At length—some further squibs intervening—a valentine from Maria Lewellyn to the Sham Squire appeared:—

> "With gratitude to you, my friend,
> Who saved me from a shameful end,
> My heart does overflow;
> 'Twas you my liberty restored,
> 'Twas you that influenced my lord,
> To you my life I owe." ‡

Mrs Lewellyn was not the only frail member of her family. Her sister, who kept a house of ill fame,§ fell from one crime to another, until at last, in 1765, it was deemed necessary to make a public example of her, and the wretched woman was burned alive in Stephen's Green!

But perhaps the best satire on the "Sham" which appeared in the *Post*, is an ingenious parody, extending to fourteen stanzas, on a then popular slang song, "The Night afore Larry was Stretched," by the Rev. Dr Burrowes, and which, by the way, is said to have

* Counsellor George Joseph Browne and Dr Houlton, assistant editors of the *Freeman's Journal;* Lord Carhampton, and Richard Daly, lessee of Crow Street theatre.

† *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1757. ‡ *Ibid.*, No. 1762.

§ Female immorality seems to have been regularly punished in the last century. In the *Freeman's Journal* of December 6, 1766, we read—"Alice Rice was pilloried at the Tholsel, pursuant to her sentence, for keeping a house of ill fame in Essex Street."

lost him a bishopric. Pandemonium, Beelzebub, and a select circle of infernal satellites, developing a series of diabolical plans, are described. In the ninth verse Shamado is introduced:—

"From Erebus' depths rose each elf, who glow'd with infernal desire,
But their prince judged it fit that himself should alone hold confab with the Squire."

The eleventh stanza is pithy—

"'Tis well, said Shamado, great Sire! your law has been always my pleasure;
I conceive what your highness desires—'tis my duty to second the measure.
The deeper I plunge for your sake, the higher I raise my condition;
Then who would his fealty break—to a prince who thus feeds his ambition,
And gratifies every desire?

"Through life I've acknowledged thy aid, and as constantly tasted thy bounty,
From the Newgate solicitor's trade till a sub-sheriff placed in the county.
Shall I halt in the midst of my sins, or sink fainting and trembling before 'em.
When my honour thick-spreading begins—when, in fine, I am one of the quorum,
And may in the senate be placed?"*

In May 1789, Justice Higgins gave a grand entertainment to his patrons and supporters in Stephen's Green. All Dublin spoke of it; the papers of the day record it. Magee ridiculed the Sham Squire's pretensions. He called upon Fitzgibbon, the new chancellor, to reform the magistracy, and for a statement advanced in the following passage Magee was prosecuted by Higgins; but of this anon. "Can it be denied—nay, is it not known to every individual in this city—that the proprietor of a flagitious gambling-house—the groom-porter of a table which is nightly crowded with all that is vile, base, or blasphemous in a great capital—that the owner and pro-

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1744.

tector of this house is a justice of peace for the county Dublin?"*

Mr Higgins had no longer any necessity to bribe the judge's coachman to drive him through the streets in the judicial carriage. The Sham Squire had now a gorgeous chariot of his own. In the *Post* of June 4, 1789, we find a description of it,—*i.e.*, a dark chocolate ground, enlivened by a neat border of pale patent yellow; the arms emblazoned in a capacious mantle on each panel. In front, behind, and under the coachman's footboard, the crest is handsomely engraved on every buckle of the silver-plated harness.† In this shining equipage, with as puffed a demeanour as Lord Clonmel or Sergeant Toler, Mr Higgins drove to the courts. We read, "Mr Higgins appeared in his place yesterday at the courts. He was set down in his own carriage immediately after that of the attorney-general."‡ And in a subsequent number, it is reproachfully remarked, that Higgins sits on the same bench with Sergeant Toler, arrayed in chains of gold, and dispensing justice.§ The ostentatious manner of the Sham, and his impudent swagger, excited a general feeling of disgust. He openly "boasted of his influence at the seat of power, and bragged that the police magistrates‖ lived on terms of the closest intimacy with him."¶

On Sunday, June 16, 1789, the celebrated pulpit orator, Walter Blake Kirwan, afterwards Dean of Killala, and originally a Roman Catholic priest, preached an eloquent sermon on morality in St Andrew's Church, and, according to the *Post* of the day, took occasion, in the course of his homily, to lash the proprietors of the flagitious gambling-house in Crane Lane.** Higgins denied that he was the proprietor of it; but the *Post* persisted in declaring that if not the avowed

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1759. † *Ibid.*, No. 1770.
‡ *Ibid.*, No. 1767. § *Ibid.*, No. 1779. ‖ *Ibid.*, No. 1783.
¶ *Ibid.*, No. 1760. ** *Ibid.*, No. 1777.

owner, he was the secret participator in its profits. This vile pandemonium was said to yield £400 a year to Mr Higgins.* In vain were the authorities implored, year after year, to suppress it. At length the following curious "card," as a last resource, was published:—

"The Freemen and Freeholders of the Parish of Saint Andrew's take the liberty to demand from Alderman Warren, their representative in Parliament, and president at the Police Board, why some measures are not taken by him immediately and effectually to suppress that nursery of vice —that receptacle for vagrants—that hell of Dublin—the gambling-house in Crane Lane. The alderman has been so repeatedly applied to on the subject that it is high time that Freeholders, who know and respect themselves, should no longer be trifled with. Reports are now current, and circulated with a confidence that renders inattention somewhat more than censurable. A magistrate and a city representative ought to be above suspicion. The Freeholders are aware that infamous house is not in their district, yet they know how their representative ought to act whether as a man or a magistrate. His future conduct shall alone determine their votes and influence." †

Weeks rolled over, and still nothing was done. At length a correspondent, who signed himself "An Attorney," threw out the following astute inuendo:— "Alderman Nat and Level Low are in gratitude bound not to disturb the gambling-house in Crane Lane, as the Sham is very indulgent to them by not calling in two judgments which he has on their lands." ‡

The sumptuousness of Mr Francis Higgins's entertainments excited much comment. Judges, as we are assured, revelled at his board. § The police magistrates basked in the sunshine of his smile; ‖ but it is at least gratifying to learn that there were some

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1782. † *Ibid.*, No. 1756.
‡ *Ibid.*, No. 1789. § *Ibid.*, No. 1756. ‖ *Ibid.*, No. 1776.

high legal functionaries who indignantly scouted the Sham Squire's pretensions. Magee observes, "To the honour of Lord Fitzgibbon, (Clare,) be it recorded, that he never dined with Higgins on his public days, or suffered his worship to appear at any table which his presence dignified."*

Higgins, meanwhile, surrounded by a swarm of toadies and expectants for place, with a loose gown wrapped like a toga around him, would sometimes swagger through the hall of the old Four Courts. He is traditionally described as having been one of the ugliest men in existence; and the following contemporary portrait, though somewhat exaggerated, serves to confirm that account:—

"Through the long hall a universal hum
Proclaims at length the mighty man is come.
Clothed in a morning gown of many a hue,
With one sleeve ragged and the other new;
While obvious eructations daub his chin
With the remaining dregs of last night's gin;
With bloated cheek and little swinish eye,
And every feature form'd to hide a lie;
While every nasty vice, enthroned within,
Breaks out in blotches o'er his freckled skin."

The bard, after describing Enmity, Treachery, Duplicity, and other disreputable qualities, adds:—

"And artful Cunning, simpering the while,
Conceals them all in one unmeaning smile.
. . . . . .
He comes, and round him the admiring throng
Catch at the honey dropping from his tongue;
Now promises—excuses round him fly;
Now hopes are born—and hopes as quickly die;
Now he from b——ds his daily rent receives,
And sells indemnity to rogues and thieves."†

The hall of the Four Courts, through which Francis Higgins was wont to stalk, is not the stately vestibule now known by that name in Dublin. The old Four Courts stood adjacent to Christ Church; its hall, crowned by an octangular cupola, was long

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1798. † *Ibid.*, No. 1746.

and narrow, and entered by a door leading from the lane known as "Hell." The chancellor, on entering, was always preceded by his mace-bearer and tipstaffs, who were accustomed to call out, "High Court of Chancery," upon which the judges rose, and remained standing until the chancellor had taken his seat.*

Daniel O'Connell had some reminiscences of the old Four Courts and prison. The gaoler, it will be remembered, was the Sham Squire's father-in-law:— "As we drove along Skinner's Row, O'Connell pointed out the ruins of the old Four Courts, and showed me where the old gaol had stood. 'Father Lube,' said he, 'informed me of a curious escape of a robber from that gaol. The rogue was rich, and gave the gaoler £120 to let him out. The gaoler then prepared for the prisoner's escape in the following manner: he announced that the fellow had a spotted fever, and the rogue shammed sick so successfully that no one suspected any cheat. Meanwhile the gaoler procured a fresh corpse, and smuggled it into the prisoner's bed; while the pseudo-invalid was let out one fine dark night. The corpse, which passed for that of the robber, was decently interred, and the trick remained undiscovered till revealed by the gaoler's daughter, long after his death. Father Lube told me,' added O'Connell, 'that the face of the corpse was dappled with paint, to imitate the discolourment of a spotted fever.'" †

To reduce the overcharged importance of the Sham Squire, Magee published, in June 1787, an outline of his escapade in the family of Mr Archer. On June 30, a note appeared from the "reverend gentlemen of Rosemary Lane," stating they had no official or other knowledge of an imposture alleged to have

* Gilbert's Dublin, vol. i., pp. 136, 137.

† Personal Recollections of O'Connell, by W. J. O'Neil Daunt, vol. i., p. 110.

been committed twenty-three years previously on the late Mr Archer by Mr Higgins, and adding, that during Mr Higgins's residence in Smock Alley, his conduct had always been marked with propriety and benevolence. "This sprig of rosemary," observed the *Post*, "may serve to revive the fainting innocence of the immaculate convert of St Francis." But in the following number a different aspect is given to the matter, thus: "We have it from authority that the advertisement from the reverend gentlemen of Rosemary Lane chapel is *a sham;* for confirmation of which we refer the inquirer to any of the reverend gentlemen of said chapel."* How far this may be in accordance with the truth, it is not easy to determine.

Mr Higgins was not without some redeeming qualities. He regularly attended divine service in the Protestant church of Saint Andrew, and he occasionally dispensed sums in charity. But for all this he received little thanks and less credit. In a trenchant poem levelled at Higgins, numbering some fifty lines, and alleged to be from the pen of Hussey Burgh, we find:—

> "The cunning culprit understands the times,
> Stakes private bounty against public crimes,
> And, conscious of the means he took to rise,
> He buys a credit with the spoils of vice." †

The Sham Squire's duties were onerous and varied. He not only presided, as we are told, with the subsequent Lord Norbury, at Kilmainham,‡ but often occupied the bench of the Lord Mayor's court, and there investigated and confirmed the claims of persons to the rights and privileges of freemen. §

Mr Higgins had, ere long, nearly the entire of the newspaper press of Dublin in his influence; ‖ to

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1782.
‡ *Ibid.*, No. 1779.
‖ *Ibid.*, No. 1796.
† *Ibid.*, No. 1794.
§ *Ibid.*, No. 1789.

quote Magee's words, they were all "bowing down to Baal,"* or, as Magee's poet described the circumstance :—

> "Now hireling scribes exert the venal pen,
> And in concerto shield this best of men."

And again :—

> "Nay, e'en Shamado is himself on fire,
> And humdrum Houlton tunes his wooden lyre;
> But virtue their resentment cannot dread,
> And Truth, though trampled on, will raise her head." †

Dr Houlton, the Sham Squire's sub-editor, whose name frequently appears in the local squibs of the day, is noticed in Boaden's "Life of Mrs Jordan," as "a weak man with an Edinburgh degree in physic, who wrote for a morning paper, and contributed a prologue so absurd that it has been banished from the play." ‡ From Raymond's "Life of Dermody" we learn that Houlton humanely befriended the unfortunate poet. The doctor lost nothing by his connexion with Higgins. The same work informs us that he received "a medical appointment under the Irish Government," and that his house in Dublin was as showy as his style, having been put through a process of decoration by Daly's head scene-painter. § The "Literary Calendar of Living Authors," published in 1816, mentions that Houlton was a native of England, "practised in Ireland with some success," brought out some musical pieces on the Dublin stage, wrote poems for newspapers, and songs for Vauxhall; and through the patronage of Hook brought out at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1800, his opera called "Wilmore Castle," which having been damned, he retorted in a pamphlet entitled "A Review of the Musical Drama of the Theatre Royal,

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1796. † *Ibid.*, No. 1743.
‡ Boaden's Life of Mrs Jordan, vol. ii., p. 62,
§ Raymond's Life of Dermody, vol. i., p. 26, *et seq.*

Drury Lane, Tending to Develop a System of Private Influence Injurious to the Public." 8vo. 1801.

Houlton as a poetaster was useful on the Sham Squire's journal, which freely employed satirical poetry in assailing reputations.

In 1789 the bill furnished by Higgins to the Treasury amounted to £2000; but the viceroy, we are told, cut it down to £1000.*

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1761. This payment may have been on account of proclamations inserted as advertisements; but the Duke of Wellington's correspondence, when Irish Secretary, makes no disguise that all money paid on such grounds was for purposes of corruption. This arrangement was partially relinquished from the death of Pitt; but in 1809, on the restoration of the old Tory regime, we find a Dublin journalist petitioning for a renewal. Sir A. Wellesley, addressing Sir Charles Saxton, the under-secretary, alluded to "the measures which I had in contemplation in respect to newspapers in Ireland. *It is quite impossible to leave them entirely to themselves;* and we have probably carried our reforms in respect to publishing proclamations as far as they will go, excepting only that we might strike off from the list of those permitted to publish proclamations in the newspapers, both in town and country, those which have the least extensive circulation, and which depend, I believe, entirely upon the money received on account of proclamations. *I am one of those, however, who think that it will be very dangerous to allow the press in Ireland to take care of itself, particularly as it has so long been in leading strings.* I would, therefore, recommend that in proportion as you will diminish the profits of the better kind of newspapers, such as the *Correspondent* and the *Freeman's Journal*, on account of proclamations, *you shall increase the sum they are allowed to charge on account of advertisements and other publications.* It is absolutely necessary, however, to keep the charge *within the sum of ten thousand pounds per annum*, voted by Parliament, which probably may easily be done when some newspapers will cease to publish proclamations, and the whole will receive a reduced sum on that account, even though *an increase* should be made *on account of advertisements* to the accounts of some. It will also be very necessary that *the account of this money should be of a description always to be produced before Parliament.*—Ever yours, &c., ARTHUR WELLESLEY."

CHAPTER III.

Lord Clonmel and the Fiats.—Richard Daly.—Persecution of Magee.—A Strong Bar.—Caldbeck, Duigenan, and Egan.—The Volunteers to the Rescue.—Hamilton Rowan.—Artist Arrested for Caricaturing "the Sham."—A neat Stroke of Vengeance.—More Squibs.—Ladies Clonmel and Barrington.—The Gambling Hell.—Inefficiency of the Police.—Magisterial Delinquencies Exposed.—Watchmen and Watches.—Mr Gonne's Chronometer.—Juggling Judges.—Outrages in the Face of Day.—Ladies unable to Walk the Streets.

MAGEE continued in his efforts to take down the Sham Squire's pride and swagger. Squib after squib exploded.

'There lives a Squire near Stephen's Green,
Crockledum he, crockledum ho,
And in Newgate once was seen,
Bolted down quite low.
And though he now is a Just-Ass,
There was a day when he heard mass,
Being converted by a lass,
There to *cross* and go.
On stocking-making he can jaw,
Clockety heel, tippety toe;
Now an attorney is at law,
Six and eightpence, ho!"†

These squibs Mr Higgins regarded as so many "infernal machines," and he resolved to show his own power, and to be revenged at the same time. Lord Chief-Justice Clonmel was known to entertain a strong prejudice against the press, especially such newspapers as adversely criticised the administration. In the authorised report of the parliamentary debates on April 8, 1784, his views on the subject are forcibly but curtly conveyed, viz.—"*The Prime Sergeant expressed his thorough detestation of newspapers and*

* Until 1793 Catholics were excluded from the magisterial bench.
† *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1796.

*public assassins of character."** We have already seen that Lord Clonmel, long after his elevation to the bench and peerage, maintained friendly relations with Higgins, in memory of auld langsyne. "His lordship's house," observes a correspondent, "stood on the west side of Harcourt Street, near the corner of Montague Street. He possessed also very extensive pleasure-grounds on the east side of Harcourt Street, stretching behind the entire south side of Stephen's Green. A subterraneous passage under† Harcourt Street opened communication with those grounds, which joined the garden at the rear of Francis Higgins's mansion in Stephen's Green; and there is a tradition to the effect that some of the chief's inquisitive neighbours often used to see him making his way through the pleasure-grounds for the purpose of conferring with the Sham Squire."‡

Higgins is said to have directed Lord Clonmel's attention to Magee's lampoons, in many of which the chief himself figured subordinately. His lordship expressed indignation at liberties so unwarrantable, and seems to have encouraged the Sham Squire to follow up a plan of legal retribution, which the active brain of Higgins had been for some time concocting.

In the various onslaughts which Magee made upon the Sham Squire, some passing prods were bestowed on Richard Daly, the lessee of Crow Street theatre, on Charles Brennan, a writer for the *Freeman's Journal*, as well as on a certain member of the female sex, whose name we omit in consideration to her now respectable relatives. With all these parties Higgins was believed to be on terms of close intimacy. In June 1789, four fiats, marked with the exorbitant sum of £7800, were issued against Magee by Lord Clonmel in the King's Bench, at the suit of Francis

* Irish Parl. Debates, vol. iii., p. 155.
† MS. Letter of Dr T——, 20th August 1859.
‡ Tradition communicated by M—— S——, Esq.

Higgins and the three other persons to whom we have alluded. The *Evening Post* of June 30, 1789, announces that "Magee lies on the couch of sickness in the midst of a dungeon's gloom," and publishes a long appeal from Magee to Lord Clonmel, which closes thus:—

"I again demand at your hands, John Scott, Baron Earlsfort,* a trial by peers, by my fellows, free and independent Irishmen. Thou hast dragged a citizen by thy officers thrice through the streets of this capital as a felon. Thou hast confined before trial, and hast deprived a free subject of his franchise, that franchise for which his fathers bled on the walls of Derry, the banks of the Boyne, and the plains of Augrim.

"John Scott, Baron Earlsfort, I again demand from thee, thou delegate of my Sovereign Lord the King, a trial by jury."

On July 3, 1789, the trial of John Magee, at the suit of Francis Higgins, was heard before Chief-Justice Clonmel. The Sham Squire, notwithstanding his reliance on the partiality of the judge and jury, found it advisable to retain a powerful bar, which included the Prime Sergeant, Mr Caldbeck, K.C.;† John Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury;‡ Sergeant Duquerry,§ Recorder Burston,‖ Dr Pat

* Mr Scott was created Baron Earlsfort in 1784, a Viscount in 1789, and Earl of Clonmel in 1793.

† Caldbeck seems to have been as small as Tom Moore, and a great wit. His great grandson, Mr Wm. F. Caldbeck, has given us the following traditional anecdote of him:—"But you little vagabond," said the opposite counsel one day, "if you don't be cautious I'll put you in my pocket." "Whenever you do," retorted Caldbeck, "you'll have more law in your pocket than ever you had in your head."

‡ For a notice of Lord Norbury, see Appendix.

§ Sergeant Duquerry, a forensic orator of great power, "died at the top first," like Swift, Plunket, Magee, Scott, Moore, and many a stately oak. For several years before his death, Duquerry groped in utter idiocy.

‖ Beresford Burston will be remembered as the early friend of Moore. See Memoirs of Moore, vol. i., p. 79.

Duigenan,* John, nicknamed "Bully" Egan,† George J. Browne, (Higgins's *collaborateur*,) with Messrs Ponsonby, Curran, Johnson, and the Hon. S. Butler. That the last three persons should have accepted briefs in the case, seems singular, considering their democratic bias. Curran's name is the history of his life; Mr Johnson's is nearly forgotten; but we may remind the reader that although a judge, he libelled the Hardwicke administration, was tried for the offence, retired from the bench, and shortly before his death published a treasonable pamphlet.‡ The Hon. Simon Butler became in 1792 a leading member of the Society of United Irishmen, was fined £500, and condemned to a protracted imprisonment in Newgate.

* Dr Patrick Duigenan, originally a Catholic of low degree, having "conformed" and continued year after year to oppose the Catholic claims, with a virulence and violence now almost incredible, was appointed by the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin, to preside as their judge in the Ecclesiastical Courts. He was twice married, and each time to a Catholic. He died in 1816.

† John Egan's proficiency in vulgar wit and rough invective is traditionally notorious. If a somewhat unregulated indulgence in this tendency obtained for him many enemies in early life, he had the satisfaction of finally making all Ireland his debtor, by his truly independent conduct at the period of the Union. Trampling down the metaphorical sophistries of the Government spokesman, "he galloped," writes Sir Jonah Barrington, "like a dray-horse, over all his opponents, plunging and kicking, and overthrowing all before him." Tempting proposals were made to him if he would support the Union. He was offered to be made Baron of the Exchequer, with £3500 a year; but Egan, although far from being rich, spurned the venial offer, and died soon after in comparative want.—Egan was fond of bathing at the Blackrock. One morning, having violently flung his enormous carcase into the water, he came into collision with some other person who was performing a similar lavement. "Sir," screamed a mouth out of the water, "I presume you are not aware against whom you have so rudely jostled." "I didn't care if you were Old Nick," replied Egan, floundering about like a great sea monster. "You are a bear, sir," continued the mouth, "and I am the Archbishop of Dublin." "Well," retorted Egan, not in the least abashed, "in order to prevent the recurrence of such accidents, I would simply recommend you to get your mitre painted on your back."

‡ See Addenda.

No good report of the trial, Higgins *v.* Magee, is accessible. We endeavoured to give the Sham Squire the benefit of his own report, but the file of the *Freeman* for 1789 does not exist even in the office of that journal. A very impartial account may be found in the *Cork Evening Post* of the day, from which we gather that Higgins proved the infamous gambling house in Crane Lane to belong to a Miss J. Darley. This evidence, however, did not alter Magee's opinion, and he continued to insist that the Sham Squire was a secret participator in its spoils.

Poor Magee had not much chance against a bar so powerful and a judge so hostile. Strictly speaking, he had no counsel retained; but we find that "for the traverser there appeared as *amici curiæ*, Mr Lysaght, and Mr A. Browne of Trinity College." The latter gentleman, member for the University of Dublin, and subsequently Prime Sergeant of Ireland, made a very able statement on the law of fiats. As a lawyer, Browne was far superior to Lord Clonmel, whose indecently rapid promotion was owing solely to his parliamentary services. In the following session of Parliament, Mr Browne, in conjunction with Mr, afterwards Chancellor, Ponsonby, brought forward a masterly exposure of the unconstitutional conduct adopted by Lord Clonmel at the instance of Francis Higgins. This exposure with its salutary results will be noticed at the fitting period; but meanwhile we will introduce here a few of the salient points in Mr Browne's able statement on the law of fiats.

He expressed his amazement that a nation so astute in guarding through her statute book every avenue to oppression, should have passed unnoticed and left unguarded this broad road to tyranny. He was amazed how it could suffer a plaintiff to require bail to the amount of perhaps £20,000, where very probably the damages afterwards found by a jury, if any, might not be twenty pence. Having shown that fiats,

in Lord Clonmel's acceptation of the term, were utterly unknown to the common law, he added, "I am not sure whether, if Francis Higgins abused his adversary's counsel for two years together, they would be able to swear to twopenny worth of damages; and therefore, when any man swears so positively, either he is particularly vulnerable, and more liable to damage than other men, or he is a bold swearer, and the judge ought not to listen to him." Mr Browne cited Blackstone, Baines, Gilbert, and a vast array of high legal authorities, to show the unconstitutional act of Lord Clonmel, in issuing fiats against Magee to the amount of £7800. It appears that even in the case of assault and battery, moderate fiats had been refused by the bench. Having, with great erudition discharged an important argument to show that special bail in this and similar actions was not requirable, Mr Browne proceeded to prove that, even allowing it to be requirable, the present amount could not be justified by reason or precedent. The bail could only with propriety amount to such a sum as would be sufficient to insure an appearance. To imagine that Mr Magee would abscond and abandon his only means of earning a livelihood, was simply ridiculous.

Mr Browne censured the manner in which Lord Clonmel prejudiced the case—"telling the jury before the trial began what the damages were, which in the opinion of the judge they ought to give,"—and Mr Browne adduced high legal authorities in proof of the error committed by Lord Clonmel.

He then contrasted some of the few cases on record in which fiats were issued, with the cause then under discussion. Sir William Drake, a member of Parliament, was charged with being a traitor. The words against him were of the most scandalous nature. His life and property were at stake: he brought his action, and on application special bail from defendant

was refused. Another case was that of the Duke of Schomberg, a peer high in favour with his king and country. He was accused by a miscreant named Murray with having cheated the sovereign and the army. Can any words be conceived more shocking when applied to such a man? Chief-Justice Holt, as great a friend to the revolution and to the liberties of the country as ever sat on a judicial bench, felt the same indignation, but he could not prejudice the cause. He was ready to punish the man if convicted, but he did not consider him convicted beforehand. He ordered Murray to find bail—two sureties in £25 each, and the man in £100. In the last generation, £50 for a duke—in the present, £7800 for an adventurer and a player! *

At the close of the prosecution against Magee, at the suit of Francis Higgins, it was made the subject of bitter complaint by the prisoner that he had been refused the privilege of challenging his jurors, and the benefit of the *Habeas Corpus* Act. †

The Lord Chief-Justice having summed up and charged, the jury retired, but returned in half an hour to ask the bench whether they might not find the traverser guilty of printing and publishing, without holding him responsible for the libel. His lordship replied that the jury had nothing to do with the law in this case, and that it was only the fact of publishing they had to consider. The jury then desired a copy of the record, but the request was refused. Having retired a second time, the jury at length brought in their verdict, "Guilty of printing and publishing." Lord Earlsfort declined to accept the verdict.

One of the jurors replied that the difficulty they found in giving a different verdict was, that they

* Browne's Arguments in the King's Bench on the Subject of Admitting John Magee to Common Bail. Dublin, Gilbert, 1790.

† *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1784.

could not reconcile it to their consciences to find a man guilty under a criminal charge, who had not been permitted to confront his accusers or his jurors, or to listen to the accusations against him, that he might be prepared for his defence. Therefore, as the jury had only seen the accusations on one side, without the defence of the accused, they could not feel themselves warranted in pronouncing a man guilty under a charge of criminal intentions.

Lord Earlsfort replied that the very reason why they ought not to hesitate, was the one they used in support of their scruples, namely, "the traverser's making no defence to the charge against him." He desired that the jury might again retire. A juror said that they had already given the matter full consideration, but the Chief-Justice interrupted him, and the jury were ordered to return to their room.

Mr Browne, M.P., addressed a few words to the bench, but was stopped short by his lordship, who declared that he had already given the matter full consideration, and had made up his mind. The jury having again deliberated, returned with a verdict of guilty.*

This prosecution did not muzzle Magee. In the very number of his journal which contains a report of the trial reference is made to "the marquis, who, with that condescending goodness that agitates his heart when he can be of any use to Mr F. Higgins, his familiar friend, and he who in former days contributed not less to the festivity of his board, than generously catered for his pleasure," &c. And in *Magee's Evening Packet*, Shamado is again reminded of the awkward fact "that he has been at a public trial, convicted of crimes which the cordial squeeze of his friend Jack Ketch alone can expiate." †

The trial of Daly *versus* Magee soon followed. Dr

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1784.
† *Magee's Evening Packet*, No. 621.

Pat. Duigenan, "Bully" Egan, with Messrs Duquerry, Smith, Burston, Butler, Brown, Fleming, Ball, Curran, and Green, were retained for the prosecution.

Mr Kennedy, treasurer to the Theatre Royal, Crow Street, was examined as a witness for Mr Daly. We extract a few passages:—

"Were you ever witness to any riots in the theatre? Very often. The people used to cry out from the gallery, 'A clap for Magee, the man of Ireland—a groan for the Sham! a groan for the Dasher [Daly]—out with the lights, out with the lights!' I have frequently, at the risk of my life, attempted to stop those riots."

It further appeared that men used sometimes to come into the galleries with bludgeons and pistols. Mr Dawson, a person whom Mr Daly was in the habit of sending to London, with a view to the engagement of actors, was next examined. It transpired that Daly, in consequence of his unpopularity, found a difficulty in obtaining performers.

"Is Mr Higgins proprietor of any paper? *A.* I do not know. *Q.* Is he proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*? *A.* I have heard so. *Q.* Is there not a very particular intimacy between Mr Daly and Mr Higgins? *A.* Have I a right, my lord, to answer that question?

"*Court*—No, I must object to that question. I think it wrong to endeavour to involve this case in any party or prejudice, &c.

"*Counsel for the Defendant*—Do you believe yourself that there was any particular intimacy between Mr Daly and Mr Higgins? Sir, I know of no particular intimacy any more than between you and the many gentlemen who are round you.

"*Court*—You have answered very properly and clearly.

"*Q.* There is a friendship between them? *A.* The same sort of friendship which subsists between man and man." *

* Trial of John Magee for Libel on R. Daly. Dublin, 1790, pp. 30, 31.

There certainly was no stint of hard words between the rival editors. Magee insinuated that Ryder, the former lessee, had been tricked out of the patent by a manœuvre of the Sham Squire's, and that Higgins and Daly conjointly held the licence.* But of any deliberate act of dishonesty, Daly was, we believe, incapable, although lax enough in other respects.

George Ponsonby conducted the defence. He ridiculed Daly's claims to damages; and added, that for the torrent of abuse which had been thrown out against Magee in the *Freeman* no redress was sought. Mr Higgins had ridiculed Astley with impunity in the *Freeman's Journal;* and for pursuing the same course towards Daly, £8000 damages were claimed against Magee.

Damages were laid at £8000; but the jury considered that £200, with 6d. costs, was ample compensation for the wounded feelings of Mr Daly.

The *Evening Post* steadily declared that the uproar in the galleries of Crow Street Theatre was due rather to Higgins and Daly than to Magee. In July 1789, we are told that two men, named Valentine and Thomas Higgins, wool-scribblers, were "very active in several public-houses in and about the Liberty, endeavouring to persuade working people to accept tickets for the theatre, with express directions to raise plaudits for Daly and Higgins, and to groan Magee."†

A few evenings after, an immense troop of "Liberty Boys" in the Higgins interest proceeded to Crow Street Theatre, marshalled by a limb of the law named Lindsay.‡

"The general order is, knock down every man who groans for the Sham Squire or the Dasher; and you have the guards at your back to take every man into custody

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1794.
† *Ibid.*, No. 1787–1788.
‡ *Ibid.*, No. 1783.

who resists you. On Tuesday night this party, highly whiskyfied, forced their way to the front row of the gallery, struck and insulted several of the audience there, and wounded the delicacy of the rest of the house by riotous vociferation and obscenity. Last night several people were knocked down by them; and some of the very persons who were seduced from the Liberty to the theatre, on their refusal to join in the purpose, were given into the custody of constables for disrespectful language to the said Lindsay, and others were pursued as far as Anglesea Street for the same cause."*

On Magee's trial, the prosecuting counsel produced the manuscript of an attack upon the Sham Squire in Magee's handwriting. Magee was at first somewhat surprised at the unexpected production of his autograph, but soon discovered by what means these papers got out of his hands. Brennan,† who had been a writer for the *Post* until 1788, when he joined the *Freeman*, conveyed to the Sham Squire several of Magee's private papers, to which, when retained in the office of the *Post*, at a salary of £100 a year, he had easy access.‡ Brennan certainly swore to Magee's handwriting on the trial. On the evening that the *Post* advanced the above statement, "Brennan came to Magee's house concealed in a sedan-chair, and armed with a large oak bludgeon; and after rapping at the door, and being answered by a maid-servant, he inquired for Mr Magee with the design of assassinating him, had he been in the way; but being told he was not at home, Brennan rushed into the shop, and with the bludgeon broke open and utterly demolished several locked glass-cases, together with the sashwork and glass of these interior glazed doors, as well as the windows facing the street. Brennan, in making his escape, was observed by a

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1788. † *Ibid.*, No. 1794.

‡ Brennan figures in the book of "Secret Service Money Expenditure" as a recipient, though not to a large extent.

man named M'Namara, who attempted to seize him; but Brennan knocked him down by three blows of the bludgeon, and then kicked him unmercifully."*

Brennan was committed to Newgate by Alderman Carleton; but next day was set at liberty on the bail of two of Daly's officials.† This rather intemperate gentleman, however, had not been an hour at large when he proceeded to Magee's house in College Green, armed with a sword, but happily failed to find the object of his search.‡

A word about the "Liberty boys," who, as Magee records, came forward as the paid partisans of Higgins, opens another suggestive glimpse of the state of society in Dublin at the period of which we write. Between these men and the butchers of Ormond Market, both noted for turbulent prowess, a feud long subsisted. On this stronghold the Liberty boys frequently made descents; a formidable battle raged, often for days, during which time the bridges across the Liffey, from Essex Bridge to "Bloody Bridge," were taken and retaken. Upwards of a thousand men were usually engaged; business was paralysed; traffic suspended; every shop closed; the executive looked on inert; Lord Mayor Emerson was appealed to, but with a nervous shrug declined to interfere. The butchers, armed with huge knives and cleavers, did awful havoc; the quays were strewed with the maimed and mangled. But the professional slaughterers were not always victorious. On one of the many occasions when these battles raged, the butchers, who displayed a banner inscribed, "Guild of the B. V. Mary," were repulsed by the Liberty boys near Francis Street, and driven down Michael's Hill with loss. The Liberty boys drank to the dregs their bloody cup of victory. Exasperated by the "*houghing*," with which the butchers had disabled for life

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1796. † *Ibid.*, No. 1726.
‡ *Ibid.*, No. 1792.

many of their opponents, the Liberty boys rushed into the stalls and slaughter-houses, captured the butchers, hooked them up by the chin in lieu of their meat, and then left the unfortunate men wriggling "alone in their glory." The Liberty boys were mostly weavers, the representatives of French artisans who, after the massacre of St Bartholomew, emigrated to Ireland. The late Mr Brophy, state dentist in Dublin, to whom the students of local history are indebted for many curious traditional data, told us that in the lifetime of his mother a French *patois* was spoken in the Liberty quite as much as English.* The author of "Ireland Sixty Years Ago" furnishes stirring details of the encounters to which we refer; but he failed to suggest, as we have ventured to do, the origin of the feud.

"No army, however mighty," said the first Napoleon, addressing St Cyr, "could resist the songs of Paris." The Ormond boys, impelled by a similar policy, followed up their knife stabs with not less pointed lines. In one song the following elegant distich occurred:—

> "And we won't leave a weaver alive on the Coombe,
> But we 'll rip up his tripe bag and burn his loom.
> Ri rigidi di do dee."

One of the last battles between the "Liberty" and Ormond boys took place on May 11, 1790.

Meanwhile it became every day more apparent that the Sham Squire was a dangerous man to touch. On July 23, we learn that Mr James Wright, of Mary's Abbey, was arrested for publishing a caricature like-

* Dublin in these days possessed a Huguenot church and burial ground. A curious manuscript memoir, in the autograph of one of the Huguenot ministers, may be seen in a closet attached to Marsh's Library, Dublin. Among the influential French who emigrated to Ireland on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes may be mentioned Le Poer Trenche, (ancestor of Lord Clancarty,) the La Touches, Saurins, Vignolles, La Bartes, Du Bedats, Montmorencys, Perrins, De Blaquires, &c.

ness of Justice Higgins.* A copy of this very rare print, representing the Sham Squire standing under a gallows, is now in the possession of Jaspar Joly, Esq., LL.D., who has kindly given the use of it for the illustration of this edition. Underneath is written "Belphegor, or the Devil turned Esquire," with the following citation from the Psalms: "Yet do I remember the time past: I muse upon my works, yea, I exercise myself in the works of wickedness." Nailed to the gibbet is an open copy of the "Infernal Journal," containing articles headed "A Panegyric on the Marquis of Misery"—"Prize Swearing"—"Dr Dove"—"*A Defence of Informers*," (a prophetic hit)—"Sangrado"—"Theatre Royal: Ways and Means; to conclude with the Marker's Ghost"†—"New Books: Houltoniana, or mode of Rearing Carrier Pigeons"‡—"Bludgeoneer's Pocket Companion"—"Marquis de la Fiat."

The appearance of Higgins, as presented in this print, is blotched, bloated, and repulsive, not unsuggestive of the portraits of Jemmy O'Brien. A cable knotted into a pendent bow, appears beneath his chin. Surmounting the picture, as it also did the bench where Higgins sometimes administered the justice he had outraged, is "*Fiat justitia.*"

With a sort of barbed harpoon Magee goaded "the Sham" and his friends. In addition to the *Post*, he attacked him in *Magee's Weekly Packet.*

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1792.

† Magee accused Daly of having murdered a billiard marker, of which anon.

‡ In those days a good deal of lottery stock-jobbing took place through the agency of carrier pigeons. A poem in blank verse, for which Magee was prosecuted by Daly, recites, among other irksome hits—

> "The priests, the cabalistic numbers cry,
> The doctor ties them round a pigeon's neck,
> . . . . . who flies,
> And on Francisco's portal plumes his wings."

—See Sheridan's Argument, Daly *v.* Magee, p. 10.

The number for Saturday, October 17, 1789, contains another caricature likeness of the Sham Squire, in a woodcut, entitled "The Sham in Lavender." He is made to say, "I'm no Sham—I'm a Protestant Justice—I'll Newgate the Dog." At his feet his colleague, George Joseph Browne, is recognised in the shape of a cur dog. Behind him stands Mrs Lewellyn in the short petticoats, high-heeled shoes, large hat, and voluminous ringlets of the day. Under her feet is a letter, addressed "Mrs Lewellyn, Cell, Newgate—Free—Carhampton;" while Lord Chief-Justice Clonmel, presiding, fraternally accosts Higgins as Frank, and confesses, with an oath, that they were undone!—sentiments which we now find the Chief-Justice was recording at the same moment in his private Diary.

Verses, painfully personal, accompanied the picture, but conceived in a more legitimate vein of sarcasm was another piece:—

"In a poem, I think, called 'The Author,' you'll find
Two lines, my dear Sham, which occurr'd to my mind,
When the *Packet* I saw, and your worship saw there,
And your worship so like to yourself did appear;
They were written by Churchill, and though they displease,
You must own they are apt, and the lines, Sham, are these:
'Grown old in villainy, and dead to grace,
Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face.'" *

At a meeting of the Dublin Volunteers on July 10, 1789, it was resolved:—"That, as citizens and men, armed in defence of our liberties and properties, we cannot remain unconcerned spectators of any breach of that constitution which is the glory of the empire. That the violation of the fundamental laws of these kingdoms occasioned the melancholy catastrophe of 1648; that the violation of these laws brought on the glorious revolution of 1688; that we look upon the

* *Magee's Evening Packet*, Oct. 17, 1789.

trial by jury, with all the privileges annexed to it, to be a most essential part of those laws; that we highly approve of the firm conduct of our worthy fellow-citizen, on a late transaction, in support of those gifts."

Archibald Hamilton Rowan, then a highly influential personage, addressed a public letter to Magee, saying:—"It is with regret I have beheld you deprived of the inalienable rights of every British subject on your late trial. I have no doubt but that such arbitrary conduct as marked the judge who presided on that day, will be severely punished, and that you, sir, will not be so wanting to your fellow-subjects as not to bring it before the proper tribunal. This being the cause of every man, it ought to be supported from the common purse, and not be an injury to your private circumstances. If any subscription for that purpose should be accepted by you, I request you will set down my name for twenty-five guineas."

It is a notable instance of Magee's independence of character, that he declined to accept one farthing of the public subscription which had just been inaugurated, with such promise of success, in his honour. This spirited determination was the more remarkable, as his pecuniary losses, in consequence of the oppressive treatment to which he was subjected, proved most severe, as we shall presently see.

In Mr Sheridan's arguments, before the judges of the King's Bench, to admit John Magee to common bail for lampooning the Sham Squire's colleague, it is stated:—

"Magee has made an affidavit in which he swears that a writ issued in last Trinity Term to the sheriffs, marked for £4000, under authority of a fiat granted by the Lord Chief-Justice, and founded on an affidavit; that upon such writ he was arrested in June last; that in consequence of a number of vexatious suits and prosecutions against him, and from the reiterated abuse he has received in the *Freeman's Journal*, he is extremely injured in his credit, inso-

much that though he has used every effort in his power, he cannot now procure one bail in this cause for the amount of the sum marked at the foot of said writ, or of any larger amount than £500, and saith he verily believes that the plaintiff had not suffered damage in this cause to any amount whatever."*

These denunciations would doubtless have been stronger were it possible for the patriot mind of John Magee to have taken a prophetic view of the events of '98, and witnessed, like Asmodeus, certain dark doings which the vulgar eye failed to penetrate.

The subterranean passage and the winding path through Lord Clonmel's pleasure ground facilitated the intercourse between him and Shamado, which, as we gather from tradition and contemporary statement, was briskly kept up. Higgins's journal was the organ of Lord Clonmel's party, and in a letter addressed to the latter, published in *Magee's Evening Packet*,† we are told:—

"It is made no secret, my lord, that these ingenious sophistications and learned commentaries which appeared in the Higgins journal, in that decent business, had the honour of your lordship's inspection and correction in MS., before they were committed to the press."

The visits of the influential and proverbially-con-

* This scarce pamphlet was printed and published in London—a circumstance illustrative of the wide sensation which Lord Clonmel's arbitrary conduct excited. Mr Sheridan having brought forward a host of high law authorities to show the illegality of holding to special bail a man charged with defamation, proceeded to exhibit the ludicrous weakness of the affidavit upon which Lord Clonmel issued a fiat for £4000. Daly's claims against Magee for damages were based upon a mock heroic poem in which Daly was supposed to figure under the title of Roscius, and Higgins under that of Francisco. Daly having recited this absurd poem in his affidavit, added that he had children, "among whom are four growing up daughters, who in their future prospects may receive considerable injury;" and Daly wound up by swearing that he had suffered damages to the amount of £4000 by —— the injuries which his family, or himself might hereafter suffer!

† No. 621.

vivial chief must have been hailed with no ordinary pleasure and welcome. Sir Jonah Barrington, who lived next door to him in Harcourt Street, writes—"His skill was unrivalled, and his success proverbial. He was full of anecdotes, though not the most refined; these in private society he not only told, but *acted;* and when he perceived that he had made a very good exhibition he immediately withdrew, that he might leave the most lively impression of his pleasantry behind him. His boldness was his first introduction; his policy his ultimate preferment. Courageous, vulgar, humorous, artificial, he knew the world well, and he profited by that knowledge. He cultivated the powerful; he bullied the timid; he fought the brave; he flattered the vain; he duped the credulous; and he amused the convivial. He frequently, in his prosperity, acknowledged favours he had received when he was obscure, and *occasionally* requited them. Half-liked, half-reprobated, he was too high to be despised, and too low to be respected. His language was coarse, and his principles arbitrary; but his passions were his slaves, and his cunning was his instrument. In public and in private he was the same character; and, though a most fortunate man and a successful courtier, he had scarcely a sincere friend or a *disinterested* adherent."

It may amuse those familiar with the locality mentioned above, to tell an anecdote of the projecting bow-window, long since built up, which overhangs the side of Sir Jonah's former residence, No. 14 Harcourt Street, corner of Montague Street. Lord Clonmel occupied the house at the opposite corner, and Lady Clonmel affected to be much annoyed at this window overlooking their house and movements. Here Lady Barrington, arrayed in imposing silks and satins, would daily take up position, and placidly commence her survey. Sir Jonah was remonstrated with, but he declined to close the obnoxious window.

Lady Clonmel then took the difficulty in hand, and, with the stinging sarcasm peculiarly her own, said, "Lady Barrington is so accustomed to look out of a shop window for the display of her silks and satins, that I suppose she cannot afford to dispense with this."

The large bow-window was immediately built up, and has not since been re-opened. Lady Barrington was the daughter of Mr Grogan, a silk-mercer of Dublin. Lady Clonmel was a Miss Lawless, related to the Cloncurry family, who rose to opulence as woollen drapers in High Street. The Lawlesses, who held their heads high, more than once got a Roland for an Oliver. The first Lord Cloncurry having gone to see the pantomime of Don Quixote, laughed immoderately at the scene where Sancho is tossed in the blanket. On the following morning the Sham Squire's journal contained the following epigram:—

"Cloncurry, Cloncurry!
Why in such a hurry
To laugh at the comical squire?
For though he 's toss'd high,
Yet you cannot deny
That blankets have toss'd yourself higher."

"*Arcades ambo*—brothers both," was applicable, in more than one sense, to the Chief-Justice and the Sham Squire. "I sat beside Higgins at a Lord Mayor's banquet, in 1796," observed the late John Patten; "now, sixty years after, I remember how strongly his qualities as a humorist impressed me."

Mr Higgins plumed himself on being a little Curran, and cultivated intimacies with kindred humorists, amongst whom we are surprised to find Father Arthur O'Leary, one of the persons named advantageously by Higgins in his will.* O'Leary was one

* Last will of Francis Higgins, preserved in the Prerogative Court, Dublin.

of those memorable Monks of the Screw who used to set in a roar Curran's table at "the Priory."* "The Sham," who loved to ape the manners of those above him, also called his country seat, at Kilmacud, "the Priory;"† and we believe it was to him that Dick Hetherington,‡ in accepting an invitation to dinner, wrote:—

> "Though to my ankles I'll be in the mud,
> I hope to be with you at Kilmacud."§

Though in open defiance of the laws, the gambling hell in Crane Lane was still suffered to exist, under the very shadow of the castle, and within three minutes' walk of the Board of Police. Whether Higgins was really a secret partner in its profits, as confidently alleged, we shall not now discuss, although contemporary record and tradition both favour the allegation.

Mr Francis Higgins was certainly no novice in the art and mystery of the gambling table. A scarce publication, printed in 1799, from the pen of Henry MacDougall, M.A., and entitled, "Sketches of Irish Political Characters," mentions "the Sham's admission to the profession of attorney, in which his practice is too notorious to require statement;" and adds, "His next step to wealth was in the establishment of a hazard table, which soon attracted a number of sharps, scamps, and flashmen; and they as soon at-

* A few of O'Leary's jokes have been preserved. "I wish you were St Peter," said Curran. "Why?" responded the Friar. "Because you could let me into heaven." "It would be better that I had the key of the other place," replied O'Leary, "for then I could let you out." For illustrations of O'Leary's humour see Recollections of John O'Keeffe, vol. i., p. 245; Reminiscences of Michael Kelly, vol. i., p. 301; Barrington's Personal Sketches, vol. ii., pp. 131–137; and the Memoirs of O'Leary, by Rev. Dr England.

† Statement of T—— F——, Esq., J.P., formerly of the Priory, Kilmacud. In 1859 the house was pulled down.

‡ Richard Hetherington will be remembered as the correspondent of Curran.—(See Memoirs of Curran, *passim*.)

§ Communicated by the late M. Brett, Esq.

tracted the attention of the Sham, ever on the watch to promote his own interest. The sharp was useful to cheat the unwary of their money, and keep it in circulation at his table. The scamp plundered on the road, visited the *Corner House*, and if taken up by the officers of justice, he seldom failed, for acquaintance' sake, to employ the owner in his capacity of solicitor. The flashman introduced Higgins to the convenient matron, whom he seldom failed to lay under contribution—the price of protecting her in her profession." We further learn that the city magistrates were all afraid to interfere with Mr Higgins and his delinquencies, lest a slanderous paragraph or lampoon from the arsenal of his press should overtake them.

Ten years previous to the publication of the foregoing, the vigilant moralist, Magee, laboured to arouse the magistracy to a sense of their duty. "For fifteen years," we are told, "there has existed, under the eye of the magistracy, in the very centre of the metropolis, *at the corner of Crane Lane*, in Essex Street, a notorious school of nocturnal study in the doctrine of chances; a school which affords to men of the town an ample source of ways and means in the pluckings of those unfledged green-horns who can be inveigled into the trap; which furnishes to the deluded apprentice a ready mart for the acquisition of experience, and the disposal of any loose cash that can be purloined from his master's till; which affords to the working artisan a weekly asylum for the reception of that stipend which honest industry should allot to the purchase of food for a wife and children; and which affords to the spendthrift shopkeeper a ready transfer office to make over the property of his creditors to the plunder of knaves and sharpers."*

Two months after we find addressed to the autho-

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1782.

rities a further appeal, occupying several columns, and to the same effect.*

But the Board of Police was, in fact, eminently imbecile. Among a long series of resolutions adopted in August 1789, by the gifted men who formed the Whig Club, we find: "The present extravagant ineffectual, and unconstitutional police of the city of Dublin has been adopted, continued, and patronised by the influence of the present ministers of Ireland. All proceedings in Parliament to remove the grievance, or censure the abuse, have been resisted and defeated by the same influence. The expediency of combating by corruption a constitutional majority in Parliament has been publicly avowed, and the principle so avowed has been carried into execution."

At last a committee was granted to inquire into the police, whose extravagance and inefficiency had now rendered them notoriously contemptible. They had long wallowed in indolent luxuriousness on the public money. Among their items of expense were: "For two inkstands for the police, £5, 5s. 6d.; three penknives, £2, 2s. 3d.; gilt-edged paper, £100; 'Chambers's Dictionary,' £11, 7s. 6d." Among their books was "Beccaria on Crime," with a commentary from Voltaire.†

A curious chapter might be written on the shortcomings of the Dublin police and magistracy, not only during the last, but even throughout a portion of the present century. If not too digressive, a glance at those shortcomings may amuse the reader.

"During the existence of the Volunteers," observes Counsellor Walsh, a conservative writer of much accuracy, "gentlemen of that body for a time arranged among themselves to traverse the streets at night, to protect the peaceably-disposed inhabitants, and men of the first rank in the kingdom thus volun-

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1801.
† Grattan's Memoirs, vol. iii., p. 456.

tarily discharged the duties of watchmen. But the occupation assorted badly with the fiery spirits on whom it devolved, and the streets were soon again abandoned to their so-called legitimate guardians. In the day-time the streets were always wholly unprotected. The first appointment even of a permanent night-watch was in 1723, when an act was passed under which the different parishes were required to appoint 'honest men and *good Protestants*' to be night watches. The utter inefficiency of the system must have been felt; and various improvements were from time to time attempted in it, every four or five years producing a new police act—with how little success every one can judge who remembers the tattered somnambulists who represented the 'good Protestant watchmen' a few years ago. Several attempts had also been made to establish an efficient civic magistracy, but with such small benefit that, until a comparatively recent period, a large portion of the magisterial duties within the city were performed by county magistrates, who had no legal authority whatever to act in them. An office was kept in the neighbourhood of Thomas Street by two gentlemen in the commission for the county, who made a yearly income by the fees; and the order to fire on the mob who murdered Lord Kilwarden, so late as 1803, was given by Mr Bell, a magistrate of the county and not the city of Dublin. Another well-known member of the bench was Mr Drury, who halted in his gait, and was called the 'lame justice.'" On the occasion mentioned by Mr Walsh, Drury retired for safety to the garret of his house in the Coombe, from whence, as Curran remarked, "he played with considerable effect on the rioters with a large double-barrelled telescope."

It is to be regretted, however, that irregularity and imbecility are not the worst charges to be brought against the justices of Dublin, even so late as fifty

years ago. Frank Thorpe Porter, Esq., late police magistrate of Dublin, has preserved official tradition of some of his more fallible predecessors. Mr Gonne having lost a valuable watch, was urged by a private hint to remain at the outer door of the police office, and when the magistrate came out, to ask him the hour. The "justice" took out a watch, and answered the question. Its appearance at once elicited from Gonne the longest oath ever heard before a justice. "By ——," he exclaimed, "that watch is mine!"

"Gonne obtained his watch," adds Mr Porter, "and was with great difficulty prevented from bringing the transaction under the notice of the Government. The system by which the worthy justice managed occasionally to possess himself of a valuable watch, or some other costly article, consisted in having two or three drawers wherein to keep the property found with highwaymen or thieves. If the prosecutor identified the delinquent, he was then shown the right drawer; but if he could not swear to the depredator's person, the wrong drawer was opened. The magistrate to whom this narrative refers was dismissed in a short time for attempting to embezzle fifty pounds."*

Before the establishment of the petty sessions system in Ireland, magistrates in the safe seclusion of their closets were often betrayed into grossly disreputable acts. A parliamentary inquiry, in 1823, into the conduct of Sheriff Thorpe, exposed, in passing, much magisterial delinquency.

Mr Beecher said, "It was no uncommon thing, when a friend had incurred a penalty, to remit the fine, and to levy a penalty strictly against another merely because he was an object of dislike." Major

* Some notice of the embezzlements accomplished by Baron Power and Sir Jonah Barrington, both judges on the Irish bench, will be found in our Appendix.

Warburton proved that a female had been sent to America by a magistrate without any legal proceeding whatever. Major Wilcox established the fact that some justices of the peace were engaged in illicit distillation, and that they took presents and bribes, and bail when other magistrates refused; that they took cross-examinations where informations had been already taken by other magistrates. "They issued warrants against the complaining party in the first instance, at the suggestion of the party complained against." It further appeared that some magistrates took fees in money, and not unfrequently rendered official services in consideration of having their turf drawn home, or their potatoes planted. The Rev. M. Collins, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, proved that magistrates corruptly received presents of corn, cattle, potatoes, and even money. Mr O'Driscoll alleged that there were several magistrates trading on their office; they "sell justice, and administer it favourably to the party who pays them best." "It is a convenient thing," said O'Connell, "for a man to have the commission of the peace, for he can make those he dislikes fear him, and he can favour his friends." In Mr Daunt's "Conversations of O'Connell," the details are given of a certain justice who threatened to flog and hang the sons of a widow to whom his worship owed £2000, unless she pledged herself to cancel the bond!*

With magistrates like these, and with powerless police such as we have described, it is no wonder that a walk in the streets of Dublin should have been encompassed with peril. Stephen's Green, the residence

* For full details, see vol. ii., p. 131. In one of O'Connell's public letters, he made touching reference to the fact, that he had known peasant girls sometimes driven to surrender what ought to be dearer than life, as part of an unholy compact with magistrates who had threatened the life or liberty of a father or brother!

of the Sham Squire, was especially infested with footpads, who robbed in a manner peculiar to themselves.

"So late as 1812," says the author of "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," "there were only twenty-six small oil lamps to light the immense square of Stephen's Green, which were therefore one hundred and seventy feet from one another. The footpads congregated in a dark entry, on the shady side of the street, if the moon shone; if not, the dim and dismal light of the lamps was little obstruction. A cord was provided with a loop at the end of it. The loop was laid on the pavement, and the thieves watched the approach of a passenger. If he put his foot in the loop it was immediately chucked. The man fell prostrate, and was dragged rapidly up the entry to some cellar or waste yard, where he was robbed and sometimes murdered. The stun received by the fall usually prevented the victim from ever recognising the robbers. We knew a gentleman who had been thus robbed, and when he recovered found himself in an alley at the end of a lane off Bride Street, nearly naked, and severely contused and lacerated by being dragged over the rough pavement."*

When men fared thus, it may readily be supposed that ladies could not venture out alone. "It is deemed a reproach," says an author, writing in 1775, "for a gentlewoman to be seen walking in the streets. I was advised by my bankers to lodge in Capel Street, near Essex Bridge, being in less danger of being

* Almost equally daring outrages on the liberty of the subject were nightly practised, with connivance of the law, by "crimp sergeants," who by brutal force, and sometimes by fraud, secured the unwary for foreign enlistment. Attractive women were employed to seduce persons into conversation preparatory to the crimp sergeant's seizing them in the king's name. Startling details of these outrages, which were often marked by bloodshed, will be found in the Dublin newspapers of 1793 and 1794, *passim*. See also the *Irish Masonic Magazine* for 1794, pp. 94, 190, 284, 383, 482, 570.

robbed, two chairmen * not being deemed sufficient protection."†

Twenty years later found no improvement. The "Anthologia Hibernica" for December 1794, p. 476, furnishes new proofs of the inefficiency of the police. Robbery and bloodshed "within a few yards of the guard-house in Fleet Street" is described.

It does not always follow that idleness is the mother of mischief, for we find that combination among the workmen of Dublin also attained a formidable pitch at this time. The *Dublin Chronicle* of January 28, 1792, records:—

"On the several mornings of the 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th inst., a number of armed persons, journeymen tailors, assembled in a riotous manner about the house of Mr Millea, Ross Lane; Mr Leet, Merchant's Quay; Mr Walsh, Castle Street; Mr Ward, Cope Street; and the houses of several other master tailors, and cut, maimed, and abused several journeymen tailors who were peaceably going to their respective places of employment; one of said men, named Michael Hanlon, was killed on the spot, in Cope Street; two have had their hands cut off; several others have been cut and bruised in such a manner as to be now lying dangerously ill; and some journeymen are missing, who, it is reported, have been murdered and thrown into the river."

* Sedan-bearers, familiarly styled "Christian Ponies." There is a well-known story in Ireland of a Connaughtman, who, when entering a sedan chair, found that the bottom had, by some accident, fallen out of it, but, nevertheless, he made no demur, and walked to his destination in the chair. On getting out he remarked to the men who assumed to convey him, "Only for the honour of the thing I might as well have walked."

† Philosophical Survey, p. 46.

CHAPTER IV.

Magee's Vengeance on Lord Clonmel.—Hely Hutchinson.—Lord Clare.—The Gods of Crow Street.—Renewed Effort to Muzzle Magee.—Lettres de Cachet in Ireland.—Seizures.—George Ponsonby and Arthur Browne.—Lord Clonmel crushed.—His Dying Confession.—Extracts from his Unpublished Diary.—Deserted by the Sham Squire.—Origin of his Wealth.—More Turpitude.

THE spirit of John Magee was indomitable. An interval of liberty between his conviction and sentence from Lord Clonmel was now at his disposal, and he certainly employed it in a singular way. Profoundly indifferent to all personal consequences, he most imprudently resolved to spend a considerable sum of money in wreaking his vengeance on Lord Clonmel. This eccentric scheme he sought to carry out in an indirect and, as he felt assured, a perfectly legal manner. Having found himself owner of £14,000, Magee settled £10,000 upon his family, and with a chuckle declared that the balance it was his intention, "with the blessing of God, to spend upon Lord Clonmel."* The unpopular chief of the King's Bench resided in a handsome villa near the Black Rock, now known as Temple Hill, but then styled Neptune.† On the splendid parterres and pleasure-grounds which luxuriantly environed it Lord Clonmel had spent several thousand pounds; while in the direction of the improvements many an anxious and a precious hour had been consumed. The wild and uncultivated district of Dunleary with-

* Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry, 1849, p. 58.

† "Neptune, the elegant seat of Lord Clonmel." — *Seward's Topographia Hibernia*, Dub. 1795.

out, only served to make the contrast more striking. But alas! this exquisite oasis the vindictive proprietor of the *Post* resolved to lay waste. As an important preliminary step he purchased from Lady Osborne a large tract of ground immediately adjoining Lord Clonmel's villa, and forthwith dubbed it Fiat Hall.* Magee speedily announced, but with some mental reservation, that in honour of the birthday of the Prince of Wales he would give, at Dunleary, a grand *Bra Pleasura*, to which he solicited the company of all his friends, private and political, known and unknown, washed and unwashed. Various field sports, with plenty of Silvester Costigan's whisky, were promised as an inducement. "At one o'clock," to quote the original advertisement, "the ball will be kicked on Fiat Hill. Dinner on the tented field at three o'clock. Table d'hôte for ladies and gentlemen. Cudgel-playing at five, with cool umpires to prevent ill temper and preserve good humour."†

The late Lord Cloncurry's robust memory has furnished us with the following graphic sketch of the singular scene which took place upon this occasion. "I recollect attending," writes his lordship, "and the fête certainly was a strange one. Several thousand people, including the entire disposable mob of Dublin of both sexes, assembled as the guests at an early hour, and proceeded to enjoy themselves in tents and booths erected for the occasion. A variety of sports was arranged for their amusement, such as climbing poles for prizes, running races in sacks, grinning through horse-collars, and so forth, until at length, when the crowd had attained its maximum density towards the afternoon, the grand scene of the day was produced. A number of active pigs, with their tails shaved and soaped, were let loose, and it was announced that each pig was to become the property of

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1798. † *Ibid.*

any one who could catch and hold it by the slippery member. A scene impossible to describe immediately took place: the pigs, frightened and hemmed in by the crowd in all other directions, rushed through the hedge which then separated the grounds of Temple Hill from the open fields; forthwith all their pursuers followed in a body, and, continuing their chase over the shrubberies and parterres, soon revenged John Magee upon the noble owner."

Another pen, more powerful but not more accurate than Lord Cloncurry's, tells us that "Lord Clonmel retreated like a harpooned leviathan—the barb was in his back, and Magee held the cordage. He made the life of his enemy a burden to him. Wherever he went, he was lampooned by a ballad-singer, or laughed at by the populace. Nor was Magee's arsenal composed exclusively of paper ammunition. He rented a field bordering his lordship's highly-improved and decorated demesne. He advertised, month after month, that on such a day he would exhibit in this field a *grand Olympic pig hunt;* that the people, out of gratitude for their patronage of his newspaper, should be gratuitous spectators of this revived *classical* amusement; and that he was determined to make so amazing a provision of whisky and porter, that if any man went home thirsty, it should be his own fault. The plan completely succeeded. Hundreds and thousands assembled; every man did justice to his entertainer's hospitality; and his lordship's magnificent demesne, uprooted and desolate, next day exhibited nothing but the ruins of *the Olympic pig hunt."* * So far Mr Phillips. † The Court of King's Bench had not yet opened for term, and Lord Clonmel was tranquilly

* Curran and his Contemporaries, by Charles Phillips, p. 37.

† Sir Jonah Barrington describes the scene to much the same effect, with this addition, that Magee introduced "asses dressed up with wigs and scarlet robes, and dancing dogs in gowns and wigs as barristers."

rusticating at Temple Hill. Pallid with consternation, he rang an alarm-bell, and ordered his post-chaise, with four of the fleetest horses in his stable, to the door. The chief-justice bounded into the chariot with an energy almost incompatible with his years; the postilions plied their whips; the chaise rattled amid clouds of dust down Fiat Hill; the mob, with deafening yells, followed close behind. Lord Clonmel, almost speechless with terror, repaired to the castle, sought the viceroy, swore "*by the Eternal*"* that all the country south of Dublin was in a state of insurrection; implored his Excellency to summon the Privy Council, and to apply at once for extraordinary powers, including the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act. †

The appeal of the chief-justice prevailed; and on September 3, 1789, we find Magee dragged from his home by a strong body of the weak and inefficient police of Dublin and consigned to Newgate.‡ He was previously, however, brought before Sir Samuel Bradstreet, Recorder of Dublin, on the charge of having announced that "there would be thirty thousand men at Dunleary." The judge required personal bail to the amount of £5000, and two sureties in £2500 each, for five years,§ a demand not so easy for a printer in a moment to meet. Such mandates as these, amounting in some instances to perpetual imprisonment, soon brought but too fatally the administration of justice into contempt.

No unnecessary harshness seems to have been shown to Magee during his incarceration. Unlike the case of Lord Cloncurry, he was permitted the use of pen, ink, and paper—a concession as acceptable to him as it was creditable to the Government. He constantly

* A favourite exclamation of Lord Clonmel's. *Vide* Rowan's Autobiography, p. 208.

† Reminiscence communicated by the late Rev. Dr O'Hanlon.

‡ *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1809. § *Ibid.*, No. 1814.

wrote letters for the *Post* signed with his name, and bearing the somewhat inflammatory date of "Newgate, 22d October, fiftieth day of my confinement,"—varied, of course, according as time progressed; and he was not diffident in adversely criticising the policy of the viceroy, as well as some leading members of the Privy Council, including Lord Clonmel. "The man who vilifies established authority," writes Johnson of Junius, "is sure to find an audience." Magee was no exception to the rule. He became intensely popular; and the galleries of Crow Street theatre used nightly to resound with "A cheer for Magee, the man for Ireland!" and "A groan for the Sham!"*

Magee's letters made frequent reference to the sufferings to which the Government had subjected him. Thus, in No. 1789, he tells us, "I have been four times fiated, and dragged through the streets like a felon—three times into dungeons!" But having, on October 29, received a notification from Government declaratory of its willingness to accept the sum of £4000 as bail "to keep the peace for five years towards Lord Clonmel," Magee bade adieu to prison, and, accompanied by Hamilton Rowan, attended the court and gave the required surety. "Mr Magee, on being discharged, walked to his own house in College Green, greeted by the loud congratulations of the people."†

Poor Magee's spell of liberty seems to have been of lamentably short duration, if the evidence of his own organ can be accepted as conclusive. The sweets of liberty were once more exchanged for the bitters of "durance vile." In the *Dublin Evening Post* of November 12, 1789, we read—"Magee was brought up from the Lock-up House, where he had been confined since Tuesday last upon fiats granted by Lord Clonmel, at the suit of Messrs Higgins, Daly, Bren-

* Trial of Magee for Libel on R. Daly, p. 30.
† *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1833.

nan, and Miss ——, to the amount of £7800. Mr Magee moved for a new trial in the matter of the alleged libel against Higgins. But the chief-justice refused the motion, and informed the sheriff that Magee was now a convict, and should be conducted to Newgate forthwith."* The struggle was characterised as one of might against right. In October 1789, the attorney-general is said to have admitted in open court that the prosecution of Magee was "*a Government business.*" †

Irresistible arguments having been, on Nov. 19, heard in arrest of judgment on Magee, the chief-justice adjourned the sentence to next term, and admitted him to bail on the comparatively moderate recognisance of £500. Magee was therefore discharged; but it would almost seem as if the law authorities, with Lord Clonmel at their head, had been only playing off some malign practical joke upon him, for we read that no sooner had Magee "reached High Street after receiving his discharge, than he was taken into custody by the sheriffs on different fiats amounting to £7800!"‡

The very name of fiats had now become almost as terrible as *lettres de cachet;* but in the Irish Parliament of 1790 they received their death-blow, and Lord Clonmel himself may be said to have perished in their *débris.*

Of this unconstitutional agent Magee remarked:— "If the amount of the sum for which bail must be found is to be measured and ascertained only by the conscience of the *affidavit-man,* then indeed any profligate character may lodge in Newgate the Duke of Leinster or Mr Conolly, for sums which even they would not find it possible to procure bail." On January 28, 1790, Magee was once more committed to prison.

* *Dublin Evening Post,* No. 1839. † *Ibid.,* No. 1834.
‡ *Ibid.,* No. 1844.

The inequitable practice of the court allowing the plaintiff three terms before requiring him to try his action, afforded Higgins and Daly the power of keeping their opponent in prison for nineteen months in default of bail. Magee, meanwhile, behaved with much eccentricity. Having sent his compliments to Lord Clonmel, with an assurance that his health was much improved since "he had got his heels out of Newgate," the chief-justice ordered an inquiry to be immediately instituted as to the means by which he had effected his escape; but it was found that he merely alluded to the custom he had adopted of sitting with his feet cased in scarlet slippers protruded through the window of his cell. He also contrived to injure Lord Clonmel severely by bribing persons to turn a large body of scalding water upon the judge while in a public bath.* The chief-justice was a bad subject for a trick of this sort. "My size is so much increased," he writes in his private diary, "that I have broken two carriage springs."† Magee accused Daly of having killed a billiard-marker, avowed his intention of having him hanged for the murder; and, from what he styled his "Fiat Dungeon," sent the patentee's wife a picture of Higgins, begging she would oblige him by affixing in her cabinet "the portrait of the most infernal villain yet unhanged, except the murderer of the honest marker."‡

Owing largely to the unflagging denunciations of Magee, the Police Board, in September 1789, attempted some vigorous reform, and at last nocturnal gambling-houses were menaced with extinction. Magee, even in the gloom of his dungeon, exulted over the threatened downfall. The "Gambler's Soliloquy" went on to say:—

* Gilbert's History of Dublin, vol. iii., p. 31.
† Unpublished Diary of Lord Clonmel.
‡ Gilbert, vol. iii., p. 31.

"Yes! this is a fatal, dreadful revolution!
A change repugnant to the dear delights
Of night-enveloped guilt, of midnight fraud,
And rapine long secure; of dexterous art
To plunge unthinking innocence in woe,
And riot in the spoils of beggar'd youth!
Sad revolution! Hence come lethargy,
Come inactivity, and worse than all,
Come simple honesty! The dice no more
Shall sound their melody, nor perj'ry's list
Swell at the nod of dark collusive practice!
Gaols lie unpeopled, and rest gibbets bare,
And Newgate's front board take a holiday!
Crane Lane, thou spot to Pandemonium dear,
Where many a swarthy son of Chrisal's race
My galligaskin lined," &c.*

Alderman Carleton made four seizures. "And yet," said the *Post*, "as fast as their implements are seized, their tables demolished, and their gangs dispersed, the very next night new arrangements and new operations are on foot. Who but the protected proprietor of this infamous den—who but a ruffian who can preserve his plunder in security, and set law and gospel at defiance, would dare at such audacious perseverance?"†

One of the banquets given about this time by the Sham Squire was specially immortalised by the popular poet Ned Lysaght, but we have not been able to find a printed copy. The song was, however, traditionally preserved by the late Chief-Justice Doherty, Chief-Justice Bushe, and Sir Philip Crampton, all of whom were wont to swell its merry chorus. The lines began by describing "the Sham's feast in Stephen's Green," and the guests who were present,—

"Including, as we've all heard tell,
Carhampton, Flood, and Lord Clonmel;
With Haly-gaily, Langford Rowley,
Dash-at-him—Fiat-him—
Galloping dreary Dunn."

The chief merit of the lines lay in preserving almost verbatim the original gibberish chorus of the

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1813. † *Ibid.*, No. 1827.

well-known song in O'Keefe's opera, "The Castle of Andalusia." "Haly-gaily" alludes to Hely Hutchinson, provost of Trinity College, Dublin, of whose ambitious disposition Lord Townshend remarked, "that if his Majesty gave him the whole kingdoms of England and Ireland, he would beg the Isle of Man for a cabbage garden." Having obtained a peerage for his wife, he became ancestor of the Lords Donoughmore. The Right Hon. Langford Rowley, M.P. for Meath, was an equally influential personage. "Dash-at-him—fiat-him," alludes to Daly, who killed the marker by a dash of a billiard ball, and imprisoned Magee on a *fiat*. "Galloping dreary Dunn," refers, we believe, to George Dunn, the governor of Kilmainham gaol.

Meanwhile Mr Higgins's ready pen continued to rage with fury against all whose views did not exactly chime with those held by his employers. A contemporary journal says:—"Squire Higgins, whose protected system of virulent and unremitting slander crows in triumph over the community, does not scruple to avow his indifference to anything which prosecution can do, guarded as he is by the intimate friendship and implicit confidence of the Bench. He openly avows his disregard of Mr Grattan's prosecution for a libel now pending against him, and says that he shall be supported by the Castle."* Mr Higgins having libelled a respectable official in the revenue, legal proceedings were instituted; but one of the Government lawyers refused, in December 1788, to move, although fee'd in the cause.

Poor Magee's cup of bitterness was at last filled to the brim, by a proceeding which is best described in his own letter to Lord Chancellor Clare. There is a singular mixture of tragedy and farce in the energetic efforts which were now openly made to extinguish him:—

* *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1825.

NEWGATE, *Oct.* 1.

"MY LORD,—I have now been confined in this prison of the felon, housebreaker, and murderer, twenty-nine days—twenty-one of which time mostly to my bed. Judge, on my rising yesterday, to be served with a notice to appear to-morrow at the House of Lords, on a charge of lunacy, and that by some interested persons, who, without even the shadow of relationship, have secured my property, and that to a very great amount, and refused by these very people even ten guineas to procure common necessaries in a prison. Bail I cannot produce; my character as a trader is blasted; my property as a citizen embezzled; my intellects as a man suspected by a false and slanderous charge of insanity; every engine employed by a designing, needy, and desperate junto, for the absolute deprivation of my property; total destruction of *all* that those who respect themselves prize more even than life. My Lord, I claim the interposition of your authority as the first in law power—I supplicate your humanity as a man, a parent, a husband, that I may be permitted to confront my accusers at the House of Lords on to-morrow."

To justify the charge of lunacy against John Magee, it was alleged, among other pretexts, that he had established boat-races and foot-ball matches at Dunleary, and presided over them "in a round hat and feathers."*

We cull a few passages from the newspaper report:—

* There is an anecdote of Magee traditionally preserved in the office of the *Evening Post*, illustrative of his unawed demeanour in the presence of Lord Clonmel, by whose domineering manner even the Bar were often overborne. Magee stood up in court, and addressed a few observations to the Bench in justification of his hostility to Francis Higgins. But having styled him the "Sham Squire," Lord Clonmel interrupted Magee, declaring that he would allow no nicknames to be used in that court. "Very well, John Scott," replied the editor of the *Post*, resuming his seat

"*The Chancellor*—'Mr Magee, have you anything to say?'

"'As to what, my lord?'

"'You have heard the matters with which you are charged. I am called upon to issue a commission to try whether you are insane or not. If you are found insane, I am then to appoint a guardian of your person and a guardian of your property, and you will become a ward of the Court of Chancery. Have you an attorney?'

"'No, my lord. Some time ago I sent for Mr Kenny as my solicitor. He came to me, and found me sick in bed. I opened my case to him, and he promised to call upon me next day; but the first intimation I had of Mr Kenny afterwards was, that he was preparing briefs against me for this prosecution. Does your lordship choose that I should call witnesses? My own physician is here.'

"'Has he made an affidavit?'

"'He has, my lord.'

"The chancellor declared that there was not the shadow of ground for issuing a commission. Supposing all the charges true, they only amounted to acts of extravagance and indiscretion. If he was to grant a commission of lunacy against every man who did an extravagant, an unwise, or even a bad thing, he was afraid he should have a great many wards. He had observed Mr Magee during the whole time he had been in court, and he saw nothing insane about him. He must therefore refuse the application."

Magee's triumph began to dawn from this day. In the Journals of the Irish House of Commons (vol. xiii., pp. 179 80) we find it "ordered that the proper officer do lay before the House an attested copy of the affidavit filed in the Queen's Bench, on which the chief-justice ordered that a writ should issue, at the suit of Francis Higgins and others, against John Magee for £7800." On March 3, 1790, the entire case was brought before Parliament by George Ponsonby, afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He showed that the practice of issuing fiats under such circumstances was unconstitutional, and a direct violation of the Bill of Rights; and he reminded the House, that while

Warren Hastings, who was accused of plundering India, murdering its inhabitants, and rendering the Government corrupt and odious, was only held to £10,000 bail, an Irish printer, on a mere individual affirmation, was held to bail for £7800. Mr Ponsonby ridiculed the idea of Higgins swearing that he "had been injured in his unspotted, unblemished reputation" by the lampoons of John Magee.

George Ponsonby was ably supported by Arthur Browne:*—"Till of very late years the evil was moderate; but since a certain learned judge came upon the bench it has grown to an enormous height. Sir, under the auspices of that judge these doctrines have been advanced, that any man may at his pleasure, with perfect impunity, deprive any other of his liberty by an affidavit swearing that he believes he has suffered damage, without showing when or how—that his fancy, or his perjury, is to be the guide of the judge's discretion, and the bail is to be accommodated to the ideal wrongs, to the fancied injuries, to the angry passions, or the wanton prevarication of a wicked or enraged prosecutor. What is the consequence? No man, however free from debt or unconscious of crime, shall walk in security in the public streets. He is liable to arrest for any amount; and if he seeks to punish the accuser he finds no spot on which to lay his hand. How can he indict the accuser for perjury? He only swore a general affirmative that he had been damaged. Who can prove a general negative that he had not? He only swore to the belief of damage. Who can arraign his capricious fancy, or convict it of perjury? If he had sworn to a particular instance—that his arm had been broken, that he had lost the setting of a house

* For a notice of Arthur Browne, member for the University of Dublin, see Review of the Irish House of Commons, by Falkland—*i.e.*, John Robert Scott, D.D., p. 30; *vide* also Sketches of Irish Political Characters, p. 211.

or the customers of his shop—I might prove the falsehood of the assertion by evidence. But upon a general charge nothing remains but submission and a prison.

"This power has been particularly directed against printers. Whoever presumed to print or publish without the leave or not under the direction of Francis Higgins, was in great danger of a fiat: numbers of printers have been run down by fiats whom the public never heard of. John Magee was more sturdy, and therefore his sufferings made more noise. Four fiats were issued against him in June 1789, to the amount of £7800; he was kept in prison from June to the end of November, before the question whether this bail should be reduced was decided. Mr Higgins had now, by the practice of the courts, (which gives a plaintiff three terms before he need try his action,) power to keep Magee in prison till November next, so that he may lie in prison nineteen months for want of bail before the action be tried; perhaps afterwards have a verdict in his favour, or only 8d. damages be given against him. Each of the bail must swear himself worth twice the sum for which he was security *i.e.*, £30,000, and more in this case. What gentleman could find such bail? It amounted to perpetual imprisonment. We may talk of independence, but liberty is no more—the security of our boasted emancipation is a name, for we have nothing to secure.

"See what an instrument this doctrine might be in the hands of private malice or public oppression. Suppose a man willing to wreak his vengeance upon his foe, and for that purpose recommending himself to the favour of the Bench. Suppose a bad man in possession of the ear of a judge, his old friend and companion, perhaps instilling his poison into it, and willing to make it the conduit through which to wreak his vengeance on his foe; suppose him to recommend himself by every willing and base act to a

wicked judge—and such may be conceived. *Suppose him the minion of that judge, requiring a little mutual favour for his multiplied services, and asking the debasement of the Bench as the price of former aid in the elevation of that judge.* . . . . Suppose the slanderous assassin, seeking for a fiat against a far less criminal than himself, and fixing the sum which he thinks sufficient to throw his neighbour into eternal bondage; is it not possible that his friendly judge may listen to his argument in memory of old festivity, and grant him a fiat, even to his heart's content, although by so doing, your courts of law, instead of being the sacred fountains of justice, should become the channels of malevolence? If the wretched victims of this assumed power do not find redress here, they know not where to fly for refuge; on this House depends the fate of all who are or may be subject to this tyranny. If they do not find redress here, they must be lost; but they will be lost in the wreck of the national character. What an instrument might such a power be in the hands of a bad government! what an instrument may it be against the liberty of the press! How easily may any printer who presumes to open his mouth against the administration be run down by it! We have called upon the administration to correct this evil, and have met with a refusal. It absurdly espouses a subject with which it has no concern, and which it cannot defend!"

"The proposed vote of censure on the chief-justice was rejected through the Government influence in the House of Commons, which referred the fiats and affidavits in the case to a grand committee of the courts of justice, before which Mr Ponsonby discussed the question at great length, and proposed a resolution, that the issuing of writs by the order of a judge, to hold defendants to bail in large sums of money in actions of slander, where no actual and specific damage is sworn to in the affidavits upon which such

writs were issued, was, as the same had been practised of late, illegal, and subversive of the liberty of the subject." "This motion," records Mr Gilbert, "was got rid of by the Attorney-General moving that the chairman of the committee should leave the chair, which was carried on a division. The result of these proceedings tended to increase the unpopularity of the administration of the time, as the public had taken up with much interest the case of Magee, who had been sanguine of obtaining relief from Parliament." *

Nevertheless, the practice of issuing fiats was, as we are assured by Charles Phillips, soon after restricted to a defined and definite sum. Intense was the humiliation of Lord Clonmel; his heart withered from that day. Magee exposed his errors, denied his merits, magnified his mistakes, ridiculed his pretensions, and continually edging, without overstepping the boundary of libel, poured upon the chief, from the battery of the press, a perpetual broadside of sarcasm and invective.

"Save us from our friends; we know our enemies," is an old and trite adage. Groaning beneath the weight of Magee's hostility, Lord Clonmel pursued the uneven tenor of his way; but when at length the startling fact became evident that even the fidelity of Higgins had begun to fail, the chief felt inclined to ejaculate, *Et tu, Brute!* Mr Curran, in his "Bar Sketches," relates on the authority of Bushe a story which shows that in 1794 Lord Clonmel complained of having been lampooned by the *Freeman's Journal*. So much for the instability of human friendship!

The chief-justice became at last singularly sensitive to criticism. Rowan's "Autobiography" records a strange dialogue between the chief and a bookseller named Byrne, into whose shop he swaggered on seeing Rowan's trial advertised. One sentence will con-

* Gilbert's History of Dublin, vol. iii., p. 33.

vey an idea of the colloquy, as well as of the times in which such language could be hazarded by a judge. "Take care, sir, what you do; I give you this caution; for if there are any reflections on the judges of the land, by the eternal G—— I will lay you by the heels."

Lord Clonmel's health and spirits gradually broke down, and accounts of his death were daily circulated. On one of these occasions, when he was really very ill, a friend said to Curran, "Well, they say Clonmel is going to die at last. Do you believe it?" "I believe," said Curran, "he is scoundrel enough to live or die, *just as it suits his own convenience!* Shortly before the death of Lord Clonmel, Mr Lawless, afterwards Lord Cloncurry, had an interview with him, when the chief exclaimed, "My dear Val, I have been a fortunate man through life; I am a chief-justice and an earl; but were I to begin the world again, I would rather be a chimney-sweeper, than connected with the Irish Government."*

The "Diary of John Scott, Lord Clonmel," not hitherto consulted by those who have treated of that remarkable man, has been privately printed by his family. It shows, while recording many weaknesses, that he was a person of rare shrewdness and political foresight. A few excerpts from this generally-inaccessible volume will interest the reader:—

The result of Lord Clonmel's experience of the ambitious and designing men with whom he had cultivated intimacies was not satisfactory.

Politics.—"Never, if you can, connect yourself with a very ambitious man: his friendship, or rather connexion, is as ruinous as his hatred: he has no real friendship; and his pride makes him hate those to whom he is obliged; and his intimacy leads him to dupe every creature, his Creator if he could. *Vide* the Life of Frederick the Great of Prussia, Provost Hut-

* Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry, p. 46.

chinson, the Marquis of Buckingham; John Foster, speaker; Agar, Archbishop of Cashel," &c. (P. 146.)

"Lord! what plagues have false friends proved to me. The idea of *friendship*, and the very word, should be expunged from the heart and mind of a politician. Look at Lord Pery." (P. 211.)

"Last month I became a viscount; and from want of circumspection in trying a cause against a printer, (Magee,) I have been grossly abused for several months. I have endeavoured to make that abuse useful towards my earldom." . . . (Sept. 20, 1789, 348.)

On October 19, 1789, he says, that unless he adopts the discipline of Pery and others, "I am actually disgraced, despised, and undone as a public man. Let me begin to be diligent to-day. No other learning but law and parliamentary reading can be useful to me: let these be my study." (P. 349.)

On January 21, 1790, he writes:—"Let me, therefore, from this moment, adopt a war discipline, and resolve *seriously* to set about learning my profession, and *acting* my part *superlatively* throughout." (P. 331.)

Among his good resolutions recorded on the 10th of February were, "To establish a complete reform from snuff, sleep, swearing, sloth, gross eating, malt liquor, and indolence."

The Diary finds him constantly engaged in a battle with his own weaknesses, which unhappily in the end generally win the victory. At p. 362, towards the close of the book, we read:—"By neglect of yourself you are now a helpless, ignorant, unpopular, accused individual; forsaken by Government, persecuted by Parliament, hated by the Bar, unaided by the Bench betrayed and deserted by your oldest friends. Reform, and all will be well. Guard against treachery in others and passions in yourself." At p. 441, we learn:—"My three puisne judges are actually com-

bined against me; and that ungrateful monster, Lord Carleton, has made a foolish quarrel with me."

Few men possessed a more accurate perception of what was right to be done; and his *beau-idéal* of a perfect chief-justice is a model of judicial excellence which a Mansfield or a Bushe might read with profit: but poor Lord Clonmel signally failed to realise it. Day after day, as we have said, finds this most extraordinary man toiling in vain to correct his besetting weaknesses. Sir Jonah Barrington's description of Lord Clonmel perpetually telling and acting extravagantly comic stories is corroborated by the chief's own Diary. "I have made," he writes, "many enemies by the treachery of men and women who have taken advantage of my levity* and unguardedness in mimicry, and saying sharp things of and to others; and have injured myself by idleness, eating, drinking, and sleeping too much. *From this day, then*, let me assume a *stately, grave, dignified* deportment and demeanour. No buffoonery, no mimicry, no ridicule." This is one of the closing entries in the very remarkable Diary of John Scott, Lord Chief-Justice Clonmel. As a constitutional judge he holds no place. In opposition to the highest legal authorities of England, he held that one witness was quite sufficient to convict in case of treason.

Among the many searchingly critical notices of Lord Clonmel, contributed by Grattan, Barrington, Rowan, Cloncurry, Cox, Magee, and others, no allusion has been made to the circumstances in which his wealth mainly originated. We are informed by a very respectable solicitor, Mr H——, that, in looking over one of Lord Clonmel's rentals, he was struck by the following note, written by his lordship's agent, in reference to the property Boolnaduff:—"Lord Clon-

* It cannot be said of Lord Clonmel as of Jerry Keller, an Irish barrister, that some men have risen by their gravity while he sank by his levity.

mel, when Mr Scott, held this in trust for a Roman Catholic, who, owing to the operation of the Popery laws, was incapacitated from keeping it in his own hands. When reminded of the trust, Mr Scott refused to acknowledge it, and thus the property fell into the Clonmel family." *

But we must not lose sight of the Sham Squire. We now find him accused of "purloining a document from the office of the King's Bench, and committing erasures and alterations thereon, for the purpose of securing the conviction of a defendant, and depriving him of the benefit of a fair plea against judgment." "This," adds the *Post*, "is of a piece with the notorious theft committed on the grand jury bag in the town-clerk's office, a few weeks since, of the bills against the markers and other vagabonds of the Crane Lane gambling-house. If such felonious audacities are suffered to escape with impunity, the dignity, the law, the equity of the Bench, and the lives and properties of the honest part of the community are no longer safe against the daring acts of cunning and villainy." † Mr Higgins denied the charge; but the

* In Walker's *Hibernian Magazine* for July 1797, we read, p. 97:—"Edward Byrne of Mullinahack, Esq., to Miss Roe, step-daughter to the Earl of Clonmel, and niece to Lord Viscount Llandaff." Hereby hangs a tale. Miss Roe was understood to have a large fortune, and when Mr Byrne applied to Lord Clonmel for it, his lordship shuffled, saying, "Miss Roe is a lapsed Papist, and I avail myself of the laws which I administer to withhold the money." Mr Byrne filed a bill, in which he recited the evasive reply of Lord Clonmel. The chief-justice never answered the bill, and treated Mr Byrne's remonstrances with contempt. These facts transpire in the legal documents held by Mr H——. Too often the treachery manifested by the rich in positions of trust, at the calamitous period in question, contrasted curiously with the tried fidelity observed by some needy persons in a similar capacity. Moore, in his Memoirs of Captain Rock, mentions the case of a poor Protestant barber, who, though his own property did not exceed a few pounds in value, actually held in fee the estates of most of the Catholic gentry of the county. He adds, that this estimable man was never known to betray his trust.

† *Dublin Evening Post*, No. 1843.

subject, notwithstanding, was brought before Parliament on March 5, 1790, when Arthur Browne stated, that in "the suit, Higgins against Magee, it had appeared to the perfect conviction of every man in court that two erasures and certain alterations had been made in the record; that a circumstance so momentous had astonished and alarmed all present, the court especially, who had promised to make a solemn investigation of it, and 'probe it to the bottom.' He had since heard from some friends, that it would not be proper to commence an inquiry until the suit, in which this record was involved, should be finally determined: no such objection had been offered by the court at the time of discovering the forgery; nay, the court, on the instant, had certainly commenced an inquiry, though he never heard they had carried it further.

"This dark and wicked transaction did, at the time of its being discovered, greatly alarm the Bar; and in consequence a numerous and most respectable meeting of barristers took place, at which meeting he attended, and there did promise, that if the Court of King's Bench did not follow up the inquiry with effect, he would bring it before Parliament: it certainly was the business of the Court of King's Bench to have taken it up; but they not having done so he was resolved to keep his promise, and never lose sight of it till Parliament should decide upon it.

"The inquiry was, whether the public records of the highest court of criminal judicature, by which the life and property of any man in the realm might be affected, were kept with that sacred care that no man could have access to alter or erase them? And whether the officers of that court were so honest and so pure that they would not allow of any corrupt access?" *

* Irish Parl. Debates, vol. x., p. 382.

CHAPTER V.

Hairbreadth Escapes of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.—Testimony of Lords Holland and Byron.—A Dark Picture of Oppression.—Moira House.—Presence of Mind.—Revolting Treachery.—Arrest of Lord Edward.—Majors Sirr and Swan.—Death of Captain Ryan.—Attempted Rescue.—Edward Rattigan.—General Lawless.—Lady Louisa Conolly.—Obduracy of Lord Camden.—Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

Some critics have been good enough to say that our narrative possesses the interest of an effective drama. At this stage of its progress we propose to let the curtain drop for an interval, during which eight years are supposed to have elapsed.

. . . . . .

Once more it rises, disclosing the dark and stormy period of 1798. The scene is Leixlip Bridge at the dawn of morning, with a view of the Salmon Leap. Nicholas Dempsey, a yeoman sentinel, is seen, with musket shouldered, pacing to and fro. A young man dressed as a peasant with frieze coat and corduroy knee-breeches, approaches the bridge driving before him half a dozen sheep. Accosting the sentinel, he asks if there is any available night park at hand where he could put his tired sheep to rest. The yeoman scans his face narrowly, and to the surprise, and probably confusion of the drover replies:—"No, *my lord*, there is no pasturage in this neighbourhood." No other words pass; the sentinel resumes his beat, and the drover proceeds on his way.*

* We are indebted for this hitherto unpublished anecdote to Mr Ennis of Kimmage, the grand-nephew of Nicholas Dempsey, whose cartridge-box and sash are still preserved at Kimmage House as a memento of the man and of the incident. For a notice of the Yeomanry, see Appendix.

The person thus addressed by the yeoman was Lord Edward Fitzgerald, of whom a cabinet minister, Lord Holland, deliberately writes :—

"More than twenty years have now passed away. Many of my political opinions are softened—my predilections for some men weakened, my prejudices against others removed; but my approbation of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's actions remains unaltered and unshaken. His country was bleeding under one of the hardest tyrannies that our times have witnessed."*

* Memoirs of the Whig Party. Lord Holland adds :—"The premature and ill-concerted insurrections which followed in the Catholic districts were quelled, rather in consequence of want of concert and skill in the insurgents, than of any good conduct or discipline of the king's troops, whom Sir Ralph Abercrombie described very honestly, as *formidable to no one but their friends.* That experienced and upright commander had been removed from his command, even after those just and spirited general orders in which the remarkable judgment just quoted was conveyed. His recall was hailed as a triumph by the Orange faction. Indeed, surrounded as they were with burning cottages, tortured backs, and frequent executions, they were yet full of their sneers at what they whimsically termed 'the clemency' of the Government, and the weak character of their viceroy, Lord Camden. . . . . The fact is incontrovertible, that the people of Ireland were driven to resistance, which, possibly, they mediated before, by the free quarters and excesses of the soldiery, which were such as are not permitted in civilised warfare, even in an enemy's country. Trials, if they must so be called, were carried on without number, under martial law. It often happened, that three officers composed the court, and that of the three, two were under age, and the third an officer of the yeomanry or militia, who had sworn, in his Orange lodge, eternal hatred to the people over whom he was thus constituted a judge. Floggings, picketings, death, were the usual sentences, and these were sometimes commuted into banishment, serving in the fleet, or transference to a foreign service. Many were sold at so much per head to the Prussians. Other less legal but not more horrible outrages were daily committed by the different corps under the command of Government. Even in the streets of Dublin, a man was *shot* and robbed of £30, on the loose recollection of a soldier's having seen him in the battle of Kilcullen, and no proceeding was instituted to ascertain the murder or prosecute the murderer. Lord Wycombe, who was in Dublin, and who was himself shot at by a sentinel, between Black Rock and that city, wrote to me many details of similar outrages which he had ascertained to be true. Dr Dickson (Bishop of Down) assured me that he had seen families

"If Lord Edward had been actuated in political life by personal ambition," writes Dr MacNevin, "he had only to cling to his great family connexions and parliamentary influence. They unquestionably would have advanced his fortunes and gratified his desires. The voluntary sacrifices he made, and the magnanimous manner in which he directed himself to the independence of Ireland, are incontestable proofs of the purity of his soul."

"What a noble fellow," said Lord Byron, "was Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and what a romantic and singular history his was! If it were not too near our times, it would make the finest subject in the world for an historical novel."

The insurrection meanwhile, to which Earl Russell refers as one "wickedly provoked, rashly begun, and cruelly crushed," * was hastening to maturity. Dublin and Kildare were ripe for revolt: the mountains of Wicklow—the stronghold of Holt—were like slumbering volcanoes. A great object was to procure, near Dublin, a place of concealment for the chivalrous nobleman who had espoused the cause of the people; and a widow lady, named Dillon, who resided near Portobello, undertook to give him shelter. Before he had been two days in the house, under an assumed name, an accident revealed his real one to the servant man. In cleaning Lord Edward's boots he observed the noble stranger's name and title written in full; and he took occasion to tell his mistress that he knew who was the guest up-stairs, but that she need not fear, as he would die in his defence. The lady, with some anxiety, communicated the circum-

returning peaceably from mass, assailed without provocation, by drunken troops and yeomanry, and the wives and daughters exposed to every species of indignity, brutality, and outrage, from which neither his remonstrances, nor those of other Protestant gentlemen, could rescue them. The subsequent indemnity acts deprived of redress the victims of this wide-spread cruelty."

* Preface to Moore's Memoirs, vol. i., p. 18.

stance to Lord Edward, who expressed a wish to see the faithful adherent. "No," replied the servant; "I won't go up, or look at him, for if they should arrest me, I can then swear I never saw him or spoke to him."

Lord Edward Fitzgerald remained for five weeks in this retreat, when his friends suggested the expediency of removing to the house of a respectable feather merchant, named Murphy, who resided in Thomas Street, Dublin. Accompanied by William Lawless, Lord Edward, wrapped in a countryman's great-coat, arrived at Murphy's, where he remained for several days, during which time, dressed in female attire, he visited his wife and children in Denzille Street. He became by degrees more callous to risk, and we find him, early in May, riding, attended by Neilson only, to reconnoitre the line of advance from Kildare to Dublin. While executing this perilous task, he was actually stopped by the patrol at Palmerstown, but having, as Moore alleges, plausibly passed for a doctor hurrying to the relief of a sick patient, he was suffered, with his companion, to resume his journey.

In order to foil pursuit, Lord Edward was advised to remain not more than a night or two at any one house. Moore's and Murphy's, in Thomas Street, and Gannon's, in Corn Market, were the houses which afforded him shelter.

The proclamation offering a reward of one thousand pounds for such information as should lead to his apprehension had now appeared. On Ascension Thursday, May 17, 1790, Major Sirr, "received information," writes Moore, "that a party of persons, supposed to be Lord Edward Fitzgerald's bodyguard, would be on their way from Thomas Street to Usher's Island that night." The precise object or destination of this party, Moore adds, has not been ascertained, but that it was supposed Lord Edward was going to

Moira House,* on Usher's Island, the residence of Lord and Lady Moira, with a view to see his wife Pamela, who is believed to have been then under their hospitable roof.† Lord Edward's actual destination, however,—and we have been at no ordinary pains to ascertain it,—was the residence of Mr Francis Magan, No. 20 Usher's Island.

From the representative of the Moore family, who gave Lord Edward ample shelter and protection when a thousand pounds lay on his head, we have gathered the following valuable traditional details ; and, as will be found, they are interwoven with the history of the Sham Squire. A carpenter named Tuite was at work in one of the apartments of Mr Secretary Cooke's office on May 16, 1798. While repairing the floor within the recess of a double door, he distinctly heard Mr Cooke say, that the house of James Moore, 119 Thomas Street, should be forthwith searched for pikes and traitors. Tuite, who was under some obligations to Moore, with great presence of mind, noiselessly wrenched off the hinge of the outer door, and asked permission to leave the Castle for ten minutes, in order to purchase a new hinge in Kennedy's Lane. Leave was given ; but, instead of going to the ironmonger's, Tuite ran with immense speed to James Moore in Thomas Street, gave the hint, and returned to his work. Moore, who was deeply implicated, and had a commissariat for five hundred men on the premises, fled to the banks of the Boyne, near Drogheda, after previously telling his daughter to provide for the safety of Lord Edward, who was at that moment upstairs. Miss Moore had a high respect and friendship

* Now the Mendicity Institution.

† It is not quite certain that Lady Edward Fitzgerald was at this time at Moira House. The Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry (2d edition, p. 130) rather favour an opposite conclusion, by stating that "at the time of Lord Edward's arrest, his wife Pamela had taken refuge with my sisters, and was at the time in my father's house in Merrion Street"—namely, Mornington House.

for Mr Francis Magan and his sister, who resided at 20 Usher's Island. He was a Roman Catholic barrister, and had been a member of the Society of United Irishmen, though from prudential motives he had shortly before relinquished his formal connexion with them, but it was understood that his sympathies were still with the society. Miss Moore obtained an interview with Mr Magan, and unbosomed her anxiety to him. Mr Magan, at no time an impassionable or impulsive person, seemed moved: he offered his house as a refuge for Lord Edward. The proposal was accepted with gratitude, and it was thereupon arranged that Lord Edward, accompanied by Mrs and Miss Moore, Gallaher, and Palmer, should proceed that evening from Moore's in Thomas Street, to Magan's on Usher's Island. It was further astutely suggested by Mr Magan, that as so large a party knocking at his hall door might attract suspicion, he would leave ajar his stable door in Island Street, which lay immediately at the rear, and thus open access through the garden to his house. Lord Edward, while under Moore's roof, passed as the French tutor of Miss Moore, who had been educated at Tours, and they never spoke unless in French. On the pretext of being about to take a stroll through Galway's Walk adjacent, then a popular lounge, Miss Moore, leaning on Lord Edward's arm, walked down Thomas Street at about half-past eight o'clock on the evening of May 17. They were preceded by Mrs Moore, Palmer, and Gallaher, the latter a confidential clerk in Moore's employ, a man of Herculean frame, and one of Lord Edward's most devoted disciples. Of the intended expedition to Usher's Island the Government early that day received information. Thomas Moore, in his diary of August 26, 1830, gives the following particulars communicated on that day by Major Sirr:—"Two ways by which he (Lord Edward) might have come, either Dirty Lane or Watling

Street: Sirr divided his forces, and posted himself, accompanied by Regan and Emerson, in Watling Street, his two companions being on the other side of the street. Seized the first of the party, and found a sword, which he drew out, and this was the saving of his life. Assailed by them all, and in stepping back fell; they prodding at him. His two friends made off. On his getting again on his legs, two pistols were snapped at him, but missed fire, and his assailants at last made off."

As explanatory of the Major's statement, we may observe that one of Lord Edward's bodyguard was despatched usually about forty yards in advance. Major Sirr speaks of men prodding at his prostrate body, but does not tell that he wore a coat of mail under his uniform. Gallaher used to say that he gave the major seven stabs, not one of which penetrated. During the struggle Gallaher received from Sirr an ugly cut on the leg, which subsequently furnished a mark for identification. Meanwhile the rebel party hurried back with their noble charge to Thomas Street—not to Moore's, but to the nearer residence of Murphy, who had previously given his lordship generous shelter.

The original letter which conveyed to Major Sirr the information touching Lord Edward's intended visit to Usher's Island, still exists among the "Sirr MSS." deposited in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. The following copy has been made by Dr Madden, who, however, seems to agree with Thomas Moore in the opinion that Lord Edward's destination was Moira House:—

"Lord Edward will be this evening in Watling Street. Place a watch in Watling Street, two houses up from Usher's Island;* another towards Queen's

* This precaution was obviously lest Lord Edward should enter by the hall door on Usher's Island.—W. J. F.

Bridge;* a third in *Island Street, at the rear of the stables* near Watling Street, and which leads up to Thomas Street and Dirty Lane. At one of these places Lord Edward will be found, and will have one or two with him. They may be armed. Send to Swan and Atkinson as soon as you can.

"EDWARD COOKE."

Mr Cooke does not tell Sirr from whom he got this information; nor was the major, so far as we know, ever cognisant of it; but a letter written by Cooke for the eye of Lord Castlereagh, and printed in the Cornwallis correspondence, states unreservedly that all the information regarding the movements of Lord Edward Fitzgerald came through Francis Higgins, who employed a *gentleman*—for whose name Mr Cooke considerately gives a dash—"to set" the unfortunate nobleman. The "setter" we believe to have been Mr Francis Magan, barrister-at-law, of whom more anon.

Nicholas Murphy received his noble guest with a *cead mille failte*;† but next morning both were thrown into a state of alarm by observing a detachment of military pass down the street, and halt before Moore's door.‡ The source from whence the espionage proceeded has hitherto remained a dark and painful mystery. Murphy hurried Lord Edward to the roof of the warehouse, and with some difficulty persuaded him to lie in the valley.

To return to Mr Francis Magan. On the day following his interview with Miss Moore, he proceeded to her residence in Thomas Street, and with a somewhat careworn expression, which then seemed the result of anxiety for Lord Edward's safety, though it

* Lest he should come by "Dirty Lane" instead of Watling Street. Magan's is the second stable from Watling Street, although his house on Usher's Island is the sixth from that street.—W. J. F.

† *Anglice*—A hundred thousand welcomes.

‡ For curious traditional details in connexion with this incident, see Mr Macready's statement in Appendix.

was probably occasioned by bitter chagrin at being baulked in a profitable job, said: "I have been most uneasy; did anything happen? I waited up till one o'clock, and Lord Edward did not come." Miss Moore, who, although a woman of great strength of mind, did not then suspect Magan, replied: "We were stopped by Major Sirr in Watling Street; we ran back to Thomas Street, where we most providentially succeeded in getting Lord Edward shelter at Murphy's."* Mr Magan was consoled by the explanation, and withdrew.

The friends who best knew Magan describe him as a queer combination of pride and bashfulness, dignity and decorum, nervousness and inflexibility. He obviously did not like to go straight to the Castle and sell Lord Edward's blood openly. There is good evidence to believe that he confided all the information to Francis Higgins, with whom it will be shown he was peculiarly intimate, and deputed him, under a pledge of strict secrecy, to make a good bargain with Mr Under-Secretary Cooke.

After Lord Edward had spent a few hours lying in the valley of the roof of Murphy's house, he ventured to come down. The unfortunate nobleman had been suffering from a sore throat and general debility, and his appearance was sadly altered for the worse. He was reclining, half dressed, upon a bed, about to drink some whey which Murphy had prepared for him, when Major Swan, followed by Captain Ryan, peeped in at the door. "You know me,

* Communicated by Edward Macready, Esq., son of Miss Moore, May 17, 1865. Miss Moore, afterwards Mrs Macready, died in 1844. One of her last remarks was: "Charity forbade me to express a suspicion which I have long entertained, that Magan was the betrayer; but when I see Moore, in his Life of Lord Edward, insinuating that Neilson was a Judas, I can no longer remain silent. Major Sirr got timely information that we were going to Usher's Island. Now this intention was known only to Magan and me; even Lord Edward did not know our destination until just before starting. If Magan is innocent, then I am the informer."

my lord, and I know you," exclaimed Swan; "it will be vain to resist."* This logic did not convince Lord Edward. He sprang from the bed like a tiger from its lair, and with a wave-bladed dagger, which he had concealed under the pillow, made some stabs at the intruder, but without as yet inflicting mortal injury.

An authorised version of the arrest, evidently supplied by Swan himself, appears in *The Express* of May 26, 1798: — "His lordship then closed upon Mr Swan, shortened the dagger, and gave him a stab in the side, under the left arm and breast, having first changed it from one hand to the other over his shoulder, (as Mr Swan thinks.) Finding the blood running from him, and the impossibility to restrain him, he was compelled, in defence of his life," adds Swan's justification, "to discharge a double-barrelled pistol at his lordship, which wounded him in the shoulder. He fell on the bed, but recovering himself, ran at him with the dagger, which Mr Swan caught by the blade with one hand, and endeavoured to trip him up." Captain Ryan, with considerable animation, then proceeded to attack Lord Edward with a sword-cane, which bent on his ribs. Sirr, who had between two and three hundred men with him, was engaged in placing pickets round the house, when the report of Swan's pistol made him hurry up-stairs. "On my arrival in view of Lord Edward, Ryan, and Swan," writes Major Sirr, in a letter addressed to Captain Ryan's son, on December 29, 1838, "I beheld his lordship standing, with a dagger in his hand, as if ready to plunge it into my friends, while dear Ryan, seated on the bottom step of the flight of the upper stairs, had Lord Edward grasped with both his arms by the legs or thighs, and Swan in a somewhat similar situation, both labouring under the torment of their wounds, when, without hesitation, I fired at

* *The Express*, May 26, 1798.

Lord Edward's dagger arm, [lodging several slugs in his shoulder,] and the instrument of death fell to the ground. Having secured the titled prisoner, my first concern was for your dear father's safety. I viewed his intestines with grief and sorrow."*

Not until a strong guard of soldiery pressed Lord Edward violently to the ground by laying their heavy muskets across his person, could he be bound in such a way as prevented further effective resistance.† When they had brought the noble prisoner, however, as far as the hall,‡ he made a renewed effort at escape, when a dastardly drummer from behind inflicted a wound in the back of his neck, which contributed to embitter the remaining days of his existence. He was then removed in a sedan to the Castle.

The entire struggle occupied so short an interval, that Rattigan, who, the moment he received intimation of the arrest, rushed forth to muster the populace, in order to rescue Lord Edward, had not time to complete his arrangements.§ Rattigan was a respectable timber-merchant, residing with his widow mother, in Bridgefoot Street. In Higgins' *Journal* of the day, we read:—

"A number of pikes were yesterday discovered at one Rattigan's timber-yard in Dirty Lane; as a punishment for which his furniture was brought out into the street, and set fire to and consumed."

* Castlereagh's Correspondence, vol. i., pp. 463-4.

† Moore's Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

‡ Moore's Diary, vol. vi., p. 134.

§ Recollections of the Arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.—*The Comet*, (newspaper,) September 11, 1831, p. 152. The original proclamation is now before us, offering a reward of £300 for the "discovery" of Rattigan, Lawless, and others. Rattigan escaped, entered the French service, and died at the battle of Marengo. Lawless, the attached friend and agent of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, after undergoing a series of romantic adventures, also succeeded in eluding the grasp of his pursuers, and rose to the rank of general under Napoleon. For the account of Lawless's escape from Dublin, furnished by the only party competent to detail it, see Appendix.

It does not seem to have been the wish of the higher members of the Government that Lord Edward should fall into their hands. "Will no one urge Lord Edward to fly?" exclaimed Lord Clare. "I pledge myself that every port in the kingdom shall be left open to him."

It is not possible to overrate the fatal severity of the blow which Lord Edward's arrest at that critical moment imparted to the popular movement. Had he lived to guide the insurrection which he had organised, his prestige and eminent military talents would probably have carried it to a successful issue. Four days after his arrest, three out of thirty-two counties rose; and to extinguish even that partial revolt cost the Government twenty-two millions of pounds, and twenty thousand men.

The late Lord Holland furnishes, in his "Memoirs," many interesting illustrations of Lord Edward's sweet and gentle disposition:—

"With the most unaffected simplicity and good nature he would palliate, from the force of circumstances or the accident of situation, the perpetrators of the very enormities which had raised his high spirit and compassionate nature to conspire and resist. It was this kindness of heart that led him, on his deathbed, to acquit the officer who inflicted his wounds of all malice, and even to commend him for an honest discharge of his duty. It was this sweetness of disposition that enabled him to dismiss with good humour one of his bitterest persecutors, who had visited him in his mangled condition, if not to insult his misfortunes, with the idle hope of extorting his secret. 'I would shake hands willingly with you,' said he, 'but mine are cut to pieces. However, I'll shake a *toe*, and wish you good-bye.'"

"Gentle when stroked, but fierce when provoked," has been applied to Ireland. The phrase is also applicable in some degree to her chivalrous son, who

had already bled for his king as he had afterwards bled for his country.* Murphy's narrative, supplied to Dr Madden, says:—

"It was supposed, the evening of the day before he died, he was delirious, as we could hear him with a very strong voice crying out, 'Come on! come on! d—n you, come on!' He spoke so loud that the people in the street gathered to listen to it."

Two surgeons attended daily on Lord Edward Fitzgerald.†

This delirium is said to have been induced by the grossly indecent neglect to which his feelings were subjected by the Irish Government. Lord Henry Fitzgerald, addressing the heartless viceroy, Lord Camden, "complains that his relations were excluded, and old attached servants withheld from attending on him."

Epistolary entreaty was followed by personal supplication.

"Lady Louisa Conolly," writes Mr Grattan, "in vain implored him, and stated that while they were talking her nephew might expire; at last she threw herself on her knees, and, in a flood of tears, supplicated at his feet, and prayed that he would relent; but Lord Camden remained inexorable."‡

Lord Henry Fitzgerald's feelings found a vent in

* To his wounds received in active service, and his ability as a military officer, C. J. Fox bore testimony in the House of Commons on the 21st December 1792. Cobbett said that Lord Edward was the only officer of untarnished personal honour whom he had ever known. Even that notoriously systematic traducer of the Irish popular party, Sir Richard Musgrave, was constrained to praise Lord Edward's "great valour, and considerable abilities," "honour and humanity," "frankness, courage, and good nature."

† One of the surgeons was Mr Garnett, who, in a diary devoted to his noble patient, noted several interesting facts. Lord Edward manifested great religious feeling, and asked Mr Garnett to read the Holy Scriptures to him. We are informed by Mr Colles, Librarian of the Royal Dublin Society, that this MS. is now in his possession.

‡ Memoirs of Henry Grattan, vol. iv., p. 387.

a letter, addressed to Lord Camden, of which the strongest passages have been suppressed by that peer's considerate friend, Thomas Moore:—

"On Saturday, my poor, forsaken brother, who had but that night and the next day to live, was disturbed; he heard the noise of the execution of Clinch at the prison door. He asked eagerly, 'What noise is that?' And, certainly, in some manner or other, he knew it; for—O God! what am I to write?—from that time he lost his senses: most part of the night he was raving mad; a keeper from a madhouse was necessary."*

Lord Edward Fitzgerald died in great agony, mental and bodily, on the 4th of June 1798, and was deposited in the vaults of St Werburgh's Church. Hereby hangs a tale, which will be found in the Appendix.

* Moore's Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, vol. ii., p 160.

CHAPTER VI.

A Secret well Kept.—The "Setter" of Lord Edward Tracedat Last.—Striking in the Dark.—Roman Catholic Barristers Pensioned.—A Lesson of Caution.—Letter to the Author from Rev. John Fetherston-Haugh.—Just Debts Paid with Wages of Dishonour.—Secret Service Money.—An Ally of "the Sham's" Analysed.—What were the Secret Services of Francis Magan, Barrister-at-law?—Shrouded Secrets Opened.

"One circumstance," says a writer, "is worthy of especial notice. Like Junius, an unfathomed mystery prevails as to who it was that betrayed Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and received the reward of one thousand pounds."*

When one remembers the undying interest and sympathy which has so long been interwoven with the name of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, it is indeed surprising that for sixty-one years the name of the person who received one thousand pounds for discovering him should not have transpired.† The secret must have been known to many persons in the Castle and the Executive; yet even when the circumstance had grown so old as to become the legitimate property of history, they could not be induced to relax their reserve. Whenever any inquisitive student of the stormy period of '98 would ask Major Sirr to tell the name of Lord Edward's betrayer, the major invariably drew forth his ponderous snuff-box, inhaled a prodigious pinch, and solemnly turned the conversation. Thomas Moore, when engaged upon the "Life and

* Castlereagh Correspondence, vol. i., p. 468, First Series.

† Francis Higgins received the £1000 for having pointed out Lord Edward's retreat, but recent inquiries on the part of the author have ascertained that Counsellor Magan betrayed Lord Edward to Higgins.

Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," made two special visits to Ireland for the purpose of procuring on the spot all the sadly interesting particulars of his lordship's short but striking career. The Castle was then occupied by an Irish Whig Administration, but, notwithstanding Moore's influence with them, and their sympathy, more or less, with the hero whose memory he was about to embalm, he failed to elicit the peculiar information in which the Castle archives and library were rich. In 1841, Dr Madden was somewhat more fortunate. He obtained access to a number of receipts for secret service money, as well as to a book, found under strange circumstances, in which the various sums and the names of the parties to whom paid are entered. But perhaps the most interesting entry was written in a way to defeat the ends of historic curiosity.

In the book of "Secret Service Money Expenditure," now in the possession of Charles Halliday, Esq.,* the entry, "*June 20th* [1798], *F. H. Discovery of L. E. F.*, £1000," appears on record. The researches of one of the most indefatigable of men proved, in this instance, vain. "The reader," says Dr Madden, "has been furnished with sufficient data to enable him to determine whether the initials were used to

* Dr —— has given us the following account of the discovery of this document:—"When Lord Mulgrave, since Marquis of Normanby, was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, some official in Dublin Castle cleared out and sold a quantity of books and papers, which were purchased in one lot by John Feagan, a dealer in second-hand books, who had, as his place of business, a cellar at the corner of Henry Street. I had the opportunity of examining the entire collection; but, not being much of a politician, I only selected two volumes—Wade's Catalogue of the Plants of the County Dublin, and the Catalogue of the Pinelli Library, sold in London A.D. 1789, which I bought for 1s. 6d. They, and the others of the collection, had each a red leather label, on which, in large gilt capitals, was impressed, 'Library, Dublin Castle.' Among them was the MS. account of the expenditure of the Secret Service money, and of which I was the first to point out the possible value when it was about to be thrown, with various useless and imperfect books, into waste paper."

designate Hughes, or some other individual; whether the similarity of the capital letters, J and F, in the handwriting, may admit or not of one letter being mistaken for another, the F for a J; or whether a correspondent of Sirr's, who sometimes signed himself J. H., and whose name was Joel Hulbert, an informer, residing, in 1798, in Monasterevan, may have been indicated by them."*

Watty Cox declared that Laurence Tighe, to whose house the bleeding body of Ryan was borne after Lord Edward's arrest, had played the spy; while, on the other hand, Dr Brennan, in his *Milesian Magazine*, broadly charged Cox with the perfidy. Murphy, an honest, simple-minded man, in whose house Lord Edward was taken, has not been exempted from suspicion. The late eminent anecdotist, Mr P. Brophy, of Dublin, used to tell that Lord Edward's concealment became known "through an artilleryman who was courting Murphy's servant-girl;" but Thomas Moore unintentionally disturbs this story, which never reached his ears, by saying, "An *old* maid-servant was the only person in Murphy's house besides themselves." The memory of Samuel Neilson, one of the truest disciples who followed the patriot peer, suffered from a dark innuendo advanced in Moore's "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," and echoed by Maxwell (p. 47) in his "History of the Irish Rebellion." To one of the most honourable of Lord Edward's followers, Charles Phillips, under an erroneous impression, refers in a startling note attached (p. 288) to the last edition of "Curran and his Contemporaries." He professes to know the secret, and adds: "He was to the last, apparently, the attached friend of his victim." In a memoir of O'Connell, by Mr Mark O'Callaghan, it is stated in positive terms (p. 32) that John Hughes received the thousand pounds for the betrayal of Lord Edward. The son and biographer of the notorious

* Madden's Lives and Times of the U. Irishmen, vol. ii., p. 443.

Reynolds writes, (vol. ii., p. 194:) "The United Irishmen and their partisans, especially Mr Moore, emboldened by the distance of time and place, have insinuated that my father was the person who caused the arrest of Lord Edward." Further on, at p. 234, Mr Reynolds flings the onus of suspicion on Murphy; while Murphy, in his own account of the transaction, says: "I heard in prison that one of Lord Edward's bodyguard had given some information." Again, Felix Rourke was suspected of the infidelity, and narrowly escaped death at the hands of his comrades. Suspicion also followed William Ogilvie, Esq., who, as a near connexion, visited Lord Edward at Moore's, in Thomas Street, a few days before the arrest, and transacted some business with him.* Interesting as it is, after half a century's speculation, to discover the name of the real informer, it is still more satisfactory that those unjustly suspected of the act should be finally acquitted from it. It is further useful as teaching a lesson of caution to those who, blindfold, strike right and left at friend and foe.

One of the most valuable letters printed by Mr Ross, in his "Memoirs and Correspondence of Marquis Cornwallis," (vol. iii., p. 320,) is that addressed by Secretary Cooke to his Excellency, in which Mr Francis Higgins and others are recommended as fit recipients for a share in the £1500 per annum which, in 1799, had been placed for secret service in the hands of Lord Cornwallis. "My occupation," writes this nobleman on 8th June 1799, "is now of the most unpleasant nature, negotiating and jobbing with the most corrupt people under heaven. I despise myself every hour for engaging in such dirty work."

* When Miss Moore heard this dark suspicion mooted, she said. "If so, I know not whom to trust. I saw Lord Edward take a ring from his finger, and press it on Mr Ogilvie as a keepsake. Tears fell from Ogilvie's eyes as he grasped Lord Edward's hand."—*Traditions of the Moore Family.*

And again: "How I long to kick those whom my public duty obliges me to court!" It may be premised that "Mac" is Leonard MacNally, the legal adviser and advocate of the United Irishmen. His opportunities for stagging were great; as, besides being a United Irishman himself, his name may be found for the defence in almost every state trial from Hamilton Rowan's to that of the Catholic Delegates in 1811.*

"*Pensions to Loyalists.*—I submit to your lordship on this head the following:—First, that Mac——· should have a pension of £300. He was not much trusted in the Rebellion, and I believe has been faithful. Francis Higgins, proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, was the person who procured for me all the intelligence respecting Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and got —— to set him, *and has given me much information*, £300."†

Mr Under-Secretary Cooke and Francis Higgins were old acquaintances. The former came to Ireland in 1778 with Sir Richard Heron, chief secretary under Lord Buckinghamshire, and, having efficiently acted as his clerk, was appointed military secretary in 1789, and obtained a seat in the Irish Parliament.‡ During the Rutland Administration, Mr Cooke contributed papers to the *Freeman's Journal*, "under the auspices of the Sham Squire;" one entitled "The Sentinel" acquired some historic notoriety.§ Mr Cooke's services were further rewarded by the office of Clerk of Commons, with £800 a year, as

* See Appendix.

† It is strange that Mr Ross, who has generally exhibited such vigilance and research as editor of the Cornwallis Papers, should print such a note as the following, (vol. ii., p. 339 :)—"The man who gave the information which led to his arrest received £1000, but his name has never transpired."

‡ Castlereagh Correspondence, vol. i., p. 113.

Irish Political Characters, Lond. 1799, p. 130.

well as by the lucrative sinecure of Customer of Kinsale.

At a later period he became Secretary to the Treasury and Under-Secretary of State in the War and Colonial Department. For some account of Mr Cooke's extraordinarily active and wily services in promoting the legislative union, see notice of Mr Trench in the Appendix.

. . . . . .

Before we had thoroughly succeeded in unshrouding Mr Magan's share in the betrayal of Lord Edward, the following and many more remarks, tracing it on circumstantial evidence, were in type:—

The considerate and cautious way in which Mr Cooke leaves a blank for the name of the individual who performed the office of "setter," at the instance of Higgins, suggests that he must have been a person of some station in society, and one whose prospects and peace of mind might suffer were he publicly known to have tracked Lord Edward Fitzgerald to destruction.* Mr Cooke also leaves a blank for the name of Leonard MacNally, the base betrayer of his unfortunate clients.

In the first volume of the second edition of Dr Madden's "United Irishmen," he furnishes, from p. 364, an interesting account of "the secret service money expended in detecting treasonable conspiracies, extracted from original official documents." At p. 393, we learn that Mr Francis Magan, a Roman Catholic barrister, not only received large sums down, but enjoyed to his death an annual pension of £200. On the back of all Mr Magan's receipts the chief secretary has appended a memorandum, implying that Mr Magan belonged to a class who did not wish

* An old friend of Mr Magan's informs us that he mixed in good society, and held his head high. The same informant adds that he was stiff, reserved, and consequential; he often served with Magan on Catholic Boards, where, owing to these causes, he was not a favourite.

to criminate openly, but stagged *sub rosa*. Dr Madden remarks:—"Counsellor Magan's services to Government, whatever they were, were well rewarded. Besides his secret pension of £200 a year, he enjoyed a lucrative official situation in the Four Courts up to the time of his decease. He was one of the commissioners for enclosing commons."

In reply to an application addressed by us to an old friend of Mr Magan's, it has been urged that the fact of his having received a pension from the Crown is no presumptive evidence of secret service at the period of '98, inasmuch as nearly all "the Catholic barristers were similarly purchased, including Counsellors Donnellan, MacKenna, Lynch, and Bellew." Unluckily, however, for this argument, we find the following data in that valuable collection of state papers, the "Cornwallis Correspondence," vol. iii., p. 105:—"In 1798," writes Mr Ross, "a bill passed to enable the Lord-Lieutenant to grant pensions, to the amount of £3000, as a recompense to persons *who had rendered essential service to the state during the rebellion.* This sum was to be paid to the under-secretary, through whose hands it was confidentially to pass. By a warrant, dated June 23, 1799, it was divided as follows:—

Thomas Reynolds, his wife, and two sons,*	£1000
Mrs Elizabeth Cope, and her three daughters,†	1000
John Warneford Armstrong,‡	500
Mrs Ryan, widow of D. F. Ryan,§ and his daughters,	200
Mr Francis Magan,	200
	£2900
Balance to pay fees, &c.,	100
	£3000"

* The wholesale betrayer of his associates.
† Wife of Mr Cope, "who managed Reynolds."
‡ Betrayer of John and Henry Sheares.
§ Mr Ryan, who aided in the arrest of Lord Edward.

No doubt, Mr Magan was the mysterious gentleman whom Francis Higgins urged to "set" Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Between the Magan family and Mr Higgins a close intimacy subsisted for many years.* The barrister's father was the late Thomas Magan, of High Street, woollen-draper, traditionally known by the sobriquet of "Whistling Tom." In the Dublin Directory for 1770, his name and occupation appear for the first time. So far back as June 30, 1789, we find it recorded in the *Dublin Evening Post*, that "yesterday Mr Magan, of High Street, entertained Mr Francis Higgins" and others. "The glass circulated freely, and the evening was spent with the utmost festivity and sociality." The *Post*, in conclusion, ironically calls him "Honest Tom Magan." By degrees we find Mr Tom Magan dabbling in Government politics. The *Evening Post* of Nov. 5, 1789, records:—

"Mr Magan, the woollen-draper in High Street, in conjunction with his friend, Mr Higgins, is preparing ropes and human brutes to drag the new viceroy to the palace. It was Mr Magan and the Sham Squire who provided the materials for the triumphal entry of Lord Buckingham into the capital.† *Quere*—Should not the inhabitants of Dublin who had their windows broken on that *glorious illumination* order their glaziers to entreat Mr Magan and Mr Higgins to cast an eye on the *tots?* Mr Magan is really clever, and never has flinched in his partiality and attention to the cause of Mr Francis Higgins. Mr

* Mysteriously close ties continued to bind Magan and Higgins to the last. Mr James Curran, in a letter dated Rathmines, Dec. 6, 1865, referring to the will of Higgins and some litigation which grew out of it, writes:—"A small freehold property, held by Counsellor Magan, was legally adjudged to F. Higgins, of Philadelphia. This decision was appealed from to the Court of Chancery, and Higgins left for America, after placing his affairs in the hands of a Mr Norman, his attorney. On the appeal, Mr Norman submitted a letter of Lord Carhampton's, which stated that "the Squire" was only trustee for Magan.

† See p. 33, *ante*.

Magan has the honour, and that frequently, to dine Messrs Higgins, Daly, Brennan, and Houlton."

The last two named, it will be remembered, were the Sham Squire's colleagues in journalism.

The *Post* further instances an act of great friendship which Mr Magan performed with a view to serve Mr Higgins. And there is good reason to believe that the Sham Squire was not unmindful of those services. In the Directory for 1794 we find Mr Tom Magan styled "woollen-draper and mercer to his Majesty"—a very remarkable instance of state favour towards any Roman Catholic trader at that period of sectarian prejudice and ascendency. George III., however, gave Mr Magan no custom, and he died poor in 1797. With his son, who was called to the bar in Michaelmas Term 1796, Mr Higgins continued to maintain a friendly intercourse. From the year 1796 Francis Magan resided with his sister until his death in 1843, at 20 Usher's Island. From the "Castlereagh Papers" (i. 459) we learn that Mr Secretary Cooke received positive information of these movements of Lord Edward in the vicinity of Usher's Island which preceded the final intelligence that led to his arrest some days afterwards in Thomas Street. Mr Cooke's letter assures the viceroy that *all* the information respecting Lord Edward had come from Francis Higgins, who got some gentleman, for whose name the under-secretary considerately gives a dash, "to set" the unfortunate young nobleman.

Mr Higgins at once claimed his blood-money, and on the 20th June 1798, we find that one thousand pounds were paid to him. How much of this sum was given by the Sham Squire to his friend "the setter," or what previous agreement there may have been between them, will probably never be known. We are rather disposed to suspect that Higgins tricked his tongue-tied colleague by pocketing the lion's share himself. Magan, by right, ought to have

received the advertised reward of £1000; but it appears from the Government records that this round sum went into Higgins's hand conjointly with a pension of £300 a year "*for the discovery of* L. E. F." Magan obtained but £200 a year for the information of which Higgins was merely the channel; though later in life he received office, and sums for other discoveries. In the long array of items extracted by Dr Madden from the Secret-Service Book, per affidavit of Mr Cooke, we find under date "September 11, 1800,"

"Magan, per Mr Higgins, . . £300."

The sums of £500 and £100 were afterwards privately presented to Mr Magan, pursuant to the provisions of the Civil List Act, which placed money in the hands of the viceroy "for the detection of treasonable conspiracies." These douceurs were, of course, in addition to the payments made quarterly to Mr Magan for the term of his natural life, and for which his receipts still exist.

Mr Magan possessed peculiar facilities, local and otherwise, for "setting" the movements of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the United Irishmen who habitually met in Con MacLaughlin's house, at 13 Usher's Island. Lady Edward, as we learn from Moore's Memoirs, was at Moira House, close to Mr Magan's residence, while his lordship lay concealed in Thomas Street adjacent.

Francis Magan, who became a member of the Irish Bar in 1796, found himself briefless, and without "connexion" or patrimony. A drowning man, 'tis said, will catch at a straw; and we have seen how he turned to mercenary account the peculiar knowledge which he acquired. Yet he would seem to have made a false conscience, for with the wages of dishonour, he paid his just debts. The following letter, addressed to us by the Rev. John Fetherston

Haugh, is not without interest. It has been argued by one of the friends of Mr Magan, that he who would do the one would scorn to do the other; but it must be remembered that Mr Magan, subsequent to '98, was on the high-road to riches, and while the bond to which he was a party existed, he was, of course, legally liable.

"GRIFFINSTOWN HOUSE, KINNEGAD.

"MY DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter respecting Mr Francis Magan, I beg to say that my grandfather, Thomas Fetherston of Bracket Castle, was in the habit, for years, of lodging in High Street, Dublin, at the house of Thomas Magan, a draper, and departed this life in his house. My father, on inspecting my grandfather's papers, found a joint bond from the draper and his son for £1000, and on speaking to the draper respecting its payment, he told him he was insolvent,* so my father put it into his desk, counting it waste paper. Some years elapsed, and the son came to Bracket Castle, my father's residence, and asked for the bond, 'for what?' said my father. To his astonishment, he said it was to pay it. I was then but a boy, but I can now almost see the strange scene, it made so great an impression on me. Often my father told me Magan paid the £1000, and he could not conceive where he got it, as he never held a brief in court. He was puzzled why the Crown gave him place and pension. Believe me, &c., I. FETHERSTON H."

As we have already said, in the official account of Secret Service money expended in detecting treasonable conspiracies, the item,

"September 11, 1800, Magan, per Mr Higgins, £300,"

arrests attention. In the hope that Higgins's journal of the day would announce some special discovery of

* The statement was doubtless correct. No will of Thomas Magan was proved in the Irish Probate Court.

treason, tending to explain the circumstances under which the above douceur of £300 was given, we consulted the files, but found nothing tending to throw a light on the matter, unless the following paragraphs published in the issues of August 12, and of September 9, 1800:—

"Yesterday Major Swan took into custody a person named M'Cormick,* who is well-known in the seditious circle, and lodged him in the guard-house of the Castle. He wore a green riband in his breast, which had a device wrought upon it of two hands *fraternally united* by a grip, which, he said, was *the badge of a new* (it is supposed Erin-go-Bragh) order."

The second paragraph refers to "recent discoveries" in general terms only, but the style is amusing:—

"Some of these offenders who were concerned in the late conspiracies with United Irishmen, to whom the lenity of Government had extended amnesty on assurances of their becoming *useful* and proper subjects, having been *recently discovered* from their malignant tongues to be miscreants unworthy of the mercy and support extended to them, from their continual *applauses* of the common foe and his friends, and their maligning the first characters in the Government and their measures, it is intended to dispose of these vipers, not as was at first intended, but in a manner that their perfidy and ingratitude merit."

Besides his pension of £200 a year and a place under the Crown, given in recognition of secret services, Mr Francis Magan further received, on December 15, 1802, as appears from the account of secret service money expenditure, £500 in hand. This round sum, it is added, was given "by direction of Mr Orpen." The secret service for which £500 was paid must have been one of no ordinary

* P. M'Cormick, a "noted" rebel, is mentioned in Madden's "United Irishmen," i. 519, as residing in High Street. Did Mr Magan's long residence in High Street furnish him with any facilities for tracing this man?

importance. Conjecture is narrowed as to the particular nature of the service by the heading of the document, *i.e.*, "Account of Secret Service Money *applied in detecting treasonable conspiracies*, pursuant to the provisions of the Civil-List Act of 1793." A study of the historical events of the time, with a comparison of the dates, finds one or two discoveries in which Magan may have been concerned. About the year 1802 a formidable attempt was made to rekindle the insurrection in the county of Cork. Sergeant Beatty, its leader, after skirmishing with the king's troops and killing several, escaped to Dublin, where, while in the act of reorganising his plot, he was arrested and hanged.* In 1802, Richard F. Orpen, Esq., was high sheriff for the county of Cork.† "He raised corps of volunteers for the suppression of the rebellion, was of an active mind, and well acquainted with persons of rank and influence."‡ There is but one family of the name in Ireland. It was, doubtless, this gentleman who urged the reward of £500 to Magan in 1802; and, probably, the secret service was the discovery of the *Cork* conspirator.

In 1802 also transpired the plans of William Dowdall, a confidential agent alike of Colonel Despard in England, and of Robert Emmet in Ireland. Towards the end of that year we find him in Dublin, with the object of extending their projects. Suddenly the news came that on November 13, 1802, Despard and twenty-nine associates were arrested in London.§ Dowdall fled, and after some hairbreadth escapes reached France. No imputation on his fide-

* Revelations of Ireland, by D. O. Madden, p. 130, *et seq.* See Appendix for further details.

† See files of the public journals for February 1802.

‡ Letter from Richard F. John Orpen, Esq., August 16, 1865.

§ Plowden's History of Ireland from the Union, vol. i., p. 156. The Higgins journal of November 23, 1802, states, but without sufficient accuracy, that "the major part are Irish." Lord Ellenborough tried the prisoners, seven were hanged and decapitated.—*Trial of Edward Marcus Despard.* London: Gurney, 1803. P. 269.

lity has ever been made. That Despard's plans extended to Ireland is not generally understood; but the "Castlereagh Papers" (ii. 3) show that he was one of the most determined of the Society of United Irishmen. The Higgins journal of November 25, 1802, records:—

"The lounging *Erin-go-Braghites* in this town seem somewhat frightened since they heard of the apprehension of Colonel Despard and his myrmidons. It marks a sympathy which, with the close whisperings and confabs that of late have been observable among them, incline some to think that they have not left off the old trade of dealing in baronial and *other constitutions*."

"Robert Emmet," says Mr Fitzgerald, in a narrative supplied to Dr Madden, "came over from France in October 1802. He (Emmet) was soon in communication with several of the leaders who had taken an active part in the previous rebellion."* Emmet is probably included among the "Erin-go-Braghites" thus indicated by the Higgins journal of November 2, 1802:—

"Several Erin-go-Braghites have arrived in this city within a few days past, after viewing (as they would a monster) the First Consul. They do not, however, use the idolising expressions of that character they were wont, which shows that he has not been courteous to the encouragers of *pike-mongering* in this country."

In the latter part of 1802, owing to private information, Emmet's residence near Milltown was searched by Major Swan.† The abortive insurrection of which he was the leader did not take place until July 23 in the following year. A memorandum of Major Sirr's, preserved with his papers in Trinity College, Dublin, mentions, in contradiction to a generally-received opinion, that early intimation of Robert Emmet's scheme *did* reach the Government.

* Life and Times of the United Irishmen, vol. iii., p. 330.

† Statement of Mr Patten to Dr Madden, *Ibid.*, p. 339.

The purchase of Mr Magan by the Government was at this time unknown to the public. As a Roman Catholic, and a member of the former society of United Irishmen, no disposition to suspect him seems to have taken possession of his friends.* The fact that he had been a member of the Lawyers' Corps awakened no misgiving. All the Catholic barristers, as a matter of course, joined it; and some of the most determined United Irishmen, including Macready and others, were known to wear the yeoman uniform, merely with the object of cloaking themselves.†

* Dr Brennan, in the second number of his *Milesian Magazine*, p. 49, enumerates the Roman Catholic barristers who had received pensions. Mr Magan's name is not included. Dr Brennan mentions the names of Donnellan, Bellew, Lynch, and MacKenna. Mr Sheil, in his paper on the "Catholic Bar," contributed to the *New Monthly Magazine* for February 1827, thus specially refers to the above four barristers:—

"Every one of those gentlemen were provided for by Government. Mr Donnellan obtained a place in the revenue; Mr MacKenna wrote some very clever political tracts, and was silenced with a pension; Mr Lynch married a widow with a pension, which was doubled after his marriage; and Mr Bellew is in the receipt of £600 a year, paid to him quarterly.

"Lord Castlereagh was well aware of the importance of securing the support of the leading Roman Catholic gentry at the union, and the place of assistant-barrister was promised to Mr Bellew. It became vacant: Lord Castlereagh was reminded of his engagement, when, behold! a petition, signed by the magistrates of the county to which Mr Bellew was about to be nominated, is presented to the Lord-Lieutenant, praying that a Roman Catholic should not be appointed to any judicial office, and intimating their determination not to act with him. A pension equivalent to the salary of a chairman was given to Mr Bellew, and he was put in the enjoyment of the fruits of the office, without the labour of cultivation."

† All the Catholic barristers, with the object of averting suspicion or persecution, became members of the Lawyers' Corps. Among others, Daniel O'Connell and Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, both United Irishmen, belonged to the corps.

O'Connell served as a private in the corps. The uniform was blue, with scarlet facings and rich gold lace.—See Memoir of O'Connell, by his son, vol. i., p. 13. In Mr Daunt's Recollections of O'Connell, vol. ii., p. 99, O'Connell is found pointing out a house in James's Street, which, when a member of the Lawyers' Corps, he searched for "Croppies." For an account of O'Connell's connexion with the United Irishmen see Appendix.

A brother barrister and old friend of Mr Magan's informs us that he enjoyed some chamber practice; but, though he sometimes appeared in the hall, equipped for forensic action, he never spoke in court. Mr Magan, as one of the first and few Roman Catholic barristers called on the relaxation of the Penal Code, is very likely to have been consulted during the troubled times, by his co-religionists who were implicated in the conspiracy.

The influential leaders of the United Irishmen were mostly Protestants, and Leonard MacNally, who generally acted as counsel to the body, having deserted the Catholic for the Protestant faith, failed to command from Catholics that unlimited confidence which a counsel of their own creed would inspire. "Mac," writes Mr Secretary Cooke, addressing Lord Castlereagh, "Mac—— was not much trusted in the rebellion." * Counsellor Magan, on the contrary, was not, for nearly half a century, suspected.† MacNally lived in Dominic Street, and later in Harcourt Street—a considerable distance from the more disturbed part of Dublin; but Mr Magan's chamber for consultation lay invitingly open at No. 20 Usher's Island, in the very hotbed of the conspiracy.

The discoveries to which we have referred were made towards the latter end of the year 1802. On December 15, 1802, one secret payment of £500 alone is slipped into the hand of "Counsellor Magan."

"In the month of March, [1803,"] writes Lord Hardwicke, the then viceroy, "Government received information of O'Quigley's return, and others of the exiled rebels, and that they were endeavouring to sound the disposition of the people of the county of

* Cornwallis Correspondence, vol. iii., p. 320.

† The Irish Bar was sadly dishonoured in those days.—See Appendix for the secret services of Leonard MacNally, and of that prince of duplicity, Samuel Turner, barrister-at-law, whose property was insincerely threatened with attainder by the crown.

Dublin. A confidential agent was in consequence sent into that county, whose accounts were very satisfactory as to the state of the people, and of the unwillingness of any of the middle class, who had property to lose, to engage in any scheme of rebellion."*

Whether Francis Magan was the confidential agent thus sent into the country we know not; but it is at least certain that in the month of April 1803, he is found within forty-seven miles of Dublin, and receiving money for political espionage.

"The Account of Secret Service Money applied in Detecting Treasonable Conspiracies," contains the following entry:—

"April 2, 1803, Magan, by post to Philipstown, £100."†

The Philipstown assizes were held at this time. But so far from any important political trials being in progress there, from which Magan, in his legal capacity, might gather a secret, no business whatever was done, and as the newspaper report of the day records, the chairman received, in consequence, a pair of white gloves trimmed with gold lace. We must look elsewhere for Mr Magan's secret services at Philipstown in 1803.

Thomas Wilde and John Mahon were two of Emmet's most active emissaries, and in a statement of Duggan's supplied to Dr Madden, it is stated that they proceeded to "Kildare, Naas, Maynooth, Kilcullen, and several other towns," in order to stimulate the people. The formidable character of Wilde and Mahon was known to Major Sirr, who in a memorandum preserved with his other papers, states that their

* This original MS. statement of Lord Hardwicke's, of which Dr Madden afterwards had the use, we fully transcribed in 1855.

† An entry in the same form introduces the name of M'Gucken, the treacherous attorney for the United Irishmen, whose exploits will be found in our Appendix:—

"January 1, 1801, M'Gucken, per post to Belfast, £100."

retreat is sometimes "at the gaoler's in *Philipstown*, who is married to Wilde's sister."

Francis Magan, it is not unlikely, when one hundred pounds reached him by post at Philipstown in 1803, was quietly ascertaining the *locale* of Wilde and Mahon.

A letter from Captain Caulfield, written on Dec. 17, 1803, but to which the date "1798" has been by some oversight affixed in Dr Madden's valuable work on the United Irishmen,* is also preserved among the Sirr papers, and details the progress of a search for Wilde and Mahon, first at Philipstown, and finally at Ballycommon, within two miles of it. Yeomanry and dragoons surrounded the house; a hot conflict ensued, "and," confesses Captain Caulfield, "we were immediately obliged to retire. . . . The villains made their escape. The gaoler of Philipstown and wife are in confinement."

John Brett, the maternal grandfather of the present writer, resided with his family, in 1798, at 21 Usher's Island. No evidence of sedition existed against him, unless that furnished by the old aphorism, "Show me your company, and I can tell who you are." John Brett was peculiarly intimate with Con MacLaughlin, and much intercourse existed between their families. James Tandy, son of the arch rebel, Napper Tandy, was also a frequent visitor, and Mr Brett possessed the friendship of Oliver Bond. One morning Mr Brett's family were startled at the news that Major Sirr, with a chosen guard, was demanding admittance at the street door. Miss Maria Brett, the aunt of the writer, cognisant of only one act of political guilt, ran to her music-book, tore out a strongly national song, and flung the leaf, crushed up, on the top of a chest of drawers. Major Sirr entered precisely as this silly achievement had been completed, and found the young lady palpitating

* Lives and Times of the United Irishmen, vol. i., p. 522.

beneath the weight of her guilty secret. A search for pikes was immediately commenced; drawers were rifled, wardrobes upset, beds diligently searched, and, in the midst of the confusion, what should turn up but the national song? which, had it been suffered to remain in the music-book, would never have excited attention. Major Sirr solemnly put on his spectacles, and read the democratic sentiments with a visage much longer than the lines in which they were enshrined. The search was resumed with renovated vigour, and from the beds in the sleeping rooms the soldiers now proceeded to uproot some recently dug beds in the garden. Major Sirr, baffled in his hopes and bitterly chagrined, withdrew; but he had a dexterous stroke of vengeance in store for John Brett. Next day an enormous detachment of soldiers' wives arrived, bag and baggage, at Usher's Island, loudly demanding hospitality, and producing an official order for that purpose. Mr Brett was obliged to submit to the troublesome incubus, which remained for several weeks billeted upon his family. He could never guess the source which had suggested to the Government the expediency of searching the house; but *we* are inclined to harbour the suspicion that the hint must have come from his vigilant neighbour next door, Mr Francis Magan.

The files of the popular journals during the earlier part of the present century would, if diligently consulted, exhibit Francis Magan* as a zealous Catholic patriot. Thus, Mr Magan's name may be found, in conjunction with those of Lords Fingal, Netterville, and Ffrench, Sir E. Bellew, Sir H. O'Reilly, Daniel

* It is not unlikely to Magan that the Duke of Wellington refers in his letter to Sir Charles Saxton, dated London, 17th November 1808:—"I think that as there are some interesting Catholic questions afloat now, you might feed —— with another £100."—*Irish Correspondence of the Duke of Wellington*, pp. 485-6.

O'Connell, Dr Dromgoole, "Barney Coyle,"* Con MacLaughlin,* Silvester Costigan,* Fitzgerald of Geraldine,* and others, convening an aggregate meeting of the Catholics of Ireland on the 26th of December 1811, to address the Prince Regent "on the present situation of Catholic affairs." A few days previously, Lords Fingal and Netterville had been successively forced from the chair at a Catholic meeting by Mr Hare, a police magistrate. Among the denouncers of the Government at the aggregate meeting was Leonard MacNally; and M'Gucken, the false attorney to the United Irishmen, took an equally patriotic part at Belfast.†

Mr Magan also passed for an incorruptible patriot at the period of the Union. His name may be found, with MacNally's, among "the virtuous minority" who, at the Bar Meeting, opposed the Union.

The few surviving friends of Mr Magan describe him as a prim and somewhat unsociable being, though moving in good society. He looked wise, but he never showed much proof of wisdom, and it was more than once whispered in reference to him, "Still waters run deep." For the last twenty years of his life he rarely went out, unless in his official capacity as commissioner. He never married, and lived a recluse at 20 Usher's Island. He became shrinking and timid, and, with one or two exceptions, including Master C——, did not like to meet old friends. Since the year '98, it seemed as if his house had not been painted or the windows cleaned. The neighbours wondered, speculated, and pried; but Magan's windows or doings could not be seen through.‡

From this dingy retreat, festooned with cobwebs,

* Those persons had been United Irishmen.

† See Appendix.

‡ "The neighbours used to say that there was a mystery about the Magans which no one could fathom."—*Letter from Silvester R——d, Esq.*

Mr Magan, almost choked in a stiff white cravat, would, as we have said, occasionally emerge, and pick his steps stealthily to the courts in which he held office.

This demeanour may have been owing to a secret consciousness of dishonour, and was doubtless aggravated by a shrewd suspicion expressed by the late Mr Joseph Hamilton.

To explain this, a slight digression is necessary. In 1830 appeared Moore's life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and it may be conceived with what trepidation Mr Magan turned over the leaves, fearful of finding the long-sealed secret told. "Treachery," writes Moore, "and it is still unknown from what source, was at work." Here the Counsellor, no doubt, breathed freely, especially when he read—"From my mention of these particulars respecting Neilson, it cannot fail to have struck the reader that some share of the suspicion of having betrayed Lord Edward attaches to this man." Hamilton Rowan and the friends of Neilson indignantly spurned the imputation, which Moore, further on, sought to qualify. Mr Joseph Hamilton made some inquiries, and the result was a suspicion that Mr Magan was the informer. He failed to find that evidence which we have since adduced; but his suspicion was deeply rooted, and he avowed it in general society.

In 1843 Mr Magan died. He was generally regarded as an honourable man; and an eminent Queen's counsel stood beside his death-bed. The accompanying letter reached us from the gentleman to whom we allude:—

"I never, directly or indirectly, heard anything of the alleged charge against Frank Magan during his life. I was on habits of intimacy with him to the day of his death, and was with him on his death-bed. He always bore a high character, as far as I could ever learn, either at the bar or in society. Mr

Hamilton, to my surprise, wrote to me after his death, cautioning me against taking any of the money to which, he supposed, I was entitled as a legatee. I was not one, and never got a penny by the poor fellow. I can say no more."

Mr Hamilton thought that it was beneath his correspondent to accept a bequest derived from so base a source.

Mr Magan's will, drawn up hurriedly on his deathbed, in January 1843, and witnessed by his confessor, Rev. P. Monks, occupies but a few lines, and bequeaths the entire of his property to Elizabeth, his sister. Unlike his friend, the Sham Squire, who desired that his remains should be interred with public pomp, Francis Magan directs that his body may be buried with as much economy and privacy as decency permits.*

Miss Magan, an eccentric spinster, continued to reside alone at Usher's Island after her brother's death. She found herself, on his demise, possessed of an enormous sum of money; and she became so penurious, anxious, and nervous, that the poor lady was in constant fear of being attacked or robbed. From almost every person who approached her she shrunk with terror. Miss Magan felt persuaded that designs on her purse, to be accomplished by either force or fraud, were perpetually in process of concoction by her narrow circle of friends. Death at last released Miss Magan from this mental misery. She left considerable sums in charity, and, amongst others, twelve thousand pounds, as the late Rev. Dr Yore assured us, for founding a lunatic asylum at Fairview. With the death of this lady the family of which she was a member became extinct, and we therefore feel the less hesitation in mentioning their names.

It may, perhaps, be said that any new suggestions or remarks regarding the informers of '98 should be

* Records of the Prerogative Court, Dublin.

left to Dr Madden, who has devoted much time and space to the subject. But Dr Madden himself does not seem to hold these narrow sentiments.

In the "United Irishmen," (vol. ii., 446,) he throws out suggestions "to those who may be disposed to follow up his efforts to bring the betrayer's memory to justice."

It may also be objected that we have devoted undue space to tracing the betrayers of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; but the following remarks, expressed by the veteran historian of '98, show that the subject is one highly deserving of elucidation.

"And now," writes Dr Madden, "at the conclusion of my researches on this subject of the betrayal of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, I have to confess they have not been successful. The betrayer still preserves his incognito; his infamy, up to the present time, (Jan. 1858,) remains to be connected with his name, and, once discovered, to make it odious for evermore. . . . Nine-and-fifty years the secret of the sly, skulking villain has been kept by his employers, with no common care for his character or his memory. But, dead or alive, his infamy will be reached in the long run, and the gibbeting of that name of his will be accomplished in due time."

It must be remembered that Dr Madden was the first to set inquiry on a sound track, by citing from the Secret Service Money Book the initials of the Sham Squire, *i.e.*, "F. H. for the discovery of L. E. F., £1000." In 1858 the "Cornwallis Papers" appeared, disclosing the name Francis Higgins. A pamphlet from our pen appeared soon after, entitled, "A Note to the Cornwallis Papers," in which were published many of the remarks contained in our sixth chapter, and pointing, on purely circumstantial evidence, to Mr Magan as the "setter" employed by Higgins. The fourth volume of the "United Irishmen," published in 1860. noticed the "Cornwallis

Papers," and, indirectly, the pamphlet which followed its publication :—

"These revelations," writes Dr Madden, (p. 579,) "leave us wholly uninformed as to the traitor who actually betrayed Lord Edward—who sold his blood to the agent of Government, Mr Francis Higgins. All that we have learned, I repeat, from the recent publication of the 'Cornwallis Correspondence,' is, that Francis Higgins obtained the secret for Government of Lord Edward's place of concealment, but of the setter employed by Higgins we know nothing, and all that we have reason to conclude is, that the setter was one in the confidence of Lord Edward and his associates."

Now, we respectfully submit that the more recent researches which will be found in our fifth and sixth chapters prove to demonstration that the "setter" was Counsellor Francis Magan.

CHAPTER VII.

Was Higgins Guiltless of Oliver Bond's Blood?—Walter Cox.—Reynolds the Informer.—William Cope.—Insatiable Appetite for Blood-money.—A Dark and Painful Mystery.—Lord Wycombe Walks in the Footsteps of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Spies Follow in the Footsteps of Lord Wycombe.

THERE is no man so bad but that he might be worse; and the will of Francis Higgins, to which we shall soon refer, shows that he was not incapable of a generous impulse; but on the whole we cannot divest ourselves of the suspicion that his general policy was worse, and his dark deeds more numerous than have in black and white transpired. When a man is once suspected and convicted of peculiar turpitude, there is no limit to the suspicions which ever after follow him.

A remarkable passage occurs in Walter Cox's *Irish Magazine* for November 1813, p. 52.*

"We hope," writes Cox, "no greater evil will be sustained by Mr Scully than what this act of the *Freeman's Journal* has inflicted; had we nothing more to record, to the prejudice of Irish interests, than such impotent, and we may say harmless nonsense, *Oliver Bond and Lord Edward Fitzgerald would be now alive*, and Tom Reynolds would have been only known as a harmless monster."

Cox, as a United Irishman, and one of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's bodyguard, was cognisant of the various conflicting suspicions and surmises to which the arrest of their chief gave birth. Further, he was

* No one was better acquainted than Cox with the antecedents of Higgins. *Vide* also the *Irish Magazine* for October 1810, p. 436.

in the secrets of the Government subsequent to 1798. Arthur O'Connor has said, that while a chance of success awaited the rebel movement, it possessed no more staunch partisan. But flesh is weak, and we find Cox, during thirty-five years that he personated the character of an indomitable patriot, in the receipt of a secret stipend from the Crown. He played fast and loose, sometimes revealing to the Castle the plans of the United Irishmen, at other times disclosing to the popular party the secrets of the Government and of its agents.

Mr Cox would seem to have formed a shrewd opinion in reference to Lord Edward's discovery; but he advances the charge so ambiguously that, unless with the light afforded by recent revelations, it is not easy to understand his meaning.

A dark and painful mystery enshrouds the death of Oliver Bond. Bond, an opulent merchant, residing in Bridge Street, Dublin, possessed, for many years, the fullest confidence of the United Irishmen, who, so early as 1793, formally addressed him on the occasion of his fine and imprisonment. From 1785 to 1797 we recognise him as an active member of the two northern directories of United Irishmen, a body largely composed of Presbyterians. At his house in Dublin the Leinster directory regularly met, until the night of March 12, 1798, when, Thomas Reynolds having betrayed his associates, fifteen delegates were arrested, conveyed to Newgate, and sentenced to death. Mr Mark O'Callaghan, in his "Memoir of O'Connell," p. 32, says—"It is asserted on credible authority, that the secret dungeons and state prisons of '98 were the scenes of murder and assassination. Among others, Oliver Bond, a wealthy merchant, was generally allowed to have been murdered by a turnkey employed for the purpose, although it was at the time given out that he died of apoplexy." How far Mr O'Callaghan may be correct in this conclusion we

know not; but a letter addressed by James Davock to Dr Madden, and printed in the very interesting work of the latter, tends to corroborate it:—

"The evening before Bond's death I saw him in the yard of the prison; he seemed then to be in perfect health; the next morning he was found dead in the passage outside his cell. It was the general opinion that he had been strangled. Bond had a free pardon signed at the Castle at that time, and was to have been sent out of the country with the other state prisoners. It was necessary for his wife to obtain this pardon, to enable her to collect in the debts, for he left about thirty thousand pounds behind him; and his friends were afraid of impeding her application, and thought it better to allow the common report of his death arising from apoplexy to pass unnoticed.

. . . . "The report in the prison was that he had been killed by the under-gaoler, Simpson. I was informed by Murphy, there was such an uproar in the prison all that night, that Murphy and others barricaded their doors on the inside, afraid of violence. The woman who first swore at the inquest that she had seen him die in the yard, afterwards, in a quarrel, accused Simpson of the murder; on which he kicked her on the back, of which injury she died."*

It may be added that Mr Davock was for many years the intimate friend and close neighbour of Oliver Bond, who was a remarkably robust man, and not more than thirty-five years of age at his death.

Sentence of death on Bond and the fourteen delegates arrested at his house was commuted on condition of their signing a compact; but Bond was by far the most formidable man amongst them; and it may have struck some of the unscrupulous understrappers attached to the Irish Government that it would be desirable to get him out of the way. To

* Lives and Times of the United Irishmen, fourth series, second edition, p. 164.

make an exception in Bond's case by bringing him to the scaffold would be impossible. Of some of the darker doings which notoriously took place, the higher members of the Government were, we have no doubt, ignorant.

From the Castlereagh Papers we find that two influential judges, Lords Carleton and Kilwarden, warmly urged the execution of Byrne and Bond. They were not of opinion that the offer made by Byrne and Bond to give information would counterbalance the discontent likely to be occasioned by saving them from "the punishment due to their crimes." Lord Carleton and his colleague also expatiated on the injurious effects such an act of mercy might have on the administration of criminal justice, by discouraging jurors hereafter from coming forward to discharge an odious duty. The viceroy transmitted a paper to the Duke of Portland, dated September 14, 1798, from which we gather that "their reasoning did not altogether satisfy the Lord-Lieutenant. His Excellency, however, felt that he could not do otherwise than abide by the opinion of the first law authorities in Ireland." Byrne was accordingly executed.* Oliver Bond was found dead in his cell.

The Sham Squire, when a prisoner in Newgate, we learn, made love to his keeper's daughter, "whose friends, considering the utility of his talents in their sphere in life, consented to her union with the Sham, ... and that the gaoler's interest procured Higgins admission to be a solicitor, in which situation his practice is too notorious to require particular statement."†

Did Francis Higgins, who seems to have enjoyed a thorough immunity from legal pains and penalties, and was specially officious in doing the dirty work of

* Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Castlereagh, vol. i., pp. 347-8.

† Sketches of Irish Political Characters. Lond. 1799, p. 182.

unscrupulous statesmen, take upon himself to suggest to his friend, the keeper, the expediency of getting rid of Oliver Bond? The Sham Squire was too astute to do the deed himself; but he or his myrmidons may have got it done, and then with complacency mused, "Shake not thy gory locks at me, thou canst not say *I* did it."

To return to Cox. It would appear that, according to his information on the subject, Higgins took some part in persuading Thomas Reynolds to become a spy upon his colleagues in the Irish Executive Directory. It is at least certain that William Cope, an eminent merchant,* who certified to the general credibility of Reynolds on the trials, and had exerted considerable influence in leading him to turn informer, was openly recommended for a pension by Higgins in his paper of September 1, 1798. The influential recommendation of the Sham Squire proved, as usual, successful. Mr Cope received a pension of one thousand pounds a year, which after his death was continued to his daughters, who resided, until the last few years, at Rhos Y Guir, near Holyhead.

Among the inducements held out by William Cope in urging Reynolds to inform were, that the Crown would probably prove their appreciation by giving him two thousand pounds a year and a seat in Parliament.† Reynolds, who held the rank of colonel

* See Sir William Cope's letter in the Appendix. It is right to add that no letters from Higgins exist among the late Mr Cope's papers.

† Carrick's *Morning Post*, April 3, 1823, quotes the following paragraph from the *Examiner*, then edited by Leigh Hunt:—

"Mr Reynolds.—A correspondent at Paris informs us, that the Mr Reynolds now in that capital, inquired about some time back in our paper, is really the person who played such a conspicuous part in Ireland, and who for his meritorious services on that occasion was rewarded by an appointment at Lisbon, after which he was placed as Consul-General at Copenhagen—from whence, about three years since, he proceeded to Paris, where he keeps his carriage, and is reported to live expensively. Our correspondent says, that Mr Reynold's family appear on Sundays at the chapel of the English Em-

and delegate from the province of Leinster in the rebel army, settled his terms, writes Mr Curran, "namely, 500 guineas in hand, and personal indemnity." *

One by one he prosecuted his colleagues to conviction. In contradiction to Mr Cope's evidence, witnesses swore that they believed Reynolds unworthy of credence on oath. Curran lashed and lacerated him.

"He measures his value by the coffins of his victims; and in the field of evidence appreciates his fame, as the Indian warrior does in fight, by the number of scalps with which he can swell his triumphs. He calls upon you by the solemn league of eternal justice to accredit the purity of a conscience washed in its own atrocities. He has promised and betrayed—he has sworn and forsworn; and whether his soul shall go to heaven or to hell, he seems altogether indifferent, for he tells you that he has established an interest in both. He has told you that he has pledged himself to treason and to allegiance, and that both oaths has he contemned and broken." †

Mr Curran imagines that the reward of Reynolds did not exceed five hundred guineas. The "Life of Reynolds," by his son, would fain persuade the reader that his emolument had been still smaller. The MS. book of secret service money expenditure, now in the possession of Mr Halliday, and printed by Dr Madden, reveals, however, that Reynolds received, not only in 1798, £5000 in four payments, but in the following year a pension of £1000 a year, besides which he long enjoyed several lucrative offices under the Crown.

bassy in seats reserved for them close by the ambassador and Lady Elizabeth; and that at his parties Lady Douglas, (of Blackheath notoriety,) Mrs and the Miss Reynolds, &c., form a portion of that company for the entertainment of whom the ambassador's salary is swelled out to £14,000 a year."

* Life of Curran, by his son. First edition, vol. ii., p. 128.

† *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 134.

The total amount of money flung to satisfy his insatiable cupidity was about £45,740. *

The delivery of "a live lord" into the jaws of death proved so profitable a job to Francis Higgins, that we find him soon after in hot scent after another. John, Earl of Wycombe, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, was committed more or less to the fashionable treasons of the time: he sympathised with the men and the movement of '98; and as the late John Patten, a near connexion of Emmet's, assured us, his lordship was fully cognisant of the plot of 1803. Had Higgins been alive during the latter year, Lord Wycombe might not have escaped the penalty of his patriotism. His movements in Dublin and elsewhere were watched most narrowly by the Sham Squire. In despair, however, of being able to gain access to Lord Wycombe's confidence or society, we find Higgins saying, "Lord Wycombe, son to the Marquis of Lansdowne, is still in Dublin. He has gone to Wales and back again to Dublin several times. His lordship has given many parties in the city, it is said, *but* they have been of a close, select kind." †

Higgins and his confederates, like "setters," pointed, and the scarlet sportsmen of the line immediately fired. Lord Holland, in his Memoirs of the Whig Party, mentions that his friend, Lord Wycombe, was fired at by common soldiers on the highways near Dublin, and narrowly escaped with his life. ‡

* Lives and Times of the United Irishmen, by R. R. Madden, M.D. Vol. i., p. 425, *et seq.*

† *Freeman's Journal*, August 6, 1798. His lordship's movements are further indicated by the same journal on August 9 1800.

‡ See p. 107, *ante*.

CHAPTER VIII.

Effort of Conscience to Vindicate its Authority.—Last Will and Testament of the Sham Squire.—A Tempest Roars Round his Death-bed.—Kilbarrack Churchyard.—A Touching Epitaph.—Resurrectionists.—The Dead Watcher.—The Sham Squire's Tomb Insulted and Broken.—His Bequests.

CHARITY, it is written, covereth a multitude of sins. Let us hasten, therefore, to record a really meritorious act on the part of Mr Higgins. Anxious to throw the utmost amount of light on a career so extraordinary as that of Francis Higgins, we examined in the Prerogative Court his "Last Will and Testament." From this document—which, by the way, was the subject of considerable litigation after his death—we learn that the Sham Squire's conscience was not hopelessly callous. On the contrary, while yet comparatively young, it seems to have given him a good deal of uneasiness; and it may not unreasonably be inferred that, unscrupulous as we have seen Mr Higgins, his early life was checkered by sundry peccadilloes now irrevocably veiled. Whatever these may have been, they contributed to disturb the serenity of his manhood, and conscience seems to have made an energetic effort to assert its authority. Unable any longer to bear the reproachings of his ill-gotten wealth, Mr Higgins, on September 19, 1791, then aged forty-five, mustered up courage and bequeathed a considerable portion of it to charitable purposes. It is amusing to trace the feelings of awe which, in the last century, filled our ancestors previous to attempting a voyage across St George's Channel! Mr Higgins's will begins by saying that as he meditates a voyage to England, he thinks it prudent to prepare his will; and in humble

supplication at the feet of the Almighty, and by way of making atonement for his manifold transgressions, he is desirous of leaving large sums of money to charitable purposes. But before he proceeds to specify them, the vanity of the Sham Squire shows itself in a command to his executors to commemorate his memory in a proper manner, on a slab "well secured with lime, brickwork, and stone," in Kilbarrack Churchyard. To defray the cost of this monument, Mr Higgins left £30, and a further sum for his funeral. He adds, that in case he should die in England, his remains are to be removed to Ireland and "publicly interred." To a lady who had been of considerable use to Mr Higgins, and had clung to him with great fidelity, but who had suffered seriously from this circumstance, he bequeathed not only £1000 as compensation, but all such property as might remain after paying the other bequests; and to his housekeeper, Mrs Margaret Box, he left £100. But, perhaps, the most remarkable item in the will is £1000 which he bequeathed to be laid out on landed security, in order that the annual interest might be applied to the relief and discharge of debtors confined in the city marshalsea on Christmas eve in each year.* This generous bequest has served, we trust, to blot out some of the Sham Squire's achievements, not alone at the hazard table, but by means of sundry pettifogging quibbles and doubles. To an asylum for ruined merchants, known as Simpson's Hospital, he bequeathed £50; and to Peter Kelly and his son—who were kinsmen of Colonel O'Kelly—£400. He bequeathed to the "Lying-in Hospital," £100, or "so much as my executors shall find sufficient to erect a bed in my name in one of the wards." To the Blue Coat Hospital,

* See Appendix for some correspondence on the alleged non-execution of this bequest. The four Courts Marshalsea of Dublin, previous to its removal westward, stood in Werburgh Street.

where his friend Jack Giffard* and other kindred spirits passed their youth, Mr Higgins left the sum of £20. The Catholic and Protestant Poor Schools were remembered with impartiality by Higgins, who had been himself both a Catholic and a Protestant at different times. He bequeathed £10 to each of the Protestant Schools, as well as a like donation to the Catholic Charity Schools. To Mr. (afterwards Colonel O'Kelly, of Piccadilly, London, the owner of the celebrated race-horse "Eclipse") £300 was left, "and if I did not know that he was very affluent," adds Higgins, "I would leave him the entire of my property." Father Arthur O'Leary, one of Curran's "Monks of the Screw," was also advantageously remembered by Mr Higgins.† To that accomplished ecclesiastic he bequeathed the sum of £100; but O'Leary never lived to enjoy it, and passed into eternity almost simultaneously with the Sham Squire, in January 1802. To George J. Browne, assistant editor, £50 was bequeathed, in order to purchase mourning for Mr Higgins, as also certain securities held by Higgins for money lent to Browne. Several other bequests in the same shape and under similar circumstances are made. Six persons named Tracy are advantageously considered;‡ and £50 is left to George Faulkner. William

* For a notice of Giffard, see the 32d note to General Cockburn's Step Ladder, Appendix.

† Mr Grattan, in the Life of his father, (ii. 198,) mentions that O'Leary was very intimate with Colonel O'Kelly, and lived with him. O'Leary had a pension from the Crown for writing down the White Boys. Mr Grattan adds, on the authority of Colonel O'Kelly, that Mr Pitt offered O'Leary considerable remuneration if he would write in support of the Union, but the friar refused.

‡ In the third volume of the Cornwallis Correspondence, one of the name is found obtaining a pension of £300 a year at the same time that Francis Higgins's services received similar recognition. A Christian name borne by the junior recipient is stated in the same work to have been "Grenville;" he was probably born during the viceroyalty of George *Grenville*, Lord Buckingham, of whom Higgins was a parasite and a slave. See p. 66, *ante*, &c.

James, and Christopher Teeling,* are named executors; but it appears, from the records of the Probate Court, that they declined to act. In those days there was no stamp duty; and the sum for which Higgins's residuary legatee administered does not appear. The will was witnessed by George Faulkner.

In September 1791, Mr Higgins declares that he has £7000 in Finlay's bank; "but my property," he adds, "will, I believe, much exceed this sum when all is estimated." Mr Higgins having lived for eleven years subsequent to the date of his will, during which time he laboured with fiercer zeal, and reaped even richer remuneration than before, it may be inferred that his property in 1802 was not far short of £20,000.

Little further remains to be told regarding the Sham Squire. In 1799 we catch a parting glimpse of him in a work descriptive of the actors in the Union struggle. "From his law practice, his gaming-table contributions, and newspaper," says this work, "the Sham now enjoys an income that supports a fine house in a fashionable quarter of a great city, whence he looks down with contempt on the poverty of many persons, whose shoes he formerly cleaned."†

Mr Higgins did not long live to enjoy the price of poor Lord Edward's blood. On the night of January 19, 1802, he died suddenly at his house in Stephen's Green, aged fifty-six. "It is as awful a storm as the night the Sham Squire died," was a phrase in the mouths of many old persons while the calamitous hurricane of 1839 swept Dublin. We are informed by Dr. Joly that his grandfather took his children to the window on the night of the 19th of January, 1802, to view the extraordinarily grand

* Christopher Teeling was the physician who attended him in illness.

† Sketches of Irish Political Characters, p. 148.

Remains of

THE ABBEY OF KILBARRACK, CO. DUBLIN.

The Sham Squire's Tomb (not now in existence) to the right.

convulsion of the elements which raged. Dense black clouds rushed across the lurid sky, like the charge of the Black Brunswickers at Waterloo, while piteous moanings of the night wind filled the air: and it has always been a tradition in the family that the sight derived additional solemnity from the fact of its association with the last agony and death of the Sham Squire.

To the lonely graveyard of Kilbarrack he bequeathed his body. A more picturesque spot,

"Where erring man might hope to rest,"

it would be hard to select. Situated at the edge of the proverbially beautiful bay of Dublin, the ruins of Kilbarrack, or, as they are anciently styled, "the Abbey of Mone," have long existed as a monument of that primitive piety which prompted the Irish mariners of the fourteenth century to erect a chapel in honour of St Mary Star of the Sea, wherein to offer up an orison for their messmates, who had perished beneath the waves.*

In accordance with Mr Higgins's expressed wishes, a large tabular tomb was erected over his remains in 1804. Beside it repose the ashes of Margaret Lawless, mother of the patriot peer Cloncurry, and near it lies the modest grave of John Sweetman, a leading "United Irishman," from whose house adjacent Hamilton Rowan escaped—crossed in an open boat from Kilbarrack to the Bay of Biscay, where it passed through the British fleet—and although £1000 lay on his head, was safely landed in France by the faithful fishermen of Baldoyle, who were well aware of his identity. But the Sham Squire's ambitious-looking tomb is the monarch of that lonely

* An interesting notice of Kilbarrack appears in Mr D'Alton's History of the County Dublin, pp. 113-118, but he does not suggest the origin of its name, *i.e.*, *Kill Berach*, or the Church of St Berach, a disciple of St Kevin.

graveyard, and it is impossible to pass without one's attention being arrested by it. It records that "the legal representatives of the deceased deem it but just to his memory here to inscribe, that he has left bequests behind him, a memento of philanthropy, liberality, and benevolence to the poor and distressed, more durable than can sculptured marble perpetuate, as it will last for ever, and be exemplar to all those to whom Heaven has intrusted affluence." [Here the chief bequests are enumerated in detail.] "Reader," adds the epitaph, "you will judge of the head and heart which dictated such distinguished charity to his fellow-creatures, liberal as it is impartial, and acknowledge that he possessed the true benevolence which Heaven ordains, and never fails everlastingly to reward."

This epitaph suggests a curious comment on the question asked by a child after spelling the inscriptions in a churchyard, "Mamma, where are the bad men buried?"

The lonely and desolate aspect of the hallowed ruin which Higgins chose as his last resting-place, contrasts curiously with the turbulence of his guilty life; and Old Mortality could not select a more fitting sight for the moralising ruminations in which he loved to indulge.

Francis Higgins was wise in his generation, and astutely kept his own counsel. Some of his sins we have told, but the bulk are probably known only to the Searcher of hearts. Of the guilty secrets which were buried in Higgins's heart, how many have found a vent in the rank heartsease and henbane, which spring from his grave. "Where," writes Nathaniel Hawthorne, describing a dialogue between a doctor and his patient, "where did you gather these herbs with such a dark flabby leaf?" "Even in the graveyard," answered the physician; "they grew out of his heart, and typify some hideous secret that was

buried with him, and which he had done better to confess during his lifetime."

"Perchance he earnestly desired it, but could not."

"And wherefore," rejoined the physician, "wherefore not, since all the powers of nature call so earnestly for the confession of sin, that these black weeds have sprung up out of a buried heart, to make manifest an unspoken crime?"

But why speculate upon it? It is not certain, after all, that the storied urn of the Sham Squire really enshrines his ashes. The deserted position of Kilbarrack graveyard rendered it, some years ago, a favourite haunt with those who, under the nickname of "sack-'em-ups," effected premature resurrections for anatomical purposes;* and possibly the heart of Higgins may have been long since the subject of a lecture on aneurism of the aorta. †

Through life he was the subject of popular execration, and in death this enmity pursued him. An

* The *Irish Penny Magazine* for January 20, 1833, contains a picture of Kilbarrack churchyard undergoing spoliation at the hands of medical students, who have succeeded, meanwhile, in slipping a sack over the head of "the dead watcher." The latter is made to tell a long story descriptive of his feelings previous and subsequent to this *denouement*:—

"One time I would picthur to myself the waves approaching like an army a-horseback, and shaking their white tops for feathers; and then I would fancy I saw the dead people starting up out of their graves, and rushing down helthur skelthur to purtect their resting-place, shouldering human bones for fire-arms—they grabbed thigh-bones, and arm-bones, and all the bones they could cotch up in their hurry, and when they would *make ready—present*—back the waves id gallop nimble enough, but it was to wheel about agin with more fury and nearer to the inemy, who in their turn would scamper back agin with long strides, their white sheets flying behind 'em, like the cullegion chaps of a windy Sunday, and grinning frightfully through the holes which wanst were eyes. Another time I would look across to Howth as it *riz* like a black *joint* betune me and the sky; and I would think if the devil that is chained down below there at full length in a cavern near the lighthouse was to break loose, what a purty pickle I 'd be in."

† It has been remarked by Dr Mapother and other physiologists, that aneurism of the aorta is peculiarly liable to overtake the designing, selfish, and wrongly ambitious man. It kills suddenly.

alderman of the old corporation, who resided at Howth, declared, in 1820, that in riding into Dublin he could never pass Kilbarrack without dismounting from his horse for the purpose of ridiculing and insulting the Sham Squire's grave. The loathing in which Higgins had been held wreaked its vengeance in more formidable demonstrations. Many years ago some persons unknown visited his tomb, and smashed off the part on which the words, "Sacred to the memory of Francis Higgins," were inscribed. The thickness of the slab is considerable, and nothing short of a ponderous sledge-hammer could have effected this destruction. The same eccentric individual who, in the dead of night, wellnigh succeeded in depriving an obnoxious statue of its head,* is likely to have been cognisant of the malign joke played on the Sham's mausoleum. No one better knew the depth of his rascality than Watty Cox, who, in the *Irish Magazine*, makes reference to both his turpitude† and tomb. Of the latter we read, that in "Kilbarrack churchyard the remains of the Sham are deposited under a magnificent tomb and splendid inscription, unequalled in the history of sepulchral literature."‡

Nearly two generations passed away, and unless by a few families, all memory of the Sham Squire became obliterated. Tourists visited Kilbarrack; and disciples of Doctor Syntax, moved by the touching epitaph and the romantic scenery around, perchance dropped a tear upon the stone. Pedestrians made it a halting-point and resting-place; the less matter-of-fact mused on Erin's days of old

"Ere her faithless sons betray'd her,"

cleared the moss out of the inscriptions, and prayed

* The statue of William III. in College Green.
† See *Irish Magazine* for October 1810, p. 436, &c.
‡ *Irish Magazine* for November 1813.

for the nameless patriot and philanthropist who mouldered below.* All remembrance of his life had died out, although a tradition of his sobriquet still floated about the locality; and by degrees the history of Higgins degenerated into "the beautiful legend of the Sham Squire;"† which at last was cruelly disturbed by the publication of the Cornwallis correspondence, the researches of the present writer, and some patriotic scribe who, since our first disclosures

* On September 15, 1853, a gentleman published a letter in the *Freeman*, requesting to know, not only the name of the person on whom so eulogistic an epitaph had been written, but the fate of the trust-money named in it. "It is gross ingratitude," he added, "and practical materialism, to allow the tomb and memory of such a philanthropist to perish for want of a suitable monument to mark his last resting-place; and I should only hope that, among so many benefited, one, at least, may be found to turn to the grave of their common benefactor." A letter in reply went on to say "This will hardly satisfy your correspondent in regard to the trust bequest for poor debtors, or offer any apology or explanation of why the tomb of such a charitable testator should be left so totally neglected and defaced by the highway." Twelve years later found another Jonathan Oldbuck poking among the stones of Kilbarrack, and addressing a similar query to the *Irish Times*. The subject excited considerable sensation, and became invested with almost romantic interest. Several leaders, as well as letters, appeared. "Kilbarrack," wrote the editor, "is as lonely and desolate a ruin as ever an artist painted. A stray goat or sheep may be seen browsing upon the old graves, half covered with drifted sand; or a flock of sand-larks sweeps through the wide and broken arches. Round the forsaken tombs grow in abundance heartsease, veronica, and the white harebell. There are pretty mosses on the gray walls; but the aspect of the ruins oppresses the heart with a sense of melancholy loneliness. Sometimes, when the storm blows inshore, the waves dash in spray over the ruined walls, and weep salt tears over the tombs."

"An Humble Debtor," dating from the Four Courts Marshalsea, and citing as his text, "I was in prison, and ye visited me not," (Matt. xxv. 43, 44,) went on to say, "Your journal for the last few days has given great consolation to the inmates of this prison, by its insertion of letters bearing on the hitherto almost unknown benefactions of Francis Higgins, of good memory."

The gentleman thus addressed was of opinion that the money, if invested in land, ought to yield now, at least, £50 per annum.

† "The legend of the Sham Squire," full of romance, and bearing no resemblance to the authentic details which we have gathered, appeared in 1856 in a serial published by Mr Chamney.

on this subject, has inscribed across the imposing epitaph, surmounted by a picture of a pike and a gallows—

"HERE LIES THE MONSTER
HIGGINS,
LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD'S
INFORMER."

APPENDIX

SUGGESTED BY ALLUSIONS IN THE FOREGOING TEXT.

APPENDIX.

BARATARIANA.

This book has always possessed peculiar interest for historic students of the period to which it refers; and several communications have appeared from time to time in *Notes and Queries* touching it. In reply to an inquiry,* the late Right Hon. J. Wilson Croker promised to contribute particulars as to the writers of "Baratariana,"† but failed to do so, although he lived for several years subsequently.‡ "That promise not having been fulfilled," observed a writer, "permit me to ask from some of your Irish correspondents materials for a history of this very curious volume;"§ and Abhba expressed a hope that "Mr Fitzpatrick would be induced to furnish us with a key to the characters which figure in the book."‖ In accordance with these suggestions, we gathered from a variety of sound sources, well authenticated, though perhaps not important details.

Sir Hercules Langrishe, Mr Grattan, (then a young barrister not in Parliament,) and Mr Flood, were, according to the "Memoirs of Flood," (p. 79,) the principal writers of "Baratariana." In "Grattan's Life" (vol. i., p. 185) there is an account of a visit to Sir Hercules in 1810; and the octogenarian is found repeating with enthusiasm some of his flash passages in "Baratariana." The contributions of Sir Hercules to this bundle of political pasquinades are noticed in Grattan's elegy on the death of the patriot baronet, (*vide* vol. i., p. 188.) The late Hon. Major Stan-

* First Series, vol. x., p. 185. † *Ibid.*, vol. x., p. 353.
‡ *Ibid.* § Second Series, vol. viii., p. 52. ‖ *Ibid.*, p. 139.

hope informed us that Mr St George, a connexion of his, held the very voluminous papers of Sir H. Langrishe, and not the present baronet. They threw, he said, great light on the political history of the time, and he promised to give us access to them if desired. The articles written by Grattan were, as his son informs us, (vol. i., p. 185,)—"Posthumous," "Pericles," and the dedication of "Baratariana." He read them to his friends, and they were struck by his description of Lord Chatham. Gilbert's "Dublin" (vol. i., p. 294) tells us, what the "Life of Flood" does not, that the articles signed "Syndercombe" were from Flood's pen. The volume of "Public Characters for 1806," in noticing William Doyle, K.C., and Master in Chancery, remarks (p. 64) that he was "universally admired for his brilliant wit," and that "he contributed largely to 'Baratariana.'"

To the second edition of the book, published in 1773, there is appended the following so-called key; but the difficulty is to recognise, at this distance of time, the names which have been initialed, and to supply them:—

1. Sancho, ...	Lord T——d.
2. Gorcannelli, ...	Lord A——y.
3. Don Francisco Andrea del Bumperoso, ...	Rt. Hon. F——s A——s.
4. Don Georgio Buticarny, . .	Sir G——e M——y.
5. Don Antonio, ...	Rt. Hon. A——y M——e.
6. Don John Alnagero, . . .	Rt. Hon. J—n H——y H——n.
7. Don Philip, ...	Rt. Hon. P——p T——l.
8. Count Loftonso, ...	L. L——s, now E. of E——y.
9. Don John, ...	Rt. Hon. J——n P——y.
10. Don Helena, ...	R——t H——n, Esq.
11. Donna Dorothea del Monroso, ...	Miss M——o.
12. Don Godfredo Lily, . . .	G——y L——ll, Esq.
13. The Duke Fitzroyola, . .	Duke of G——n.
14. Cardinal Lapidaro, . . .	The late Prim. S——e.
15. The Bishop of Toledo, . .	Dr J——t B——e, late Bishop of C——k.
16. Don Edwardo Swanzero, .	E——d S——n, Esq.
17. Don Alexandro Cuningambo del Tweedalero, . . .	Surgeon C——m.
18. Donna Lavinia, ...	Lady St L——r.
19. Don Ricardo, ...	R——d P——r, Esq.

The first named is George Viscount Townshend, who

became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, October 14, 1767, and continued in the Government, until succeeded by Simon, Earl of Harcourt, Nov. 30, 1772.

2. Lord Annaly, Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland. As John Gore he represented Jamestown in Parliament for several years; d. April 3, 1783. A notice of Lord Annaly may be found in the *Annual Register for* 1784, p. 220.

3. The Right Hon. Francis Andrews. He succeeded Dr Baldwin as Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1758. Andrews had previously represented Dublin in Parliament: d. 1774.*

4. Sir George Macartney, Knight,† b 1737; Envoy Extraordinary to the Empress of Russia, 1764, and Plenipotentiary, 1767; knighted, October 1764. In July 1768, he was elected for the burgh of Armagh. In 1769 he became secretary to Lord Townshend, Viceroy of Ireland. In 1776 Sir George Macartney was raised to the peerage. He married the daughter of Lord Bute—hence the nickname *Buticarny.*

5. The Right Hon. Anthony Malone. For upwards of half a century an ornament to the Irish Bar; d. May 8, 1776. For a long account of him see Hardy's "Life of Charlemont," (vol. i., pp. 133–9;) Taylor's "Hist. of the Univer. of Dublin," (pp. 395–6;) and Grattan's "Memoirs," *passim.*‡

6. Right Hon. John Hely Hutchinson. In the "Directory" of the day he is styled "Prime Serjeant and Alnager of Ireland, Kildare St." He subsequently became Secretary of State and Keeper of the Privy Seal. For a long account of Hutchinson, see Hardy's "Charlemont," (i., 141; ii., 185.) Having obtained a peerage for his wife, he became ancestor of the Lords Donoughmore.§ Hutchinson died Sept. 10, 1793.

* Taylor's Hist. of the Univer. of Dublin, pp. 251–2; Wilson's Dublin Direc., (1770,) p. 41.

† *Vide* List of Privy Councillors, Dublin Direc., (1770,) p. 41.

‡ In Wilson's Directory for 1770, Malone is styled "King's First Counsel at Law, Sackville Street."

§ Burke's Peerage, (1848,) p. 315. For an account of his regime as Provost of Trin. Coll., see Taylor's Hist. of the Univer. of Dublin, p. 253.

7. Right Hon. Philip Tisdall, P.C., Attorney-General. He represented the University of Dublin in Parliament from 1739 until his death in 1777. For a full account and character of Tisdall, see Hardy's "Charlemont," (i., 152–6.) In the Directory of 1770 he is styled "Prin. Secre. of State, and Judge of the Prerogative Court, Leinster Street."

8. The Hon. Henry Loftus succeeded his nephew Nicholas as fourth Viscount Loftus;* b. November 11, 1709; advanced to the earldom of Ely, December 5, 1771.†

9. Right Hon. John Ponsonby, son of Lord Bessborough, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons; b. 1713; d. Dec. 12, 1789.‡

10. "Robert Hellen, K.C., and Counsel to the Commissioners, Great Cuffe Street; called to the bar Hilary Term, 1755."§ On May 4, 1778, he became Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas;‖ d. July 23, 1792.¶

11. A Miss Munro was said to have been mixed up with some of the political intrigues which characterised the Townshend and other administrations. "Dolly Monro" is traditionally described as a woman of surpassing beauty and powers of fascination. She was quite a Duchess of Gordon in the political circles of her time.

12. "Godfrey Lill, Esq., Solicitor-General, Merrion Square, M——, 1743."** On Dec. 15, 1774, he became Justice of the Common Pleas.†† Died Sept. 24, 1782.‡‡

13. Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, b. 1735, filled the offices of Secretary of State and First Lord of

* His ancestor, A. Loft-House, accompanied Lord Sussex to Ireland. Various family links subsequently united the Loftuses to the house of *Townshend*. General Loftus married, 1790, Lady E. Townshend, only daughter of Marquis Townshend. Her daughter Charlotte married Lord Vere Townshend.

† Burke's Peerage, p. 371, (1848.)

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 93; Hardy's Charlemont, i., pp. 184, 201, 293.

§ Wilson's Dublin Directories.

‖ Smyth's Law Officers of Ireland, p. 254.

¶ *Gent. Mag.*, 1793, p. 769.

** Wilson's Dublin Directories.

†† Smyth's Law Officers of Ireland, p. 253.

‡‡ Annual Register for 1783, p. 239.

the Treasury in 1765 and 1766, and that of Lord Privy Seal in 1771.

14. Primate Stone. He was the great political rival of Lord Shannon. Death closed the eyes of both within nine days of each other, in Dec. 1764.*

15. Dr Jemmet Browne, consecrated Bishop of Cork, 1743; promoted to Elphin, 1772.†

16. Edward B. Swan, Esq., Surveyor-General of the Revenue.‡ He was the father of the famous Major Swan, who arrested the thirteen delegates of the United Irishmen at Oliver Bond's in 1798, (Plowden's "Hist. Ireland," ii. 424,) and who afterwards assisted in the capture of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. (?) ["Castlereagh Correspondence," vol. i., 463.]

17. "Surgeon Alexander Cunningham, Eustace Street," figures in the list of surgeons at p. 98 of Wilson's Dublin Directory for 1770.

18. Lady St. Leger. R. St Leger (nephew of Hughes Viscount Doneraile, whose title became extinct in 1767) represented Doneraile from 1749 to 1776, when his Majesty pleased to create him Baron Doneraile as a reward for parliamentary services. He married Miss Mary Barry. She died March 3, 1778.§ This is probably the party referred to.

19. Richard Power, K.C. In the Directory of 1774, we find him styled "Third Baron of the Exchequer, and Usher and Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery, Kildare Street, Hilary, 1757." Mr Daunt, in his "Recollections of O'Connell," (ii. 145,) narrates an extraordinary anecdote of O'Connell's in reference to Baron Power, who, having failed to take Lord Chancellor Clare's life with a loaded pistol, proceeded to Irishtown to commit suicide by drowning. It was remarked as curious that in going

* Dublin Directory, 1769, p. 42; Hardy's Charlemont, vol. *i passim.*

† Wilson's Dublin Direc., 1774, p. 52.

‡ Dublin Direc., 1774, [Com. Rev.,] p. 73. The Viceroy, at p. 228 of Baratariana, is made to speak of "his trusty friends Swan and Waller." In the Directory for 1774, "George Waller, Clerk of the Minutes in Excise," is mentioned.

§ Archdall's Lodge's Peerage, vol. v., p. 123.

off to drown himself, he used an umbrella as the day was wet. Baron Power was a convicted peculator.

The *Anthologia Hibernica* for February 1794, p. 154, details the particulars of Baron Power's death. Besides his judicial office, he was usher to the Court of Chancery, and large sums were frequently deposited in his hands for the security of suitors. The Baron having pocketed £3000 in the Chandos suit, Lord Chancellor Clare was appealed to, who ordered the Baron to appear in court and answer for his conduct. The Judge hesitated, declaring that he held a seat on the same bench with the Chancellor in the Court of Exchequer Chamber. Lord Clare issued his command in a still more peremptory tone; and the tragedy detailed by Mr O'Connell was the result. Sir Jonah Barrington's elaborately embellished account of this transaction is most inaccurate. He suppresses all allusion to the embezzlements—of which, by the way, Barrington was himself convicted as a judge*—and merely says that Lord Clare teased Power to madness, because the Baron was arrogant himself, and never would succumb to the arrogance of Fitzgibbon, to whom in law he was superior. Both accounts, however, agree in saying that Power was immensely rich.

TOPING SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

It did not need the example of the Duke of Rutland to make hard drinking the fashion in Ireland. The anecdote, "Had you any assistance in drinking this dozen of wine?" "Yes, I had the assistance of a bottle of brandy," gives an idea of the extent to which the practice reached. Few songs were sung save those in praise of wine and women. Judge Day's brother, Archdeacon Day, wrote a popular song called "One Bottle More." But Baron Dawson of the Exchequer threw him into the shade, and wrote a famous song in eight stanzas, beginning :—

* Personal Sketches, vol. i., pp. 457–9. See notice of Barrington further on.

"Ye good fellows all,
Who love to be told where there 's claret good store,
Attend to the call of one who 's ne'er frighted,
But greatly delighted with six bottles more!

"Be sure you don't pass the good house Monyglass,
Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns.
'Twill well suit your humour,
For pray what would you more,
Than mirth with good claret and bumpers, Squire Jones?"

Curran sung :—

"My boys, be chaste till you 're tempted;
While sober be wise and discreet;
And humble your bodies with fasting,
Whene'er you 've got nothing to eat."

"It was an almost invariable habit at convivial meetings," observes an informant, "to lock the door lest any friend should depart. The window was then opened, and the key flung into the lawn, where it could not be again found without much difficulty. An Irish piper was stationed behind the door, where he jerked forth planxty after planxty as the toasts progressed. A certain baronet used to knock the shanks off each guest's glass, to necessitate draining it to the bottom before he could lay it down again. Gallons of buttered claret were drunk, and morning found the convivialists lying under the table in heaps of bodily and mental imbecility."

The late Dr Henry Fulton informed us that he heard from Mr Dawson, one of the Volunteer Convention of 1782, and afterwards Chairman of Armagh, the two following anecdotes, illustrative of Irish conviviality in the last century :—

Sir William Johnson and his friend Dawson were invited out to dine. Some time after dinner Sir William came to him and said: "Dawson, am I very drunk?" "No," said the other; "why so?" "Because," said the baronet, "I can't find the door." It would have been hard for him, for the host had a mock bookcase which moved on a spring, and when required closed up the entrance. After making another trial, Sir William gave it up, and quietly resumed his seat. Dawson escaped out of a window, got up-stairs to a sleeping apartment, and knowing that all the party

would remain for the night, bolted the door and barricaded it with all the furniture he could remove. Next morning he found two of the gentlemen in bed with him, who had effected an entrance through a panel of the door.

No gentleman thought of paying his debts, and the extensive house of Aldridge, Adair, and Butler, wine merchants in Dublin, sent a clerk to Connaught to collect money due to the firm. The clerk returned, protesting that he was half dead with *feasting*, but could get no money. Robin Adair then personally went down, and arrived at the house of his principal debtor just in time for dinner, and found a large party assembled. In the course of the evening the following was composed and sung :—

"Welcome to Foxhall, sweet Robin Adair.
How does Tom Butler do,
And John Aldridge, too ?
Why did they not come with you,
Sweet Robin Adair ?"

It is almost needless to add that he, too, returned without the debt.

To compensate for bad debts, a large margin for profit was fixed by the Dublin wine merchants of that day.

"Claret," writes Barrington, "was at that time about £18 the hogshead, if sold for ready rhino ; if on credit, the law, before payment, generally mounted it to £200, besides bribing the sub-sheriff to make his return, and swear that Squire . . . . had 'neither *body* nor *goods*.' It is a remarkable fact, that formerly scarce a hogshead of claret crossed the bridge of Banagher for a country gentleman, without being followed within two years by an attorney, a sheriff's officer, and a *receiver of all his rents*, who generally carried back securities for £500." In the *Irish Quarterly Review*, vol. ii., p. 331, is quoted a French author's description of Holybrook, county Wicklow, the seat of Robin Adair, "*Si famaux dans nombre des chansons.*" He was probably the head of the wine firm referred to by Dr Fulton. Another Adair, equally noted for bacchanalian powers, lived at Kilternan.

"Were I possess'd of all the chink
That was conquer'd by Cortez, Hernan,
I'd part with it all for one good drink
With Johnny Adair of Kilternan.

"The soldiers may drink to their Cumberland brave,
The sailors may drink to their Vernon,
Whilst all merry mortals true happiness have
With Johnny Adair of Kilternan."

Owen Bray, of Loughlinstown, also figures in more than one song:—

"Were ye full of complaints from the crown to the toe,
A visit to Owen's will cure you of woe;
A buck of such spirits ye never did know,
For let what will happen, they're always in flow;
When he touched up *Ballen a Mona*, oro,
The joy of that fellow for me."

Drinking clubs fanned the flame of political agitation and sectarian bitterness then so rife. One of these pandemoniums stood in Werburgh Street, where many a man with, as a song of the day has it,

"a goodly estate,
And would to the Lord it was ten times as great,"

drank himself to delirium, death, and beggary. The spirit of the times is shown in one of the club, who, having pitched a basin of filthy fluid from the window, which was hailed by a shriek below, exclaimed, "If you are a Protestant, I beg your pardon respectfully; but if you're a Papist (*hic*,) take it and bad luck to you!" *

The County Kildare was not second to Wicklow or Dublin in convivial indulgence. Some years ago, as we stood among the ruins of Clonshambo House, a song commemorative of its former occupant was chanted:—

"'Twas past one o'clock when Andrew got up,
His eyes were as red as a flambeau;
Derry down, my brave boys, let us sleep until eve,
Cried Andrew Fitz-Gerald of Clonshambo."

The windows of old Clonshambo House looked into a churchyard, which ought, one would think, to have preached a more salutary homily to the convivialists than the event seems to have proved. Adjoining it is a crumbling wall glassed, and displaying many a sturdy old neck with the cork still lodged in it.

The judges of the land, vulgarly regarded as almost infallible, were no better than their neighbours, and the

* Tradition communicated by F. T. P——, Esq.

phrase, "as sober as a judge," must for a time have fallen into disuse. Baron Monckton, being often *vino deditus*, as we are assured by Barrington, usually described the segment of a circle in making his way to the seat of justice. Judge Boyd, whose face, we are told, resembled "a scarlet pincushion well studded," possessed a similar weakness; and a newspaper, in praising his humanity, said that when passing sentence of death, it was observable that "he seldom failed to have *a drop* in his eye." Of the first judge named it might be said, as of the Geraldines, *Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores*, for Baron Monckton was imported from the English Bar.

John Egan, the chairman of Kilmainham, drank hard; and some clients, anxious to secure his professional services, made a stipulation with him, that no wine was to be drunk previous to the defence. Egan agreed, but casuistically evaded the engagement, by eating large quantities of bread soaked in wine.

Hard drinking continued fashionable in Ireland within the last forty years. A late eminent polemic habitually drank, without ill effects, a dozen glasses of whisky toddy at a sitting. Bushe, on being introduced to the late Con. Leyne of the Irish Bar, asked "Are you any relation to Con of the Hundred Battles?" "This is Con of the Hundred Bottles," interposed Lord Plunket.

A well-known person, named Led——ge, who lived at Bluebell, having met a favourite boon companion, was induced by him to partake of some refreshment at an inn, where he speedily consumed sixteen tumblers of punch. He was rising to leave, when the friend suggested that he should "make up the twenty." "The parish priest is to dine with me," replied Led——ge, "and I should not wish him to see the sign of liquor on me."

HOW LORD BUCKINGHAM PUNISHED JEPHSON AND PURCHASED JEBB.

Magee's lampoons on the Sham Squire's patron, the Marquis of Buckingham, were met by retorts in the same

vein. The chief writer of these retaliative epigrams was Robert Jephson, Master of the Horse at Dublin Castle. Lord Cloncurry, in his "Personal Recollections," observes, —"He lived at the Black Rock, in a house which still remains, nearly opposite Maretimo, and was, for a considerable period, the salaried poet laureate of the viceregal court. He lost place and pension by an untimely exercise of his wit, when dining one day at my father's house. The dinner was given to the Lord-Lieutenant, the Marquis of Buckingham, who happened to observe, in an unlucky mirror, the reflection of Jephson in the act of mimicking himself. He immediately discharged him from the laureateship."

Public writers were corrupted without stint during the administration of Lord Buckingham. By far the ablest man in Ireland, at that day, was Dr Frederick Jebb, the Irish Junius. Under the pseudonym of Guatimozin, he published powerful letters in sustainment of his country's cause. The viceroy, writing to Lord North, says—"As the press was exceedingly violent at that time, and had greater effect in inflaming the minds of the people, it was recommended to me as a measure of absolute necessity, by some means, if possible, to check its spirit. On this a negotiation was opened with Dr Jebb, who was then chief of the political writers, and he agreed, upon the terms of my recommending him for a pension of £300 a year, to give his assistance to Government, and since that time he has been very useful, as well by suppressing inflammatory publications as by writing and other services, which he promises to continue to the extent of his power."* After the death of Dr Jebb the pension was continued to his children.

SLANG SATIRES ON SHAMADO AND HIS FRIENDS.

By desire of the Publisher and others, we give, unabridged, in this Appendix the songs from which, at pp. 50, 51, we quoted a few stanzas. The following is ex

* Memoirs of Grattan, by his son, vol. ii., p. 175.

humed from the dusty file of the *Dublin Evening Post* of April 4, 1789. A tradition ascribes the authorship to a gentleman, long and familiarly known in Ireland as "Pleasant Ned Lysaght:"—

THE INFORMERS.

TUNE—"*The night before Larry was stretch'd.*"

PANDEMONIUM'S dread court was convened by mandates from Beelzebub's see,
And a horrible gloominess reign'd through the vault at its sovereign's beck;
The chiefs were arranged near his throne; each imp took his specified station;
All impatient until it was known whether anything threaten'd the nation,
Or their friends had relinquish'd their yoke.

At length the grim despot arose, (perceiving the fears of the meeting,)
His infernal intent to disclose; and thus he began, after greeting:—
"Chiefs, things of the highest import, well worthy, I deem, your attention,
Have occasion'd this summons to court for holding a weighty convention,
As I always take counsel in need.

"To you I need hardly avow that my joys spring from mankind's undoing,
And your duty will urge you, I trow, to assist in a scheme I've been brewing.
Occasion most apt for my ends having started to try your allegiance,
I shall shortly distinguish my friends by the promptitude of their obedience;
Then, see that my will be observed.

"Sweet confusion, if I have success, shall reward every care and endeavour,
And the station of Premier shall bless the devil who proves the most clever.

Then look to your agents on earth, and call who may best be relied on,
To a plan we ourselves will give birth,—do you search out whom you can confide in,
And let them be drawn to our aid."

Then Beelzebub paused for reply; but their tumult assail'd him like thunder,
Each having some friend in his eye, they near split his tympanums asunder.
Albeit though used to much din, their zeal overleap'd all precedent,
Till the sov'reign, with horrible *grin*, *looked to silence* the most disobedient,
And awed the demoniac crew.

His Demosthen' gave in black rolls of their pets in our capital city,
And Beelzebub smiled at long scrolls, when 'twas moved to select a committee.
He himself named SHAMADO as head; others rank'd in their order of merit.
——y—ra and ——ns then led; and ——lton to the assembly submitted,—
All these were allow'd good and true.

"My plan, then, concisely is this: *Shamado* must counsel Dick—y, his wigeon,
To ensure—hit, miss,—and do you help to forward his pigeon.
This signal must set on our crew, who eagerly strain for probation,
And (honour now bid an adieu) let each urge his black information.
The rest is committed to fate."

Hell rung with the loudest applause, and Beelzebub's pride was inflated;
The idea was his—his the cause; every demon was likewise elated.
The court then dissolved in a blaze; each fiend laid his plan of proceeding,
And, taking their devious ways, exulted, with hope of succeeding,
In every malevolent aim.

From Erebus' depths rose each elf, who glow'd with infernal desire;
But their prince judged it fit that himself should alone hold confab with the Squire.

Close intimates long though they stood, this case call'd for greater demerit,
And conscience, though purged from all good, might have wanted his *familiar spirit;*
For there's nothing like aid from a chum.

At his elbow the prince straight appear'd, surrounded with sulphurous vapour,
Just as Shamado foundation had rear'd of a lie for his infamous paper.
Mutual greetings soon pass between friends who are rarely or ever asunder;
So Beelzebub mention'd the ends of th' assembly as holden just under,
And told him the state of the case.

"'Tis well," said Shamado. "Gracious sire, your law has been always my pleasure;
I conceive what your highness desires,—'tis my duty to second the measure.
The deeper I plunge for your sake, the higher I raise my condition;
Then who would his fealty break to a prince who thus feeds his ambition,
And gratifies every desire?

"Through life I've acknowledged thy aid, and as constantly tasted thy bounty,—
From the Newgate solicitor's trade, till a sub-sheriff placed in the county.
Shall I halt in the midst of my sins, or sink fainting and trembling before 'em,
When my honour thick-spreading begins—when, in fine, I am one of the quorum,
And may in the Senate be placed.

"No, my liege. Since thy favour increase, I am tied by their strong obligation;
And, as vacant young minister's place, let your *faithful* engage in the station."
The sov'reign, well pleased with the *bit*, sent an imp in his suite with a bullet,
Told his counsel to make out the writ, and Shamado, the justice, would fill it,—
The fittest on earth for the charge.

Now the bustle of office began, and the Devil, content with 's chief menial,
Set him loose for the rapine of man, as he acted from motives congenial.
Like principles run through the group, each eagerly works in his function,
And their prince must confess such a troop never served him before in *conjunction*,
And never again may be join'd.

A NEW SONG TO THE TUNE OF "LARRY."

(*From the Dublin Evening Post of May 5*, 1789.)

Oh, de night afore Edgwort was tried,
De Council dey met in despair,
Geo Jos— was there; and beside
Was a doctor, a lord, and a player.*
Justice Sham den silence proclaim'd,
De Bullies dey all of dem harken'd;
Poor Edgwort says he will be framed;
His daylights perhaps will be darken'd,
Unless we can lend him a hand.

"Be de hokey!" says Geo, "I 'm afraid
I can't get him out of his trouble;
His blinkers I know they will shade,
If his lordship don't tip him de double.
To de Castle I 'd have him to go;
He 's de man dat can do such a job dere,
And get out de red-coats you know;
And den we can keep off de mob dere,
His peepers derby we can save."

No sooner he 'd spoke de word whole,
But de colour edged off from dere faces.
Says Roscius† "Now splinter your soul.
I 'd, by ——s, throw aces;

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* For a key to these characters, see p. 50.
† Richard Daly. (See pp. 72, 75, 92, 94, &c.)

Ay, rather be nick'd three times o'er,
Supposing 'twas on de last stake,
Den hear you say so any more;
'Twas a lie dat yourself you did make,
To go for to frighten de Sham.

"I'm sorry such falseness to see
Of a boy dat was bred in our school;
You dog, if it was not for he,
You'd often gone hungry to ——.
And now for a damnable tief
To go and invent such a lie,
I put your poor master in pain."
Away den de Quack he did fly,
And de Council bruk up like a shot.

Says Sham, "He's a boy of my own,
By the ties of relation endear'd,—
A fellow dat's proof to de bone,
Nor conscience nor devil e'er fear'd.
Young Roscius, I know, will subscribe,
Becase dey have often play'd hazard;
De Sheriff we'll try for to bribe,
And not let 'em pelt his poor mazzard,
To go for to mark it wid shame."

Says the Quack, "Now blister my limbs,
But I send him a great deal of pity;
What signifies people's nice whims?
We know he can swear very pritty.
In his paper he shall have de daub.
I'll tell Buckey de people will bless him,
If now he will comfort poor Bob,
When de laws of de land do distress him;
But I'm told they will tell de whole truth."

THE IRISH YEOMANRY IN 1798.

(P. 106, *ante.*)

The connivance of Dempsey, the yeoman, at Lord Edward's escape is the more singular, when we remember that he belonged to a body which was notorious for its implacability to suspected persons. The personal narratives of Hay, Cloney, Teeling, O'Kelly, the historic researches

of Madden, and the traditions of the people, furnish abundant anecdotes of their brutality. The following reminiscences, communicated to us by the late Mrs Plunkett of Frescati—the early residence, by the way, of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—as they do not happen to have been printed, may be given here. Mrs Plunkett was a Miss Barrington of the county Wexford, and belonged to an old and respectable Protestant family.

Previous to the outburst of the rebellion there was a noted bridewell at Geneva, in the county Wexford, wherein persons suspected of treasonable tendencies were incarcerated, and from thence removed soon after to some distant place of transportation. The betrothed of one young woman and the husband of another were cast into this prison. The women were permitted to visit the captives; they exchanged clothes, and the men passed out unrecognised. When the young women were discovered occupying the cells, nothing could exceed the rage of the local yeomanry. They assembled a mock court-martial, found the fair conspirators guilty of having aided and abetted the escape of traitors, and then sentenced them to be tossed naked in a blanket. The yeomanry carried their decision into effect. They roughly tore the garments from the young women, stripped them stark naked, and then prostrated them on the blanket which was prepared for their punishment. They were tossed unmercifully, amidst the brutal laughter of the assembled yeomanry. A Scotch regiment present had the manly feeling to turn their backs. The married woman was pregnant, and died from the effects of the treatment she received. The younger girl, a person of great beauty, was seriously injured both in body and mind. Mrs Plunkett frequently said, that on the approach of the yeomanry, flushed with victory and revenge, Father Brennan, a near neighbour of hers, fled, leaving a deaf and dumb girl in charge of the chapel-house. Mortified at not finding the priest, and irritated at the girl's silence, the yeomanry cut out her tongue, which had refused to obey them, and placing her upon a dunghill, slowly tortured her to death!

About the same time, and in the same county, the yeomanry, after having sacked the chapel and hunted the

priest, deputed one of their corps to enter the confessional and personate the good pastor. In the course of the day some young men on their way to the battle of Oulart, dropped in for absolution. One, who disclosed his intention, and craved the personated priest's blessing, was retorted upon with a curse, while the yeoman, losing patience, flung off the soutane, revealing beneath his scarlet uniform. The youth was shot upon the spot, and his grave is still shown at Passage.

The height to which party rancour ran was disgusting. Brunehaut, who condemned her foe to drink out of a murdered parent's skull, found imitators of her idiosyncracy in Ireland. Miss G——, the daughter of a Wexford terrorist, directed many of the tortures which were so extensively practised; and our informant knew her to stir a bowl of punch with a croppy's finger!

Miss G—— was subsequently burnt with yeomen and others in the barn at Scullabogue—an act which has cast indelible stigma on the rebellion in Wexford—and her screams were heard long after all others had ceased. A female servant of Mrs Barrington's surprised her mistress, long after the rebellion, by confessing, "It was I went for the lighted turf which set fire to the barn at Scullybogue."

Lord Cornwallis, the more humane viceroy who succeeded Lord Camden, notices, in a letter to General Ross, the "ferocity and atrocity" of the yeomen, and that they take the lead in rapine and murder. He adds:—

"The feeble outrages, burnings, and murders which are still committed by the rebels serve to keep up the sanguinary disposition on our side; and so long as they furnish a pretext for our parties going in quest of them, I see no prospect of amendment.

"The conversation of the principal persons of the country all tend to encourage this system of blood; and the conversation even at my table, where you will suppose I do all I can to prevent it, always turns on hanging, shooting, burning, &c., &c.; and if a priest has been put to death, the greatest joy is expressed by the whole company. So much for Ireland and my wretched situation."*

* Memoirs and Correspondence of the Marquis of Cornwallis, vol. ii., p. 368.

MR MACREADY'S STATEMENT.

[After we had received from Mr Macready a verbal statement of the facts recited, (p. 113, &c., *ante*,) he was good enough to commit to writing the subjoined further details, which graphically illustrate the calamitous period of the Rebellion.]

"Prior to the outburst of the insurrection in 1798, and while espionage was active in its pursuit of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, stimulated by the reward of £1000 for his apprehension, he was stopping in my grandfather's house, No. 124 Thomas Street, and passing as my mother's French tutor. She was not long home from France, having left it in consequence of the Revolution. She was a woman of much strength of character, and carried the different letters between Lord Edward and the other United Irishmen. While acting in this capacity, she usually went as a patient in Dr Adrien's carriage, with her arm bandaged up, and her clothes marked with blood. While Lord Edward was at James Moore's, the only person he saw, exclusive of Lawless and a few other trusted political friends, was his stepfather, Mr Ogilvie, who had been a tutor in the Leinster family, and the duchess married him. . . . . Lady Fitzgerald never visited him at Moore's, as it was supposed every move of hers was closely watched, but my mother brought his little daughter to see him. She was a seven months' child, and was afterwards married to Sir Guy Campbell, who was head of the Constabulary of Ireland. [Here the anecdote of Tuite, given at p. 110, *ante*, appears.] I had this from my grandfather and Tuite. The former promised to bury Tuite, but he outlived him by many years. It was considered unsafe for Lord Edward to remain concealed at our house, and my grandmother went down to Magan, a barrister, and friend of hers, who lived on Usher's Island, and arranged with him that to-morrow evening Lord Edward would go down at seven or eight o'clock to his place, and, to avoid being seen entering the front door, the stable in Island Street was to be open to admit him. At eight o'clock Mrs Moore and Pat Gallagher, a clerk of ours, walked out arm-in-arm, and my mother and Lord Edward behind. They went along Thomas Street to

Watling Street, and turned down at the end of Watling Street, and just at Island Street, near Magan's stable, Major Sirr stopped Lord Edward. My mother screamed out to Gallagher, who was a very powerful man. He at once upset Major Sirr; and only the Major had a coat of mail on him, his career was ended on that occasion, for Gallagher tried his dagger on him. Major Sirr was also a powerful man, wielded his dagger, and, although under Gallagher, contrived to drive it through the calf of his leg. Finding himself wounded, and fearing he would not be able to make his escape, and perceiving that he could not wound Major Sirr, he made the best of his way off, having first knocked the Major down with a box, using the butt of the dagger to assist his blow. My mother and Lord Edward fled at the first part of the fray, and as Murphy's (now Graham and Dunnill's wool-crane) was the nearest friend's place, they went into it. Mrs Moore got home as she best could; of Gallagher I will speak hereafter. The accuracy of the carpenter Tuite's information to Moore was soon confirmed. The next day my grandfather Moore's house was taken possession of. The famous Dr Gahan, the Augustinian friar, was visiting my mother, and she was seeing him to the door when the double knock came. The old priest in his humility stood partly behind the door to allow whoever it was to enter. A captain, a sergeant, and a large number of soldiers rushed in. They seized the poor old priest, and by the queue or pigtail, the then mode of wearing the hair, tied him up to a beam in the wareroom off the shop. My mother *cut him down*. She then remembered that the committee or council of the United Irishmen were sitting at a house in James's Gate, (the one now occupied by Mr M'Nulty.) While the soldiers were taking possession and rifling the house, she ran up to James's Gate, and informed the parties there that her father's house was full of soldiers. The father of the Rev. George Canavan, late P. P. of St James's, had a tan-yard outside the house wherein the Directory met. Into this yard they descended through a window, and escaped down Watling Street. My mother, when returning, met some of the soldiers; one of them recognised her, and said 'There's that croppy b—h again,' making a drive at her with his

bayonet, which was screwed to the top of his musket. She stooped and escaped, but the bayonet cut her across the shoulders. There were some good shots on the *qui vive*. The occurrence just took place on the site of Roe's distillery, and a shot was forthwith fired from a house at the corner of Crane Lane, which closed the loyal career of the soldier who wounded my mother. He was shot dead. The official report in the newspapers next day stated that they were so near capturing the Committee or Directory of the United Irishmen that in their flight they left the taper lighting, and the wax was soft with which they had been sealing their letters and documents. I should have mentioned that Magan went up the next morning to know had anything happened, as he was quite uneasy at not seeing Lord Edward and Mrs Moore, and that he had stopped up until midnight expecting them. While on this point I may as well finish it. When Dr Madden was getting information from my mother, he asked who she thought had betrayed Lord Edward. Whether she said this to him or not I cannot say; but just as he left, she said to me, 'Dr Madden asked me who I thought betrayed Lord Edward, and only fearing I should sin against charity, I would have said it was Magan, for *no one* but my mother and he knew that Lord Edward was to go down to his (Magan's) house on Usher's Island the night his lordship was stopped by Major Sirr. Poor Lord Edward himself did not know we were going to Magan's house till we set out for it. We told Magan next day what a narrow escape we had that night, and how Lord Edward had to take refuge in Murphy's. Lord Edward was arrested on the following day in Murphy's house.' *

"Gallagher, of whom I have already spoken, was brought out for execution; but he put on a freemason's apron, having received an intimation that the captain of the guard was a member of the craft. By some rule of *their faith*, one brother cannot see another hanged. Be this as it

* It is more than probable that Mrs Macready did not avow during that interview her suspicion of Magan. It took place, as we learn from the Lives of the United Irishmen, (vol. ii., p. 406,) in the year 1842. Magan was then alive. Reminiscences contributed by Mrs Macready appear, but Magan's name does not occur in them.

may, the captain ordered his men away, and Gallagher was taken back to the Provost Prison until some non-masonic hangman could be got. After, or about this time, the executions at the corner of Bridgefoot Street, in Thomas Street, were going on, and the blood flowing from the block whereon the poor rebels were quartered clogged up the sewers, and some dogs *were licking it up.* The Lady Lieutenant was driving past, and got such a fright from this horrible scene that she fainted in the carriage. Having arrived home, she wrote to her brother, who was high in the then Government, for God's sake to stop this wholesale massacre of the defenceless. Her humane appeal had the desired effect; an order came to stem all further executions; *enough blood had been shed.* The rest of the prisoners were ordered to be transported, and vessels for that purpose were sent over. In one of these poor Gallagher was placed, heavily ironed. The night before the transport sailed, his young wife was permitted to see him, when his manacles, for that occasion, were taken off. His wife brought a coil of sash cord under her dress; night came on before she left, and Gallagher held one end while she took the other ashore. The captain, as soon as he thought the wife was out of sight of the ship, ordered the prisoner to be put in irons again. When they went to him for that purpose he said, 'Can you not wait *one* minute?' They paused, and he leaped overboard, and was towed by the rope safely ashore, before the sailors (who told the captain the man had leaped in) had time to overtake him in a boat. He was put aboard a smuggling lugger that conveyed salt to France, and in years afterwards James Moore, his former master, met him in London. He told him he was a wealthy hotel-keeper in Bordeaux, and the handsome landlady, of course, was the person who pulled the cord with him aboard the transport ship.

"My mother took £500 to the doctor who attended the prisoners in Birmingham Tower, Dublin Castle, where my grandfather was detained, and he certified my grandfather was mad! Whether he arrived at this conclusion from his professional skill or my mother's persuasive powers, deponent further knoweth not; but I even heard, in the event of my grandfather's escape, he was to be further

convinced that my grandsire was mad. Major Sirr had not implicit faith in the doctor's word, for he went to the Tower to judge for himself. The prisoner must have acted the maniac to life, for he made Major Sirr run for his life after severely biting him. He then passed out of the Tower and escaped up Castle Street. The Government never re-arrested him, believing him insane.

"Major Sirr and Jemmy O'Brien, the informer, were looking for pikes at the rear of my grandfather's stores in a field that is now occupied by Messrs Fitzimmons, timber-merchants, Bridgeford Street. A croppy, named Clayton, saw them, and had them covered with his carbine; but, as he could only hit one, he feared the other might escape, and that he himself would be captured. He told this to Casey, who said each of them were fully worth a charge of powder. This, perhaps, was the narrowest escape Major Sirr had, for he it was that was covered, and covered moreover by a man of unerring aim—the same who hit the soldier at Costigan's Gate."

JEMMY O'BRIEN.

O'Brien, to whom Mr Macready refers, had obtained an unenviable notoriety for murder, burglary, and general chicane, when Major Sirr enlisted him in his service as a "bloodhound," who, to quote the words of Curran, "with more than instinctive keenness pursued victim after victim." "I have heard," he added, "of assassinations by sword, by pistol, and by dagger, but here is a wretch who would dip the Evangelists in blood. If he thinks he has not sworn his victim to death, he is ready to swear without mercy and without end. But, oh! do not, I conjure you, suffer him to take an oath; the hand of the murderer should not pollute the purity of the gospel, or, if he will swear, let it be by the knife, the proper symbol of his profession." To trace O'Brien through the bloody track of his progress during "the reign of terror," would prove a repulsive task. The following account of the circumstances which led to his end were given to us in 1854 by a gentleman connected

with the Irish Executive. In the year 1800, O'Brien was deputed to scrutinise some persons who had assembled for the purpose of playing foot-ball near Stevens' Lane. In scrambling over a fence which enclosed the field, assisted by an old man named Hoey, who happened to be on the spot, the cry of "O'Brien the informer" was immediately raised, the people fled, and O'Brien in his chagrin turned round and illogically wreaked his vengeance by stabbing Hoey to death. He was tried for the crime, and sentenced to execution by Judge Day, who was a just judge in bad times, and disregarded the eulogiums with which Major Sirr belauded O'Brien during the trial. The delight of the populace was unbounded. A vast ocean of people surged round the prison and under the gallows. A delay occurred; the populace became impatient, and finally uneasy, lest the Government should have yielded to the memorial which was known to have been presented in his favour. A multitudinous murmur gradually gave place to a loud boom of popular indignation. The delay was caused by the cowardice of O'Brien, who shrank from his approaching doom. Prostrate on his knees, he begged intervals of indulgence according as the turnkey reminded him "that his hour had come." At length Tom Galvin, the hangman, a person of barbarous humour, accosted him, saying, "Ah, Misther O'Brien, long life to you, sir, come out on the balcony, an' don't keep the people in suspense; they are mighty onasy entirely under the swing-swong."

GENERAL LAWLESS.

(P. 116, *ante*.)

Having some reason to doubt the accuracy of the account given on hearsay by the late Lord Cloncurry, and quoted by Dr Madden, which represented Lawless effecting his escape in the guise of a butcher, carrying a side of beef on his shoulder, we instituted inquiries as to the real facts, and the parties exclusively competent to state them; and with this object we had an interview, in 1854, with the late Mrs Ryan of Upper Gardiner Street, then in her eighty-second year.

After the break-up of the Executive Directory by the arrests at Oliver Bond's, a new one, composed of John and Henry Shears, William Lawless, and others, started into existence, determined to carry out the plans of the original founders. Proclamations appeared, and several arrests were made; but Lawless, owing to his own tact, and the presence of mind of his friends, escaped. Lawless was proceeding to his mother's house in French Street at a rapid pace, through Digges Street, when his sister, perceiving his approach, appeared at the drawing-room window, and motioned him to retire. The house was at that moment undergoing a search by Major Sirr and his myrmidons, and had Lawless come up, his life would, doubtless, have paid the forfeit. It is a significant fact that, on the following day, Henry Sheares was arrested in the act of knocking at Lawless's door. The family of Mr Byrne, of Byrne's Hill, in the Liberty, was then staying at their country residence, near Kimmage, where Mr Byrne and his daughters, of whom our informant, Mrs Ryan, was one, provided Lawless with an asylum. He was concealed in a garret-bedroom, communicating with a small clothes closet, into which he retired at every approach, even of the servants, who were quite unconscious of his presence. Days rolled over, and the search, but without avail, continued. Military and yeomanry scoured the country round. Major Sirr was so active, that some swore he possessed the alleged ornithological property of being in two places at once.

The Lawyers' corps having been on duty near Kimmage, it was suggested that Mr Byrne's house should be searched; but a gallant nephew of Lord Avonmore, who commanded, refused to sanction this proceeding, in consequence of Mr Byrne's absence, and the presence of several ladies in the house. Lawless thanked his stars; but the fears of the family were greatly excited by the proximity of his pursuers, and they resolved at all hazards to remove him to Dublin previous to making one desperate effort to reach France. Word was sent to Philip Lawless, an eminent brewer, residing at Warrenmount, the elder brother of William, to send his carriage to Mr Byrne's to convey him to town. Mrs Ryan, then Miss Byrne, dressed Lawless in a loose

white wrapper of her own, and a close beaver bonnet. As Lawless possessed a pale, sallow countenance, Miss Byrne applied some effective touches, not of ordinary rouge, but of lake paint, to his cheeks. The outlaw, accompanied by Mrs Ryan and her two sisters, entered the carriage and proceeded openly at noon-day to Dublin. The rebellion had not yet burst forth. No opposition was offered to the ordinary transit of vehicles. When half way to Dublin, a party of yeomanry scowled into the carriage, but not detecting anything suspicious, suffered it to proceed. Having arrived at the residence of Mrs Lawless, the outlaw sent for a suit of sailor's clothes and donned them; but his long pale face was far from disguised. To effect this desideratum, Lawless placed upon his head an immense coil of cable, which he so arranged that a large portion descended upon his forehead, and went far to baffle recognition. As he proceeded with this burthen in the direction of Rogerson's Quay, the redoubtable Major Sirr passed him closely, but the disguise was so perfect, that no suspicion seems to have been excited. Lawless gained greater confidence from this moment, reached the wharf, embarked on board a merchant vessel, and a favourable wind soon wafted him to the shores of France. He entered the military service of that country, gained distinction, lost a leg, and died a general in 1824.

One of the Irish refugees, Colonel Byrne, addressing the present writer in a letter dated "Paris, Rue Montaigne, February 18, 1854," says :—

"Lord Cloncurry committed a mistake in his 'Personal Recollections' respecting General Lawless having lost his leg at Flushing, in August 1809. He lost it at the battle of Lowenberg, in August 1813. It appeared ridiculous that a colonel with but one leg should be put at the head of a regiment of infantry in a campaign by Napoleon."

* Colonel Byrne adds: "I have made notes of the principal events and transactions that came within my knowledge during the insurrection of 1798, as well as that of 1803. If I thought their publication could in any way tend to benefit my native country, I would cheerfully get them printed; but I am well aware that the present time is not a propitious moment. I trust a time may come when the publication of such documents will be encouraged. They will show the efforts and sacrifices that were made to procure the inde-

In Ireland Lawless had been a physician of great promise, and filled the chair of Physiology and Anatomy at the College of Surgeons. Another eminent medical man, Dr Dease, Professor of the Practice of Surgery, was also deeply implicated; but he lacked the moral energy of Lawless, and, on timely information reaching him that a warrant was in progress for his apprehension, he retired to his study, and died, like Cato, by his own hand. A fine white marble bust of this physician, inscribed "William Dease, obiit 1798," is preserved in the Hall of the College of Surgeons. The old man's brow, furrowed by years of earnest honest labour, and the intelligent expression of his eye, prematurely quenched, awaken painful emotions.*

William Lawless possessed a cultivated literary taste; and in the *Irish Masonic Magazine* for 1794, many poems from his pen may be found. He had been a member of the Royal Irish Academy; but *Faulkner's Dublin Journal* for 1802 announces his expulsion on political grounds.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

A late eminent writer, Mr Daniel Owen Maddyn, author of "Ireland and its Rulers," "Revelations of Ireland," "The Age of Pitt and Fox," "Chiefs of Parties," &c., in a letter to the author, written a few days before his death, strongly recommended that the present work, of which we gave him an outline, should be entitled, "Lord Edward Fitzgerald and his Bloodhounds," and enclosed a story which he rightly considered would form an interesting note.

The story, whether true or false, ran to this effect:—

"Lady C—— was extremely anxious to discover where her father was interred, so as to give him decent

pendence of Ireland." Colonel Byrne has since paid the debt of nature, and the work in question has been published under the auspices of his widow, a sister to the late Francis Horner.

* A story is told to the effect that Dr Dease, having made a fatal mistake in professional treatment of a patient, committed suicide; but the true circumstances of his death we believe to be as above given, and this account we find corroborated by Dr Madden.

sepulture. It was said that he had been buried in various places; but on examining them, it was found that the information was erroneous. After much investigation, she was at last referred to one old man, who, it was stated, could tell her.

"She accordingly went to this pauper's house, and found a man in bed, and no sooner did he see her than he said, 'I know who you are—you must be the daughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, you are so like him.' She told him the object of her visit, and then he related to her that he had lingered about Newgate when her father died, and that after nightfall he saw six men bearing out a shell, and that he followed them until they came to Werburgh's Church, and that he saw them take the coffin into the vaults of the church, and that, unperceived by them, he stole into the vaults after them, and saw where they deposited the coffin. From intensity of feeling, in the wildness of grief for his lost master, he stayed all that night in the vaults, and in order to mark the coffin he scratched the letters 'E. F.' on the lid. In doing this he used a rusty old nail which he had picked up. He had great difficulty afterwards in forcing his way out through a grated window.

"He then put his arm into his breast and took out a rag of cloth, gave Lady C—— the identical nail, and told her to go to Werburgh's Church. She went there with her friends, and in the vaults she discovered the coffin exactly as it had been described by her informant, and the letters 'E. F.' incised on it several inches long.

"Such," adds Mr Maddyn, "is the story told me by a member of the bar—a Tory, and a man moving in capital society."

In the churchyard of St Werburgh is also buried Major Sirr, by whose hand Lord Edward fell. See Appendix.

JOHN AND HENRY SHEARES.

The Brothers Sheares were natives of Cork, whither the younger had proceeded, early in May 1798, for the pur-

pose of organising that county. An energetic co-operator in this movement was a silversmith named Conway, a native of Dublin. The treachery of this man was so artfully concealed that his most intimate friends never suspected him.

"If those who join secret societies," writes a Cork correspondent, "could get a peep at the records of patriotic perfidy kept in the Castle, they would get some insight into the dangerous consequences of meddling with them. There is a proverbial honour amongst thieves; there seems to be none amongst traitors. The publication of the official correspondence about the end of the last century made some strange revelations. In Cork, there lived a watchmaker, named Conway, one of the directory of the United Irishmen there. So public and open a professor of disloyal sentiments was he, that on the plates of his watches he had engraved as a device a harp without a crown. For a whole generation this man's name was preserved as 'a sufferer for his country,' like his ill-fated townsmen, John and Henry Sheares. The 'Cornwallis Correspondence,' (vol. iii., p. 85,) reveals the fact that Conway was a double-dyed traitor; that he had offered to become a secret agent for detecting the leaders of the United Irishmen, and that the information he gave was very valuable, particularly as confirming that received from a solicitor in Belfast, who, whilst acting as agent and solicitor to the disaffected party, was betraying their secrets to the executive, and earning, in his vile *rôle* of informer, a pension, from 1799 to 1804, of £150, and the sum of £1460, the wages he received for his services."

The fate of the Sheares has been invested with something of a romantic interest; and not a few traditional accounts describe their end as not less saintly than that of Charles the First. Into their case, as in that of other political martyrs, some romance has been imported; and as truth is stranger than fiction, we may tell an anecdote communicated to us by the late John Patten, brother-in-law of Thomas Addis Emmet. The Shearesses, though nominally Protestants, were tinged with deistical ideas. "I heard it stated," observed Mr Patten, "that when the hangman was in the act of adjusting the noose round the

neck of John Sheares before proceeding to the scaffold, he exclaimed, 'D--n you, do you want to kill me before my time?' I could not credit it, and asked the Rev. Dr Gamble, who attended them in their last moments, if the statement were correct. 'I am sorry to say,' replied Dr Gamble, 'that it is perfectly true. I myself pressed my hand against his mouth to prevent a repetition of the imprecation.'"

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN IRELAND.

(See p. 107, *ante*.)

Exception has been taken to impressions of the reign of terror in Ireland, whether derived from traditional sources which possess no personal knowledge of it, and, on the principle that a story never loses in its carriage, may be prone to exaggeration; or from the testimony of partisan participators in the struggle, who still smart from the combined effects of wrong received and unsatisfied vengeance.

The Viceroy, Lord Cornwallis, is at least a witness above suspicion. In a letter dated April 15, 1799, he writes:—

"On my arrival in this country I put a stop to the burning of houses and murder of the inhabitants by the yeomen, or any other persons who delighted in that amusement; to the flogging for the purpose of extorting confession; and to the free-quarters, which comprehend universal rape and robbery throughout the whole country." And on the 24th July 1798, we are assured, "except in the instances of the six state trials that are going on here, there is no law either in town or county but martial law, and you know enough of that, to see all the horrors of it, even in the best administration of it. Judge, then, how it must be conducted by Irishmen, heated with passion and revenge. But all this is trifling compared with the numberless murders which are hourly committed by our people without any process or examination whatever."*

To either of the objections just noticed, advanced by persons who are sceptical as to the extent of the Irish Reign of Terror, General Sir George Cockburn, who fought

* Correspondence of Marquis Cornwallis, vol. ii., p. 368.

against the rebels, is not open. From his representative, Phineas Cockburn, Esq., of Shangana Castle, we have received several interesting MSS. in the autograph of the General, which possess much interest for the students of the calamitous period of '98.

"Sampson's papers," observes General Cockburn, in a letter to Lord Anglesey, "contained details of most horrible outrages on the people, of cruelty and foul deeds. Of course violence begets violence, and though the people in many cases were driven to retaliation, it was not before murder, burning, destruction of property, often on suspicion of being suspected, and flogging, drove them to desperation."

The following curious paper has, with others, been placed at our disposal by Mr Cockburn :—

"THE STEP-LADDER, OR A PICTURE OF THE IRISH GOVERNMENT AS IT WAS BEFORE LORD CORNWALLIS'S ARRIVAL, AND DURING THE SYSTEM OF TERROR, ETC.

No. 1.—The Cabinet, viz.,	The Chancellor,	1
	Speaker,	2
	C. Cashel (Archbishop)	3
	Castlereagh,	4
	J. Beresford, Commissr.	5
No. 2.—Under-strappers to do.,	E. Cooke,	6
	Drogheda,	7
	Glentworth,	8
	Carhampton,	9
	J. Claudius Beresford,	10
No. 3.—Strong supporters of do., of Orangeism, jobbing and corruption,	Enniskillen,	11
	Lees,	12
	Carleton,	13
	Perry,	14
	Isaac Corry,	15
No. 4.—Servants to the Faction, viz.,	Waterford,	16
	Annesley,	17
	Blaquire,	18
	Londonderry,	19
	Toler,	20
	Kingsborough,	21

No. 5.—Very mischievous men, and enemies to liberty, . . .	Downshire, . .	22
	Dillon, . . .	23
	Trench, . . .	24
	Dr Duignan, . .	25
	O'Beirne, Bp. of Meath,	26
	Tuam (Archbishop), .	27
	Alexander, Mem. Derry,	28
No. 6.—R——n Magistrates, always ready to murder, burn, &c., .	Burns, Meath,	29
	Finley, do.,	
	Cleghorn, do.,	
	S. H. Mannix, Cork,	
	Fitzgerald, Tipperary,	
	Jacob, do.,	
	Tyrrel,* Kildare,	
	Knipe, do.,	
	Griffith, do.,	
	Blaney, Monaghan,	
No. 7.—Miscreants, . .	Sirr, . . .	30
	Swan, . . .	31
	Sands, . . .	32
	Giffard, . . .	33
	Hempenstall, Lt. M.,	34
	Spectacle Knox, .	35
	Higgins, . . .	36
No. 8.—Spies, viz., . .	Armstrong, . .	37
	Reynolds, . . .	38
	Cope,† . . .	39
No. 9.—Turnkey and Gaoler to the Faction, .	Godfry," . . .	40

* This entry has elicited, since publication, a protest from the representatives of the late Captain Tyrrel, J.P., of Ballinderry, county Kildare. We have instituted inquiries on the subject, and find that this family were always popular. General Cockburn probably refers to another party.

† Another remonstrance has reached us from Sir William H. Cope, Bart., who, not unnaturally, complains that the word "spy" should be applied to his late grandfather. As the phrase occurs in a document written by General Cockburn, it is impossible to alter it; but we can have no difficulty in saying, that although Mr. Cope urged Reynolds to resort to betrayal and espionage, he was

A few remarks in illustration of the persons enumerated in the "Step-Ladder" of General Cockburn serves to disclose a condensed history of the time.

1. Lord Chancellor Clare was the son of John Fitzgibbon, who had received his education for the Roman Catholic priesthood, but preferring civil to canon law, conformed, with a view to becoming a member of the bar. The subsequent Lord Clare was appointed attorney-general in 1784, and five years later attained the topmost rung of "the step-ladder," from whence he looked down with supercilious scorn on those by whose aid he had risen. He rapidly covered all Ireland with his partisans. Both houses of Parliament became his automatons. Of coercion he was an uncompromising advocate. In 1784, as alleged by Plowden, he introduced a bill for demolishing Roman Catholic chapels. In Parliament he defended the use of torture. In private, as his letters to Lord Castlereagh show, he upset the bill of Catholic relief, which, according to Mr Pitt's promise, was to have accompanied the Act of Union. But it should be remembered by the assailants of Lord Clare's reputation, that, unlike many of the influential men enumerated in General Cockburn's "step-ladder," he, at least, was politically consistent, and did not commence his career in the ranks of the tribunes. In action he was impulsive, fearless, and despotic. Rushing to a political meeting convened by the High Sheriff of Dublin, and attended by one friend only, this, the most unpopular man in all Ireland, interrupted a democratic orator in his address, commanded the mob to disperse, almost pushed the high sheriff from the chair, and threatened an *ex-officio* information. The sheriff, panic-stricken, dissolved the meeting. If hissed in the street, Lord Clare pulled out pistols.* He powerfully contributed to carry the Union. His ambition was indomitable, and he aspired to transfer his boundless influence to the wider field of England. He had placed several viceroys in succession beneath his thumb. Might

himself neither a spy nor a betrayer. Sir William Cope's able vindication of his grandfather from General Cockburn's accusation of "Spy," will be found at the conclusion of our notes to the "Step-ladder."

* Unpublished Diary of Lord Clonmel, p. 449.

he not also attain an ascendency over the personage whom they represented?

"If I live," said Lord Clare, when the measure was brought before the House of Peers, "if I live to see the Union completed, to my latest hour I shall feel an honourable pride in reflecting on the little share I may have had in contributing to effect it."

His first speech in the British Parliament met with interruption and rebuffs. He abused the Catholics, ridiculed his country, was called to order by Lord Suffolk, rebuked by the Lord Chancellor, resumed, was again called to order, lost temper, and stigmatised the opposition as "Jacobins and levellers." "We would not bear this insult from an equal," exclaimed the Duke of Bedford; "shall we endure it at the hands of mushroom nobility?" Even Mr Pitt was disgusted. "Good G—d," said he, addressing Mr Wilberforce, "did ever you hear, in all your life, so great a rascal as that?" Mr Grattan mentions, in the memoirs of his father, that this anecdote was stated by Mr Wilberforce to Mr North.

Crestfallen, Lord Clare returned to Ireland, where he found a number of hungry place-seekers awaiting his arrival. "Ah," said he, as he began to calculate his influence, and found it wanting, "*I*, that once had all Ireland at my disposal, cannot now nominate the appointment of a gauger." His heart broke at the thought, and on January 28, 1802, Lord Clare, after a painful illness, and while yet comparatively young, died.* His death-bed presented a strange picture. Charles Phillips says he ordered his papers to be burned,† as hundreds might be compromised. In Grattan's

* A few days after the Sham Squire's demise. Lord Clare, notwithstanding his avowed tendency to foster political profligacy, possessed the redeeming virtue of having snubbed the Sham Squire.

† It has been mentioned by the *Athenæum* (No. 1634) as a significant fact, that nearly all those who were concerned in carrying the Union had destroyed their papers, and Lord Clare, Sir Edward Littlehales, with Messrs Wickham, Taylor, Marsden, and King, were instanced. It is also remarkable, that all the MS. reports of the eloquent anti-Union speeches, with the MSS. of many pamphlets hostile to the measure, were purchased from Moore the publisher, and burnt by order of Lord Castlereagh. See Grattan's Memoirs, vol. v., p. 180. Lord Clonmel, in his last moments, expressed much anxiety to destroy his papers. His nephew, Dean Scott, who assisted in the conflagration, assured Mr Grattan that one letter in particular com-

Memoirs it is stated, on the authority of Lord Clare's nephew, that he bitterly deplored having taken any part in effecting the Union. Plowden states that he vainly called for the assistance of a Catholic priest; but we have never seen the allegation confirmed. His funeral was insulted by much of the indecency which attended Lord Castlereagh's in Westminster Abbey. In one of Lord Clare's speeches he declared, that he would make the Catholics as tame as cats. Dead cats were flung upon his hearse and his grave. Lord Cloncurry, in his "Recollections," says that he was obliged to address the infuriated populace from the balcony of Lord Clare's house in Ely Place, ere they could be induced to relinquish the unseemly hooting which swelled the death-knell of John, Earl of Clare.

2. "Mr Foster, we learn, was for several years not only the supporter, and indeed the ablest supporter of the administration, but the conductor and manager of their schemes and operations."* He sternly opposed the admission of Catholics to the privileges of the constitution; but Ireland must always remember him with gratitude for the determined hostility with which, as Speaker of the Irish Parliament, he opposed the Legislative Union.

Feeling that the papers of Mr Foster (afterwards Lord Oriel) would throw great light upon the history of the Union, we asked the late Lord Massareene, who represented him, for permission to see them, but it appeared that the Honourable Chichester Skeffington "seized" the archives after Lord Ferrard's death, and Lord Massareene never saw them after.

pletely revealed Lord Castlereagh's scheme to foster the Rebellion of '98 in order to carry the Union. The purchase of Lord De Blaquire's papers by the Government appears in our notice of that personage. Mr Commissioner Phillips tells us that the debates on the Union called into operation all the oratorical talent of Ireland, but their record has been suppressed, and that the volume containing the session of 1800 is so inaccessible, that it has been sought for in vain to complete the series in the library of the House of Lords. Whether by accident or design, the materials for a true history of the Union are yearly becoming less. The late Lord Londonderry has recorded that the ship which was conveying a chest of the most valuable of his brother Castlereagh's papers foundered, and the papers were lost!

* Review of the Irish House of Commons, p. 129.

3. Charles Agar was appointed Archbishop of Cashel in 1779, translated to Dublin in 1801, and created Earl of Normanton in 1806. Long before he obtained these high promotions, Lord Clonmel clearly saw that he was a very ambitious man. When we learn that his Grace acquired £40,000 by a single renewal fine, the statement that he amassed a fortune of £400,000 is not surprising.* Lord Normanton would seem to have been more active as a privy councillor than as a prelate, for Archbishop Magee declared that "the diocese of Dublin had been totally neglected" by his predecessors.† A savage biographical notice of Archbishop Agar appears in Cox's *Irish Magazine* for August 1809, pp. 382-4, together with some lines beginning :—

> "Adieu, thou mitred nothingness, adieu,
> Thy failings many, and thy virtues few."

Yet amid the sectarian strife of that day it is pleasant to find "C. Cashel" in amicable epistolary correspondence with his rival, Dr James Butler, Roman Catholic Archbishop of the same diocese.‡

4. Lord Castlereagh, who, falsifying the hyperbolical apothegm of Dr Johnson that "patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel," began political life in the ranks of the patriots. Of his hostility to the lordly interest, and identification with the reform or popular party, the autobiographies of Teeling and Sampson furnish curious particulars. His electioneering agent on those principles was Neilson the Rebel. Lord Castlereagh's subsequent career is too notorious to require special detail. Dr Madden calls him the Robespierre of Ireland, and says that his memory has "the faint sickening smell of hot blood about it." Lord Cornwallis writes of him in 1798—"I have every reason to be highly satisfied with Lord Castlereagh, who is really a very uncommon young man." This "uncommon young man" exerted himself certainly in an uncommon way. He writes, in a letter marked "Most Secret," dated Dublin

* Dalton's Archbishops of Dublin, p. 351.
† Charge delivered October 24, 1822, p. 33.
‡ Renehan's Irish Church History, edited by Rev. D. M'Carthy p. 345.

Castle, January 2, 1799, and printed in the "Cornwallis Papers,"—"My dear Sir,—Already we feel the want, and indeed the absolute necessity of the *primum mobile*. We cannot give that activity to the press which is requisite. We have good materials amongst the young barristers, but we cannot expect them to waste their time and starve into the bargain. I know the difficulties, and shall respect them as much as possible, in the extent of our expenditure; but, notwithstanding every difficulty, I cannot help most earnestly requesting to receive £5000 in bank-notes by the first messenger." This letter is addressed to one of the Government officials in London, and ample remittances came forthwith. Ireland, when weak and prostrate from loss of blood, was robbed by Lord Castlereagh of its virtue and its parliament. The corruption he practised to silence opposition has been sometimes denied; but little attempt to disguise it appears in his own correspondence, notwithstanding the ample weeding which it admittedly underwent.

"It will be no secret," writes the unprincipled statesman, "what has been promised, *and by what means the Union has been secured*. His appointment will encourage, not prevent, disclosures; and the only effect of such a proceeding on their (the ministers') part will be, to add the weight of their testimony to that of the anti-unionists *in proclaiming the profligacy of the means by which the measure has been accomplished*."*

The "Cornwallis Papers" are much less reticent than the printed correspondence of Lord Castlereagh. Mr Wickham writes, on January 7, 1799, in reply to Lord Castlereagh's appeal for money, that "a messenger will be sent off to-morrow with the remittance [£5000,] particularly required for the present moment;" and that "the Duke of Portland has every reason to hope that means will soon be found of placing a larger sum at the Lord Lieutenant's disposal." Lord Castlereagh, on January 10, thus acknowledges the money:—"The *contents* of the messenger's despatches are very interesting. Arrangements with a view to further communications of the same nature will be

* Memoirs and Correspondence of Viscount Castlereagh, vol. iii. p. 331.

highly advantageous, and the Duke may depend on their being carefully applied." P. 34.

On November 23, 1798, money is required to stimulate the provincial press. April 5, 1800, Mr Pitt promised to send from £8000 to £10,000. July 10, 1800, Mr Marsden writes :—"Lord Castlereagh wishes me to remind you of the necessity of supplies—we are in great want." Dec. 9, 1800, a similar call.

After these details we are not surprised that the late Duke of Portland should have become heartily ashamed of preserving his father's correspondence. Mr Ross, editor of the "Cornwallis Papers," writes :—"Among the valuable sources of information thus freely opened to me I must mention the 'Spencer,' 'Hardwicke,' 'Sydney,' and 'Melville Papers.' Many other collections have been as cordially submitted to my inspection, *but upon investigation it appeared that such documents as might have thrown additional light on the history of those times, and especially of the Union, had been purposely destroyed.* For instance, after a search instituted at Welbeck, by the kindness of the Duke of Portland, it was ascertained that the late Duke had burnt all his father's political papers from 1780 to his death."*

The editor of the "Cornwallis Papers" writes :—"Mr Wickham, Mr King, Sir Herbert Taylor, Sir Edward Littlehales, Mr Marsden, the Knight of Kerry, and indeed almost all the persons officially concerned in carrying the Union, appear to have destroyed the whole of their papers. Mr Marsden, by whom many of the arrangements were concluded, left a MS. book containing invaluable details, which was burnt only a few years ago by its then possessor. The destruction of so many valuable documents respecting important transactions cannot but be regarded as a serious loss to the political history of those times."

* It is indeed unfair to lay entirely on Ireland the stigma of the corruption which then prevailed. The great William Pitt directed it, as has been fully admitted by his biographer, Lord Stanhope. Mr Pitt, in one of his letters printed in the "Cornwallis Papers," writes regarding the opponents of the Union :—"It is very desirable (if Government is strong enough to do it) to mark by dismissal the sense entertained of the conduct of those persons who opposed. In particular . . . . in the instance of the Speaker's son."

The Knight of Kerry is, we believe, the only Irishman named in the above list. We are informed by the present Knight that all his father's "Union papers" *are* preserved, and he kindly promised to give us access to them if desired.

5. The Right Honourable John Beresford, member for Waterford, discharged, besides his more legitimately recognised duties as commissioner of revenue, a somewhat nondescript office, similar to that held, during a later period, by the Right Honourable William Saurin. His influence penetrated every department of the state; and to every contemporary viceregal administration, except of that of Lord Fitzwilliam, who paid the penalty of his independence, Mr Beresford was the arrogant and dogmatical dictator. His family held places to the amount of £20,000 per annum. In Mr Beresford's correspondence, rather recently published, much curious matter appears. Referring to some remarks of Denis Bowes Daly, Mr Beresford writes:—"No Lord Lieutenant could exist with my powers; that I had been a Lord Chancellor, a Chief Justice of the King's Bench, an Attorney-General, nearly a Primate, and certainly a Commander-in-Chief; that I was at the head of the Revenue, and had the law, the army, the revenue, and a great deal of the church in my possession; and he said expressly, that I was considered the king of Ireland."*

6. Mr Under-Secretary Cooke has been noticed at p. 124, *ante*.

7. The Marquis of Drogheda was not a prominent character. "As an orator," observes a writer in 1779, "he is of no consideration; in fact, he seldom speaks." Lord Drogheda's political labours were behind the scenes, and the prompter's duties were often discharged by him. He quietly promoted the Legislative Union, with other calamitous measures, and then as quietly applied for his reward. The Duke of Portland, in a private and confidential letter to the Viceroy, dated June 27, 1800, declares that Lord Drogheda's claims to be a member of the representative peerage were "irresistible." †

* Mr Beresford to Lord Auckland, Dublin, January 9, 1795, vol. ii., p. 51.

† Castlereagh Correspondence, vol iii., p. 345.

8. Lord Glentworth's services were much of the same order as those of the Marquis of Drogheda. So little was he known outside the backstairs of the Castle that he obtains no place in either of the contemporary publications which we have more than once consulted. It will be remembered that his was one of the three peerages which Grattan and Ponsonby offered to prove had been sold for hard cash, and the money laid out in the purchase of members in the House of Commons. P. 46, *ante*.

9. Of Lord Carhampton we have already spoken fully. See pp. 46–49, *ante*.

10. John Claudius Beresford, son of Mr Commissioner Beresford, already noticed, succeeded him as a member of "the Irish Backstairs Cabinet." He expressed a wish for the rebellion, that Mr Pitt might see with what promptitude it could be crushed. In conjunction with Major Sirr, Mr Beresford maintained a battalion of spies, which octogenarians sometimes refer to as "Beresford's Bloodhounds." He largely helped to stimulate the rebellion of '98 by a generally coercive policy, which was cruelly followed up by the administration of torture. This was practised under the personal direction of John Claudius Beresford, both at the riding school in Marlborough Street and on the site of the present City Hall. When Lord Castlereagh endeavoured to ignore the charge, Mr Beresford in Parliament not only admitted but defended the vile practice. He was secretary to the Grand Lodge of Orangemen, and infused their views into almost every department of the Irish Government. The capriciousness of popular feeling in his regard was quite as remarkable as the mercurial movement of his own chequered career. Having creditably filled the office of Lord Mayor of Dublin, his carriage was drawn through the streets by the same mob which had often previously execrated him.

The vicissitude which marked the later career of John Claudius Beresford strikingly contrasts with his power anterior to the union. In partnership with Mr Woodmason he opened a bank at No. 2 Beresford Place, Dublin. One day the bank broke, and Beresford was a bankrupt, cut by those who had formerly cringed. A man's good fortune often turns his head; but bad fortune as often

averts the heads of his friends. Beresford was, perhaps, an illustration of both ends of the apothegm. Some persons who had known him in his glory pitied the old attenuated man, with bent back and threadbare clothes—a well-known spectacle in the streets of Dublin for many years after, preaching in silent exposition, "*Sic transit gloria mundi!*" John Claudius Beresford strongly opposed the Union, not, we fear, on patriotic grounds, but because it was likely to stem the torrent of his own ambition. His character was not without some good points, and he is said to have been charitable in disbursement, and of private worth in his family. In the Imperial Parliament he represented the County of Waterford, the great stronghold of his race, further noticed in our sketch of the Marquis of Waterford.

11. Lord Enniskillen, a vigorous speaker in the Irish Parliament, presided at a drum-head trial of a yeoman, named Wollagan, for murder, and acquitted him. "It was an atrocious murder," writes Plowden; "every aggravating circumstance was proved. No attempt was made to contradict any part of the evidence: but a justification of the horrid murder was set up, as having been committed under an order of the commanding officer, that if the yeomen should meet with any whom they knew or suspected to be rebels, they needed not be at the trouble of bringing them in, but were to shoot them on the spot; that it was almost the daily practice of that corps to go out upon scouring parties." Lord Cornwallis, the new viceroy, condemned the verdict, and disqualified Lord Enniskillen from sitting on any new court-martial.*

12. Mr John Lees, a Scotchman, accompanied Lord Townshend to Ireland as private secretary. He was appointed Secretary at War and Secretary to the Post-Office in Dublin, and in 1804 received the honour of a baronetcy.

13. Lord Carleton, the son of a trader in Cork,† who, as Lord Clonmel, in his unpublished diary, tells us owed all to his patronage, and whom he concludes by abusing as "an ungrateful monster," was appointed Solicitor-General

* Plowden's History of Ireland, vol. ii., p. 514.

† Sleater's Dublin Chronicle for 1791.

in 1779, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas in 1787, Baron in 1789, and Viscount eight years later. In his policy on the question of the Legislative Union, Lord Carleton was not consistent. We find him at first giving his sentiments decidedly against it, and a few weeks later avowing himself a supporter of the measure.

Sir Jonah Barrington, in his "Personal Sketches," (i. 475,) writes :—"Lord Carleton, as Justice of the Common Pleas, had rendered himself beyond description obnoxious to the disaffected of Ireland, in consequence of having been the judge who tried and condemned the two Counsellors Sheares, who were executed for treason, and to whom that nobleman had been *testamentary guardian* by the will of their father." The latter statement thus emphatically italicised by Barrington, is one of the startling myths in which he habitually indulged. The will of Mr Sheares contains no allusion whatever to the Chief-Justice.

14. Sexten Pery was originally a patriot of ultra energy, and of considerable influence with his party. During the corrupt administration of Lord Townshend, Perry was seduced from his popular principles. In the year 1771 he was appointed Speaker, and in 1785 created Viscount Perry. Lord Clonmel, himself a most clear-sighted critic, writes of Perry in his Unpublished Diary : —"He seems to me the best model of worldly wisdom now extant; he is never off his guard." * The Diary shows that Lord Clonmel, who also began his career as an ardent patriot, made Perry his constant study and model. Mr O'Regan, of the Irish Bar, writing in 1818, bemoans that Perry, Malone, and Avonmore should have no biographer : "What records have we of those who flourished for the last fifty years, the most memorable period of our history? Where, then, in what archives are deposited monuments of our illustrious dead? Where, but in 'Lodge's Peerage,' are to be found any traces of Lord Perry?" †

We are able to answer one of the questions asked by the biographer of Curran. The historic investigators of the life of Perry and his times may be glad to know that

* Unpublished Diary of John Scott, Lord Clonmel, p. 850.
† Memoirs of Curran, preface, p. xv.

at Dungannon Park, the residence of the youthful Lord Ranfurley, is preserved an immense collection of letters addressed to the late Lord Perry when he was Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.*

15. The Honourable Isaac Corry, Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, and M.P. for Newry, where his father was a respectable trader, joined the Whig Opposition, and for several years distinguished himself by the violence of his patriotism: but during Lord Buckingham's administration he was appointed Surveyor of Ordnance at a salary of £1000 a year, which was followed by further promotion. Official peculation had attained a fearful pitch at this time. In the Ordnance and Treasury, the grossest frauds pervaded almost every department. The public stores were plundered with impunity in open day. The arms, ammunition, and military accoutrements, condemned as useless, were stolen out at one gate, and brought in at the other, and charged anew to the public account. Journeymen armourers, who worked in the arsenal, seldom went home to their meals without conveying away a musket, a sword, or brace of pistols, as lawful perquisites, and sanctioned by the connivance of the superiors. Clerks in subordinate departpartments, with salaries not exceeding £100 per annum, kept handsome houses in town and country, with splendid establishments; some of them became purchasers of loans and lotteries: all exhibited signs of redundant opulence.† During the debate on the Union, Grattan, with, we think, less point than usual, stung the vulnerable ministerialist by calling him "a dancing-master;" Corry challenged his satirist; they left the House, and before the debate terminated, Corry was shot through the arm.‡

16. The Marquis of Waterford was the leading member of the powerfully influential family of the Beresfords. In conjunction with his brother he hurled, by their might, the

* Letter of Henry Alexander, Esq., guardian of Lord Ranfurley, dated Carlton Club, July 7, 1860.

† Plowden's History of Ireland, vol. ii., p. 279.

‡ Grattan cultivated unerring aim in conjunction with accurate eloquence. In the secluded woods of Tenahinch he might be sometimes seen declaiming with Demosthenic energy, and the next hour lodging bullets in particular trees which still bear marks of the havoc.

liberal viceroy, Lord Fitzwilliam, from office, and provoked from the latter a remark in the English House of Peers, to the effect, that it was impossible to effect any good in Ireland unless the power of the Beresfords could be destroyed.* Not until 1826 was this desirable consummation achieved. At the Waterford election in that year, the Beresfords received, from the forty-shilling freeholders, their death-blow. "I did not think," said Sheil, "that there was so much virtue under rags." This telling stroke was planned and inflicted by Dr Kelly, R. C. Bishop of Waterford.

17. Lord Annesley was a person of some influence in 1798, and following years, but he did not long enjoy his power. Lord Annesley died without issue, December 19, 1802,—the year which also terminated the lives of the Sham Squire and Lord Clare.

18. Sir John, afterwards Lord De Blaquire, represents one of the Huguenot families of whom we have spoken, p. 71, *ante*. Patronised by Lord Harcourt, he accepted the office of bailiff of the Phœnix Park, to which the small salary of £40 a year was attached, with the use of a little lodge, a garden, grass for two cows, and half-a-crown per head for all cattle found trespassing in the Park. The first piece of his cleverness was shown in contriving to make the salary £50 per annum for his own life and that of the king's two eldest sons; with liberty to graze cattle to an unlimited extent. Sir John was a pluralist in sinecures, and amongst the rest filled the office of Director of Public Works.† He applied for a more comfortable residence, which the Board of Works built for him at the public expense of £8000. Sir John, however, was not yet satisfied. The garden being small, he successfully petitioned for a larger one, whereupon he took in about

* Lord Clare, writing to the Right Honourable J. C. Beresford, says:—"The more I consider the flagrant and unwarrantable calumnies which he [Lord Fitzwilliam] deals out so flippantly against you, the more I am decided in my opinion that you ought in the first instance to bring an action against him for defamation, and lay it in the city of London. He had fifty copies of this memoir made out by the clerks in the different offices in the Castle, which were distributed by his order."—*Beresford Correspondence*, vol. ii., p. 88.

† Barrington's Personal Sketches, vol. i., p. 194.

ten acres, which he surrounded by a wall, also at the expense of the nation.* But it is De Blaquire's connexion with the Legislative Union, and the rare astuteness with which he promoted the success of that measure, on which his fame as a diplomatist historically rests. "Sir John Blaquire is disposed to exert himself very much,"† observes Lord Castlereagh in communicating the good news to the Duke of Rutland, on January 7, 1799. "The entrance to a woman's heart," said the first Napoleon, "is through her eye or ear; but the way to a man's heart is down his throat." De Blaquire illustrated the wisdom of the apothegm. "He enjoyed," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "a revenue sufficiently ample to enable him to entertain his friends as well, and far more agreeably, than any other person I had previously met. Nobody understood eating and drinking better than Sir John De Blaquire; and no man was better seconded in the former respect, than he was by his cook, whom he brought from Paris."‡

Lord Cornwallis, in recommending De Blaquire for a peerage, writes :—"Sir J. Blaquire governed this country for some years, and he has since held his rank in Dublin as a political character of no small consequence.§

For some notice of the intrigues with which De Blaquire had secured influential support to the Union, see "The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation." A few years ago, one of his descendants found a trunk of old dusty papers calculated to throw great light on the history of the Union. This gentleman is said to have offered the entire trunkful to the Wellington government for £100; his proposal, it is also said, was eagerly accepted; and we have heard him ridiculed by his friends for being so silly as not to have stipulated for a couple of thousand pounds, which would have been acceded to, they allege, with equal alacrity.

19. Lord Londonderry, father of Lord Castlereagh, was an active agent in checking the popular plots of the time; but that his lordship was not without misgivings as to the result may be inferred from the fact, mentioned in the

* Irish Political Characters, 1799, p. 150.
† Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Castlereagh, vol. ii., p. 85.
‡ Personal Sketches by Sir Jonah Barrington, vol. i., p. 193.
§ Cornwallis Correspondence, Letter of July 11, 1800.

"Castlereagh Papers," (ii. 331,) that he would not take bank-notes in payment of rent.

20. John Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury, it will be remembered, was counsel for the Sham Squire, in the case Higgins *v.* Magee. It may without much injustice be said of him, that for thirty years he performed the triple *rôle* of bully, butcher, and buffoon. His services in the first capacity proved useful to the then government, and helped him far more than his law to judicial elevation.* His old passions and prejudices clung to him as a judge; he browbeat timid counsel; and has been known to suggest mortal combat by remarking "that he would not seek shelter behind the bench, or merge the gentleman in the Chief Justice." His relish for a capital conviction was undisguised; a document before us mentions the almost incredible fact, that at a single assize, he passed sentence of death on one hundred and ninety-eight individuals, of whom one hundred and ninety-seven passed through the hands of Galvin, the hangman. With the black cap on his head, he joked as freely as though it were a cap and bells. "Ah, my lord, give me a long day," craved a wretched culprit on a certain 20th of June. "Your wish is granted," replied the judge, "I will give you until to-morrow, the longest day in the year!" Lord Norbury's charges transcend description. "Flinging his judicial robe aside," writes Mr Sheil, "and sometimes casting off his wig, he started from his seat and threw off a wild harangue, in which neither law, method, or argument could be discovered. It generally consisted of narratives of his

* Mr Toler's powers of invective were quite startling. When he uttered such language in Parliament as this, the licence of his tongue elsewhere may be conceived:—"Had he heard a man uttering out of those doors such language as that of the honourable gentleman, he would have seized the ruffian by the throat, and dragged him to the dust." (Parl. Deb.)

An extraordinary licence of language was permitted by the Speaker in these days. A tradition of the period thus describes the denunciation of a certain family:—"Sir, they are all rotten from the honourable member who has just sat down, to the toothless hag that is now grinning at us from the gallery,"—the allusion being to the honourable member's mother. Lord Castlereagh was upbraided with impotency by Plunket, in the presence of Lady Castlereagh, who occupied a seat in the Speaker's gallery during one of the debates on the Union.

early life, which it was impossible to associate with the subject, of jests from John Miller, mixed with jokes of his own manufacture, and of sarcastic allusions to any of the counsel who had endeavoured to check him during the trial."

Sir Jonah Barrington mentions that he has seen his "racket court" * convulsed with laughter by the appearance of the chief in a green tabinet coat with pearl buttons, striped yellow and black vest, and buff breeches—the costume of Hawthorn in "Love in a Village," a character personated by Lord Norbury at Lady Castlereagh's masquerade; and he found the dress so cool that he frequently, in after years, wore it under his robes. On this particular occasion it was revealed accidentally by Lord Norbury throwing back his robes, owing to the more than ordinarily heated atmosphere of the court.

Lord Norbury could sometimes say a good thing. The villanies of the Sham Squire had brought the attorney's craft into deep disrepute. A shilling subscription was raised to bury a poor solicitor: "Here is a guinea," said Lord Norbury; "bury one-and-twenty of them."

"That Scotch *Broom* deserves an *Irish stick*," exclaimed Lord Norbury, in reference to Lord Brougham, who had brought before Parliament some unconstitutional conduct of which he had been guilty; and at a later period, it appeared, from the same source, that the old chief had fallen asleep on the bench during a trial for murder. In 1827 he resigned, and in 1831 he died. The late Mr Brophy, state dentist, who was present at Lord Norbury's funeral, informed us that when lowering the coffin by ropes into a deep grave, a voice in the crowd cried, "Give him rope *galore*,† boys; he never was sparing of it to others." As a landlord, Lord Norbury was by no means bad; and in his own house he is said to have been gentle and forbearing.

21. Lord Kingsborough had always been prominently zealous in promoting that system of coercion‡ which, as

* This was a designation of Lord Norbury's own. "What's your business?" a witness was asked. "I keep a racket court." "So do I," rejoined the Chief-Justice, puffing.

† *Anglice* in plenty.

‡ Plowden's Hist. of Ireland, vol. ii., p. 475.

Lord Castlereagh admitted, aimed to make the United Irish conspiracy explode.* When the rebellion broke out, Lord Kingsborough, as colonel of the North Cork Militia, proceeded to join his regiment in Wexford, but was captured by the rebels, who held possession of the town. Mr Plowden, in his History, states that Lord Kingsborough owed his life to the personal interposition of Dr Caulfield, Roman Catholic Bishop of Ferns. But from a statement made to us by John Plunket, Esq., of Frescati, whose father held rank in the rebel army at Wexford, it would appear that Lord Kingsborough's deliverance was not wholly owing to the Bishop. Lord Kingsborough and an English officer were about to be hung at "The Bull's Ring," when they pledged their honour to Mr Plunket, that, if then liberated, they would do him a similar service on a subsequent occasion, which they assured him could not be far distant. Lord Kingsborough and his friend wrote two letters to this effect; but when Mr Plunket was afterwards found guilty by a court-martial, the documents could not be found. His wife waited on Lord Kingsborough to hope he would renew the letter, but the peer declined to interfere in any way on behalf of Plunket; while the other officer, whose life had been spared at the same time, honourably kept his word. Our informant adds, that Mr Plowden, when engaged on his History, obtained an interview with the late Mrs Plunket in order to gather authentic details of the events of which she had personal knowledge, but as they were then of recent occurrence, she declined to assist him.† Lord Kingsborough subsequently attained celebrity by shooting a person whom he detected offering undue familiarities to his sister. Lord Kingsborough, his son, died a pauper in the Four Courts Marshalsea.

22. General Cockburn regards Lord Downshire as a rotten rung in the step-ladder, and styles him "a very mischievous enemy to liberty." We think, however, that his hostility to the Union goes far to redeem his shortcomings. His policy on this question so displeased the Government that he was dismissed from the lieutenancy of his county,

* Moore's Life of Lord E. Fitzgerald, p. 110, Paris edit.

† Communicated by John Plunket, Esq., Frescati, Feb. 17, 1866.

from the colonelcy of his regiment, and even expelled from the Privy Council. It was further proposed to institute a parliamentary inquiry into the conduct of Lord Downshire.

23. Lord Dillon also pursued a policy in 1800 which covers a multitude of political sins. At a meeting of influential anti-unionists in Dublin, he proposed that a joint-stock purse should be formed for the purpose of out-bribing the Government.* Until June 1799, Lord Dillon exercised his property and influence, both considerable, in favour of the Union.

24. Mr Trench formed, under curious circumstances, a majority of *one* in favour of the Union. His vote and voice disclosed a very painful instance of tergiversation and seduction. Mr Trench declared, in presence of a crowded House, that he would vote against the minister, and support Mr Ponsonby's amendment. "This," observes Sir Jonah Barrington, who was an eye-witness of the transaction, "appeared a stunning blow to Mr Cooke, who had been previously in conversation with Mr Trench. He was immediately observed sidling from his seat, nearer to Lord Castlereagh. They whispered earnestly; and, as if restless and undecided, both looked wistfully at Trench. At length the matter seemed to be determined on. Mr Cooke retired to a back seat, and was obviously endeavouring to count the House—probably to guess if they could that night dispense with Mr Trench's services. He returned to Lord Castlereagh; they whispered, and again looked at Mr Trench. But there was no time to lose; the question was approaching. All shame was banished; they decided on the terms, and a significant glance, obvious to everybody, convinced Mr Trench that his conditions were agreed to. Mr Cooke then went and sat down by his side: an earnest but very short conversation took place; a parting smile completely told the House that Mr Trench was satisfied. These surmises were soon verified. Mr Cooke went back to Lord Castlereagh; a congratulatory nod announced his satisfaction. But could any man for one moment suppose that an M.P. of large fortune, of respectable family, and good character, could be publicly, and without shame or compunction, actually seduced by Lord Castlereagh

* Plowden's History of Ireland, vol. ii., p. 551.

under the eye of two hundred and twenty gentlemen? In a few minutes Mr Trench rose to apologise for having indiscreetly declared he would support the amendment. He added, that he had thought better of the subject; that he had been convinced he was wrong, and would support the minister." Mr Trench accordingly became Lord Ashtown.

25. Dr Duigenan has been already noticed at p. 62, *ante*.

26. Of Bishop O'Beirne much has been written, but we never saw in print some curious details embodied in a letter, dated April 22, 1857, and addressed to us by the late Mr William Forde, Town Clerk of Dublin. "I can furnish," writes Mr Forde, "an interesting anecdote of the early history of that gentleman, which I learned when very young, living within two miles of the see house of the diocese of Meath. Dr O'Beirne was never ordained a Roman Catholic priest, but was educated at the Irish College of Paris with a view to his becoming a priest. His brother, Rev. Denis O'Beirne, was educated at the same time and in the same college, and died parish priest of the town of Longford, of which his brother was the rector. The name of the parish in the Church is Templemichael. The history of the bishop in early life was, that having suspended his studies, owing to ill-health, he returned home for a couple of years, and was returning to the college, when the following incident, which altered his destinies for life, occurred to him:—He was travelling on foot through Wales, when the day became very boisterous and rainy, and took shelter in a poor inn on the wayside, and after ordering his dinner, which was a small bit of Welsh mutton, he went into a little sitting-room. In some time two gentlemen came in also for shelter, (they were on a shooting party, and were driven in by the violence of the storm,) and asked the woman of the house what she could give them for dinner. She replied she had nothing but what was at the fire roasting, and it was ordered by a gentleman in the next room, adding in a low tone, she believed he was an Irishman; whereupon one of the gentlemen exclaimed, 'Damn Paddy—*he* have roast mutton for dinner while we must fast; we will take it,' whereupon O'Beirne walked down from his room, and asked who damned Paddy, and insisted upon getting his

dinner, and added they should not have it by force, but if they would take share of it on his invitation he would freely give it, and they were heartily welcome; on which they accepted the invitation, provided he would allow them to give the wine, which they assured him was very good, notwithstanding the appearance of the place. They all retired to the sitting-room, and the two gentlemen began conversing in French, whereupon O'Beirne interrupted them, and informed them that he understood every word they uttered, and they might not wish that a third person should know what they were speaking about, and then the conversation became general, and was carried on in French, of which O'Beirne was a perfect master. They inquired of him what were his objects in life, when he told them his history—that he was a farmer's son in Ireland, and his destiny was the Irish Catholic priesthood. When they were parting, one of the gentlemen asked would he take London on his way to Paris, to which he replied in the affirmative. He then gave him a card with merely the number and the street of his residence, and requested he would call there, where he would be very happy to see him. O'Beirne walked to London, which took him a considerable time, and on arriving there did not fail to call at the place indicated by the card. When he got to the house, he thought there must be some mistake; but nothing daunted, he rapped, and met a hall porter, to whom he presented the card, and told him how he came by it, but supposed it was a mistake. The porter replied: 'Oh no! his grace expected you a fortnight ago, and desired you should at once be shown in,' and ushered him in accordingly to the study, where his Grace the Duke of Portland introduced himself to him. He had been appointed Governor of Canada, and O'Beirne's knowledge of the French language, and his education and general information, were matters that made him a desirable private secretary to deal with the French Canadians, and O'Beirne accepted the proposal of going out private secretary to the Duke of Portland. It was in Canada he apostatised and became a minister of the Established Church. I understood all this from a clergyman. To the Duke of Portland O'Beirne owed his promotion in the Irish Church, first, to the parish of Templemichael,

then to the see of Ossory, and finally his translation to the see of Meath, then valued at more than £8000 per annum. He was married to a Scotch lady, a daughter of General Stuart. He had one son and two daughters. Neither of them married. At the time of his death he was an uncompromising opponent of Catholic emancipation. I believe his brother the priest died before him. I always heard that it was Bishop O'Beirne married the Prince of Wales and Mrs Fitzherbert, and that the marriage took place in France, where the party went to have the ceremony performed."

Since the previous edition of this book appeared, we received an interesting letter from Sir William Cope, which, with some remarks suggested by it, we have the less hesitation in giving, inasmuch as the *Athenæum*, in noticing our volume, regretted that we did not furnish more particulars of O'Beirne and some others :—

"I have been looking over your book to-day, and I venture to point out to you that Mr Forde's account of Bishop O'Beirne must be erroneous in some particulars. He never could have married George IV. to Mrs Fitzherbert, for that marriage was solemnised by a *Catholic* clergyman in 1786 or 1787 ; whereas I see, by the 'Annual Register,' that, 'on 1st November 1783, the Rev. Mr O'Beirne, Secretary to the First Lord of the Treasury, was married to Miss Stuart, only surviving child of the Hon. Colonel Francis Stuart, brother to the Earl of Moray.' If the First Lord of the Treasury was the Duke of Portland, (who came into office in April of that year,) Mr Forde's story of his being O'Beirne's patron is confirmed. But surely the Duke of Portland *never* was Governor-General of Canada,—the Duke of Richmond was, but not till after O'Beirne was a bishop. I remember his two daughters living, some twenty or thirty years ago, a few miles from this. O'Beirne, in 1780, wrote a comedy called 'The Generous Impostor,' which was acted only about six times. In a good life of him in the 'Annual Register' for 1822, it says that it was with Lord *Howe* he was in America during the American war ; and it is there said that the Howes introduced him to the Duke of Portland. Excuse my remarking this ; but your work is so

interesting, that anything that adds to its accuracy may be acceptable to you."*

For half a century the opinion expressed by Sir William Cope very generally prevailed, that some Roman Catholic priest performed the perilous duty of marrying the Prince of Wales to Mrs Fitzherbert, for, from that lady's strong religious convictions, it was assumed that no clergyman but one of her own Church would satisfy her scruples. Lord Cloncurry, in his "Personal Recollections,"† thinks that the Abbé Taylor was the party; while the "Memoirs of Lady Blessington," (ii. p. 100,) throws suspicion on the Abbé Campbell, adding that Mrs Fitzherbert's scruples would never have been allayed without the intervention of a Catholic priest. But Lord Russell, in his "Memorials of C. J. Fox," and the Hon. C. Langdale, in his "Memoirs of Mrs Fitzherbert," materially weaken these rumours by stating that the officiating minister was a clergyman of the Church of England, and that the certificate of the marriage, attested by two witnesses, is dated December 21, 1785. The biographer of Mrs Fitzherbert is, we believe, ignorant of the clergyman's name, though he announces the interesting fact that the Pope recognised the marriage as a perfectly valid one. Dr O'Beirne is very likely to have been the officiating party. He passed a considerable portion of his early life in America, but in 1784 we find him holding livings in Cumberland and Northumberland.‡ He was at this time much identified with the Opposition, of which the Prince was an influential member. "Once a priest always a priest" is a well-known Catholic tenet; and Mrs Fitzherbert can hardly fail to have shared an impression which generally prevailed, that Dr O'Beirne had been ordained a priest. This idea would have proved a very effective sedative to her scruples. Lord Brougham declared in the House of Commons that "Dr O'Beirne had been originally a priest, but afterwards becoming a Pro-

* Letter from Sir W. H. Cope, Bart., February 23, 1866.

† Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry. 2d Ed., p. 175. We are assured by J. R. Corballis, Esq., Q.C., a near relation of the Abbé Taylor, and who was closely associated with him at Rome, that he never knew the Abbé to be suspected of having married the Prince to Mrs Fitzherbert.

‡ Walker's *Hibernian Magazine*, March 1800, p. 145.

testant, he was made a bishop without any further ordination."* That Dr O'Beirne had been a priest, is, we believe, untrue; but there can be little doubt that he had attained deacons' orders when studying for the priesthood in the Irish College at Paris.

Mr Forde, father of an able theologian, the Very Rev. Monsignore Forde, adds in a postscript which we omitted to quote when originally printing his letter:—"You seem not to be aware that a marriage by the parties themselves was a good marriage, and a legal marriage, without the intervention of a clergyman, before the Council of Trent was received in Ireland, and that it has not been yet received in England. I knew Dr O'Beirne; he was in his manner a perfect and accomplished gentleman. He was an admirable writer; I have seen some of his pamphlets. The late Dr Plunket, Bishop of Meath, was Professor in the Irish College when Dr O'Beirne was a student in it; and, as they lived within two miles of each other, the usual courtesies of life were observed between the rival prelates. The Professor outlived the pupil several years." Bishop O'Beirne died in 1822.

27. Wm. Beresford, D.D., another prominent member of the inexhaustibly influential sept of the Beresfords, was consecrated Bishop of Dromore in 1780; Bishop of Ossory in 1784, and translated to the archbishopric of Tuam in 1795. He married the sister of Lord Chancellor Clare, and was created Lord Decies in December 1812. This influential prelate died September 6, 1819; and his personality was sworn to as £250,000.

28. Mr Henry Alexander, both a barrister and a banker, represented Londonderry in the Irish Parliament. Here he was an active member of the secret committee. Having successfully promoted the Union, he entered the British senate as member for Old Sarum. He signally distinguished himself as an advocate for coercion; and on the 8th February 1815, we find him strenuously advocating the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act in Ireland. From the "Castlereagh Papers" (i. 348) we learn that Mr Alexander was a relation of the Irish rebel, Oliver Bond.

29. To describe the exploits of the members of that body,

* Hansard, p. 443, vol. xiii., New Series.

styled by General Cockburn, "R——n Magistrates," would be to write the history of the whole, and we are spared the painful necessity of detailing, *ad nauseam*, scenes of revolting barbarity. As a specimen of his magisterial colleagues and contemporaries, take Mr Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald, high sheriff for the county of Tipperary. From the trial of Doyle *v.* Fitzgerald, we learn that the defendant, in the street, and for the purpose of flagellation, seized Doyle, who was a respectable tradesman in Carrick. In vain he declared his innocence; and some of the most respectable inhabitants tendered evidence in support of that declaration. Doyle was a yeoman, and he begged that Captain Jephson, his commanding officer, might be sent for; the request was refused. He offered to go to instant execution if, on inquiry, the shadow of sedition could be advanced against him; but inquiry was declined. Bail was then offered to any amount for his appearance, but Mr Fitzgerald would not be balked in the sport of which he had a foretaste, and declaring that he knew Doyle by his face to be a "Carmelite traitor," tied him to the whipping-post, where he received one hundred lashes until his ribs appeared; his knee-breeches were then removed, and fifty more lashes administered. Doyle's entire innocence was afterwards proved. He appealed at the Clonmel assizes for redress; the facts appeared to demonstration; but an Orange jury, packed by the sub-sheriff, acquitted the high sheriff, Mr Judkin Fitzgerald.

Mr Wright, a teacher of the French language, employed both by public schools and private families, having called on Mr Fitzgerald, the latter drew his sword, exclaiming, "Down on your knees, rebellious scoundrel, and receive your sentence"—which was to be flogged first and shot finally. Wright surrendered his keys, and expressed himself willing to suffer any punishment if his papers or conduct revealed proof of guilt. "What! you Carmelite rascal," exclaimed the high sheriff, "do you dare to speak after sentence?" He then struck him and ordered him to prison. The next day, when brought forth to undergo his sentence, Wright knelt down in prayer, with his hat before his face. Mr Fitzgerald snatched the hat from him and trampled on it, seized Wright by the hair, dragged him to the earth,

kicked him and cut him across the forehead with his sword, then had him stripped naked, tied up to the ladder, and ordered him fifty lashes. Major Rial came up as the fifty lashes were completed, and asked the cause. Mr Fitzgerald handed him a note written in French, saying, he did not himself understand French, though he understood Irish, but Major Rial would find in that letter what would justify him in flogging the scoundrel to death. Major Rial read the letter. He found it to be a note for the victim, which he thus translated :—

"I am extremely sorry I cannot wait on you at the hour appointed, being unavoidably obliged to attend Sir Laurence Parsons.—Yours, BARON DE CLUES."

"Notwithstanding this translation," observes Mr Plowden, "Mr Fitzgerald ordered Wright fifty more lashes, which were inflicted with such peculiar severity, that the bowels of the bleeding victim could be perceived to be convulsed and working through his wounds! Mr Fitzgerald, finding he could not continue the application of his cat-o'-nine-tails on that part without cutting his way into his body, ordered the waistband of his breeches to be cut open, and fifty more lashes to be inflicted. He then left the unfortunate man bleeding and suspended, while he went to the barrack to demand a file of men to come and shoot him; but being refused by the commanding officer, he came back and sought for a rope to hang him, but could get none He then ordered him to be cut down and sent back to prison, where he was confined in a dark small room, with no other furniture than a wretched pallet of straw, without covering, and there he remained seven days without medical aid!"*

Wright brought an action and—*mirabile dictu*—obtained a verdict; but the effect of it was neutralised by the open indemnification of Mr Fitzgerald for certain acts done by him not justifiable in common law.† He received from the crown a considerable pension for his ultra-loyal services in 1798, and on August 5, 1801, was created a baronet.‡

* Trial of Wright *v.* Fitzgerald, Plowden's History of Ireland, vol. ii., p. 546, &c.

† Barrington's Personal Sketches, vol. iii., p. 267.

‡ Burke's Peerage and Baronetage, p. 399.

Tipperary is full of traditions of his excessive political zeal. One represents him equipped in cocked hat and sword, mounting the altar steps of old Latin chapel during the most solemn part of the mass, and endeavouring to recognise among the congregation some unfortunate man whom he desired to scourge.* On another occasion he ascended the altar in Tipperary chapel during the delivery of an exhortation by the parish priest. Mr Fitzgerald for convenience placed his three-cocked hat on the same bench which bore the Blessed Sacrament, and it was thought, at the time, an act of most singular daring on the part of the priest to remove the terrorist's hat and hand it to an acolyte.† It was said that Mr Fitzgerald used to steep his cat-o'-nine-tails in brine before operating. "I have *preserved* the country," he boasted. "Rather say that you have *pickled* it," replied Jerry Keller.

Cox, in his *Magazine*, furnishes a criminatory obituary of Sir Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald, who, execrated by the people, whom he had stung to fury and madness, sank into his grave September 24, 1810. "The history of his life and loyalty," observes Cox, "is written in legible characters on the backs of his countrymen."‡ The painful manner in which the lives of the late baronets of this family terminated, presents some remarkable coincidences. Sir John Judkin Fitzgerald, son of the terrorist, was drowned in the *Nimrod* in its passage from Bristol to Cork. His son, Sir Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald—reduced to pecuniary straits—opened a blacking manufactory, and committed suicide in the year 1864; and again, his son, a fine boy, hanged himself accidentally while playing with "a swing" in the garden at Golden Hills.§

30. Major Sirr, who, acting upon the information supplied by Francis Higgins, shot at and captured Lord Edward Fitzgerald, is no stranger to the reader of these pages. For a pithy *résumé* of his life he would do well

* Letter of Rev. Dr Fitzgerald, P.P., Ballinagarry, County Tipperary, July 10, 1865.

† Statement of Rev. W. Wall, P.P., Clonoulty, Cashel, September 1865.

‡ *Irish Magazine*, October 1810, p. 482.

§ Letter from W. L. Hackett, Esq., M.A., Ex-Mayor, dated "Clonmel, April 16, 1865."

to consult Curran's speech in the case of Hevey *versus* Sirr.

"For the purpose of this trial," said he, "I must carry back your attention to the melancholy period of 1798. It was at that sad crisis that the defendant, from an obscure individual, started into notice and consequence. It is in the hotbed of public calamity that such portentous and inauspicious products are accelerated without being matured. From being a town-major, a name scarcely legible in the list of public incumbrances, he became at once invested with all the powers of absolute authority. The life and the liberty of every man seemed to have been surrendered to his disposal. With this gentleman's extraordinary elevation begins the story of the sufferings and ruin of the plaintiff."

The cessation of the rebellion, and the introduction of a milder system of government, found Henry Charles Sirr's occupation gone. He became a "picture fancier," cultivated the fine arts, frequented auctions, accumulated fossils and minerals, sonorously sung psalms, and exhibited the whites of his eyes rather than the blackness of his heart. Fifty years ago he was appointed police magistrate of Dublin, and continued to discharge its duties until his death in 1841, when "the remains of the assassin of Lord Edward,"* writes Mr Gilbert, "were deposited in Werburgh's churchyard," the same mortuary which contains Lord Edward's bones. "The stone, shaded by a melancholy tree," he adds, "does not explicitly state that the town-major of '98 was buried under it, and appears to have been originally placed over the corpse of his father, who preceded him in that office, and was also distinguished by his bad character, a fact unknown to the biographers of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. A more infamous tool than Henry Charles Sirr was probably never employed; the

* This phrase is not, perhaps, strictly accurate. Mr Robert Travers, A.M., M.B., the present professor of medical jurisprudence in the university of Dublin, addressing the writer of these pages, says—"An inquest was held in Newgate on the body of Lord E. Fitzgerald, and on the evidence of Surgeon Leake, a verdict returned of death from water in the chest. This fact is not known to many. I have sometimes mentioned it to my class when lecturing on forensic medicine."

bare relation of his atrocities would far exceed the wildest fiction which ever emanated from the brain of the most morbid romancist."

31. Identified with Major Sirr in most of his plans, perfidies, and perils, all that has been said of Sirr is applicable to Swan, with this exception, that Sirr professed to be a saint, while his deputy Swan, frank, jolly, and outspoken, claimed to be no better than an "honest sinner." Of Swan's efficiency as a rebel-hunter, the Sham Squire was a constant eulogist; and in one of his laudations, it is stated that the Government proved their appreciation of "Major Swan's" services by awarding him the commission of the peace for every county in Ireland.

32. Major Sandys, perhaps the worst member of that terrible triumvirate of *soi-disant* majors, who daily stung the people to madness and death, filled the office of Governor of the Provost, the Bastile of Ireland. Here, cruelties the most revolting were hourly practised under the direction of Major Sandys, who, as the brother-in-law of Mr Cooke, the Under-Secretary of State, enjoyed thorough connivance and immunity. Dr Madden asserts that indulgences of air, light, and food were sold to the state prisoners by Major Sandys, and that he remitted tortures at the triangle, on receiving either money, or written orders for goods, plate, or pictures, addressed by the prisoners to friends outside. The rapacity of Major Sandys, especially for plate, proved at last insatiable. Curran's memorable speech *in re* Hevey states,—"A learned and respected brother barrister had a silver cup; the Major heard that for many years it had borne an inscription of '*Erin go bragh*,' which meant 'Ireland for ever.' The Major considered this perseverance in guilt for such a length of years a forfeiture of the delinquent vessel. My poor friend was accordingly robbed of his cup."

These and even graver charges were made by Curran, not only in the lifetime of Major Sandys, but under the very flash of his eye. "And I state this," exclaimed Curran, "because I see Major Sandys in court, and because I feel I can prove the fact beyond the possibility of denial. If he does not dare to appear, so called upon as I

have called upon him, I prove it by his not daring to appear. If he does venture to come forward, I will prove it by his own oath; or if he ventures to deny a syllable I have stated, I will prove, by irrefragable evidence, that his denial was false and perjured."

A terrible vicissitude, followed by a still more terrible disease, overtook the once potential Major Sandys. His family begged bread from door to door; and he himself died in extreme destitution and bodily suffering.

33. John Giffard, an illiterate and illiberal alumnus of the Blue Coat Hospital, began political life, like many a better contemporary, as an ardent patriot and "Irish Volunteer." He also practised as an apothecary, as did Lucas before him; but he soon forsook the pestle for the pen, and acquired the sole editorial control of an influential newspaper, the *Dublin Journal*, which had been started, and for fifty years ably edited, by George Faulkner, the friend of Swift and Chesterfield. Like the Sham Squire, whom he resembled in more ways than one, Giffard at once prostituted the newspaper to the worst purposes of the venal party, which ruled supreme in Ireland some eighty years ago; and it has been stated that the paper disclosed such violence, virulence, vulgarity, and mendacity, that at the present date its advocacy would be held detrimental to the cause of any party. Yet Giffard was preferred to places of honour and emolument. Besides holding a lucrative office in the Revenue under the Back-Stairs Viceroy, Mr Beresford, Giffard succeeded his brother journalist Higgins as Sub-sheriff of Dublin. We have seen it stated by Mr Gilbert, that Giffard is understood to have received the latter appointment for the express purpose of packing the jury which, in 1794, convicted Hamilton Rowan. Giffard was called "The Dog in Office," and his paper "The Dog's Journal." The artists who caricatured Sheriff Higgins were placed under arrest.* The same despotic policy pursued Sheriff Giffard's tormentors. The following paragraph, dated October 3, 1794, doubtless refers to Giffard:—

"A printer in South King Street was taken into custody by Messrs Shee, &c., charged with printing and publishing

* See p. 71, *ante*.

JOHN GIFFARD,

"A Dog in Office."

a caricature of a dog in his last moments, with his confession and dying words. The picture and types were taken possession of."*

Hamilton Rowan and Dr William Drennan were then under trial by Mr Giffard's juries. The following admission we find in the "Beresford Correspondence:"—

"Government are determined to hang Rowan, if possible; but they have not yet shown any suspicion of any person here being concerned in the plot, in order to lull them into security. No person knows as much as I now tell you, except Lord Westmoreland, the Attorney-General, and Sackville Hamilton."—*Beresford Correspondence*, vol. ii., p. 26.

Giffard sought to stab with his pen and pike with his tongue every friend to national progress. In reply to a charge of treason, Grattan thus retorted:—"It proceeds from a hired traducer of his country, the excommunicated of his fellow-citizens, the regal rebel, the unpunished ruffian, the bigoted agitator. In the city, a firebrand; in the court, a liar; in the streets, a bully; in the field, a coward. And so obnoxious is he to the very party he wishes to espouse, that he is only supportable by doing those dirty acts the less vulgar refuse to execute." The quondam apothecary swallowed this box of bitter pills. In 1817 Giffard ceased to edit the *Dublin Journal*. In not less than twenty numbers, the following appeared, among other paragraphs, affecting not merely Mr Giffard's reputation, but that of the party of which he had long been the champion and the *protégé*:—"Since Mr Giffard ceased, on the 1st of July 1816, to have, directly or indirectly, any concern with this paper, it has rapidly increased in circulation, and we are now satisfied that the public can fairly appreciate the value of an independent print, which wishes to soothe, and not to irritate, the angry passions which have so long agitated the country."†

Giffard amassed a large fortune, and built himself a handsome residence, known as Dromartin Castle, Dundrum.

34. Lieutenant Hepenstall is the person whom Sir

* *Masonic Magazine* for October 1794, p. 383.

† *Dublin Journal*, July 2, 1817.

Jonah Barrington, in his "Historic Anecdotes of the Union," and afterwards in his "Personal Sketches," (vol. iii., pp. 267–271,) describes as Lieutenant H—— "the Walking Gallows." This notorious officer, originally an apothecary like Giffard, was a Goliath in stature, and a Nero in feeling. If Hepenstall met a peasant who could not satisfactorily account for himself, he knocked him down with a blow from his fist, which was quite as effectual as a sledge-hammer, and then adjusting a noose round the prisoner's neck, drew the rope over his own shoulders, and trotted about, the victim's legs dangling in the air, and his tongue protruding, until death at last put an end to the torture. These details, almost incredible at the present day, have been authenticated by several witnesses, and even admitted by Hepenstall himself at the trial of Hyland, when Lord Norbury complimented him as having done no act which was not natural to a zealous, loyal, and efficient officer. Prefixed to the *Irish Magazine* for 1810, a picture of Hepenstall, in his capacity of executioner, appears. His features, handsome in their conformation and seraphic in their expression, present a puzzle to the students of Lavater's theory. The print is accompanied by a startling memoir of Hepenstall's atrocities, which we find corroborated by an article in the *Press* newspaper of January 11, 1798, and copied by Dr Madden. That article speaks of Hepenstall as a person well known by the name of "The Walking Gallows." In conjunction with higher colleagues, he had continued, long anterior to the outbreak of '98, to goad the people into revolt by such brutalities as we have described. Hepenstall did not long live to enjoy the interval of repose which succeeded his unsleeping vigilance in '98. In 1800, as we are assured by Cox, he became afflicted with *morbus pedicularis;* his body was literally devoured by vermin, and, after twenty-one days' suffering, he died in great agony. Dr Madden says that this event occurred in 1813; Mr Cox gives 1804 as the year; but the Sham Squire enables us to fix the date positively. In his Journal of September 18, 1800, Mr Higgins touchingly records :—

"Died on Thursday night, of a dropsical complaint, Lieutenant Edward Hepenstall, of the 68th Regiment,

sometime back an officer in the Wicklow militia—a gentleman whose intrepidity and spirit during the Rebellion rendered much general good, and himself highly obnoxious to traitors." And then follows a tribute to "the *qualities which endeared Mr Hepenstall to his family and friends.*"

Luckily, or unluckily, for Hepenstall's memory, his fast friend, the Sham Squire, did not write his epitaph, and the lieutenant's grave in St Andrew's churchyard is still uninscribed. It was once suggested by Dr Barrett that the epitaph should be confined to two lines :—

> "Here lie the bones of Hepenstall,
> Judge, jury, gallows, rope, and all."

Lieutenant Hepenstall's brother, who survived him for a few years, received a large pension soon after from the Crown. The relict of the latter was married, by Archbishop Agar, to Dr Patrick Duigenan, as we gather from an entry in Donnybrook Parish Register, dated October 19, 1807, and printed in the Rev. B. H. Blacker's work descriptive of the locality.

35. "Spectacle Knox," as General Cockburn styles him, is Alexander Knox, whom Lord Macaulay calls "a remarkable man." He began his career as assistant private secretary to Lord Castlereagh, in whose correspondence and that of Mr Wilberforce a mass of his letters may be found, to say nothing of several volumes ostensibly devoted to the preservation of his epistles. Mr Knox drew up the report of the Secret Committee, and made himself generally useful as a scribe during the reign of terror in Ireland. When the late Sir Robert Peel came to Ireland as Chief Secretary, accompanied by a young and beautiful wife, Mr Knox fell wildly in love with her. He was fully sensible of the madness and folly of his passion, from which he strove to fly, but in vain. In a state of temporary mania, he nearly destroyed himself by an act of bodily mutilation. Our authorities for this story are the late Surgeon Peile of Dublin and Dr Labatt, who professionally attended Mr Knox, and communicated the facts to an eminent physician still living. Knox, who realised in his own person the story of Combabus, survived for many years after, but the vigour of his intellect had sunk, and his eye had lost its former sparkle.

36. Captain Armstrong. The arrests at Bond's were followed by the betrayal and execution of John and Henry Sheares. To those hapless victims—brothers by blood, and barristers by profession — Captain J. W. Armstrong, of the King's County Militia, had, with vampire instinct, obtained an introduction through the agency of a mutual friend. Carried away by the ardour of youth and the strong revolutionary current of the time, they unreservedly expressed their projects. Armstrong fanned the flame, helped their plans with hints derived from military reading and experience, wormed himself into their confidence, partook of their hospitality, mingled with their families, and, as has been stated by Mr Curran, fondled on his knee the child of the parent whom he had marked out for death; while, to quote the reminiscence of one of the family, Mrs Sheares sang at the harp for his amusement. Armstrong received promotion, a commission of the peace, and a pension of £500 a year. Fifty-six years subsequent to this tragedy, we heard with surprise that Armstrong was still alive! The late Maurice R. Leyne, addressing the present writer in 1854, says, "I saw the old scoundrel, Captain Armstrong, travelling by boat from Limerick. He was a passenger, and was attended by a body-guard of two policemen with loaded arms. He was the object of much observation and whisperings while on board; and as he was leaving the packet at, I think, Banagher, one of the boatmen, with vengeful malice, addressed him as '*Mr Sheares*,' pretending he had mistaken his name. He was known as 'Sheares Armstrong' among the people."

Captain Armstrong's incorrigible longevity had heartily wearied and disgusted the Treasury. At length, in 1858, he died, after having drawn altogether about £30,000.

37. Thomas Reynolds has been already noticed, p. 148, *et seq.*, *ante*.

38. To William Cope the same remark applies.

39. Of Justice Godfrey there is little of interest to tell. An instance of his magisterial activity may be found in the *Dublin Magazine* for December 1799, p. 378. And with this remark we conclude our explanatory notes to General Cockburn's "Step-Ladder."

It will be observed that Sir George Cockburn, in his list of the government of Ireland during the reign of terror, makes no allusion to the Viceroy whom John Magee, for having styled "the cold-hearted and cruel Camden," was prosecuted by the Orange Attorney-General Saurin, and heavily punished. The truth is that Lord Camden was a cypher. Watson Taylor acted as private secretary to his Excellency at this period, and he mentioned to Moore, on the 19th October 1838, that "Lord Camden was constantly outvoted in his wish for a more moderate system of government by Clare and Castlereagh." Watson Taylor, when in Ireland, was more busy writing songs than despatches; and we find that, among other effusions, he threw off the well-known piece, "Croppies, lie down."

REYNOLDS THE INFORMER, AND MR WILLIAM COPE.

The following remarks have been addressed to us by Sir William H. Cope, Bart., in vindication of the consistency of his late grandfather, Mr William Cope, of whom we have spoken at p. 148. After kindly observing, among other remarks, that he has read "The Sham Squire and the Informers of '98" with "much interest and pleasure," Sir William goes on to say:—

"In your addenda you designate him, on the authority of the late General Cockburn, as a 'spy,'* and bracket him with persons so infamous as Armstrong and Reynolds. I must really claim justice at your hands for his memory. A 'spy' is one who enters the enemy's camp in disguise to obtain information to use against him. Armstrong was a

* This epithet of reproach has not been applied by the present writer. See note at p. 194, *ante*. To prevent a very possible misconception in the public mind, we may add, in justice to Sir William Cope, that the title he enjoys forms no part of the recompense bestowed by the Government of Lord Cornwallis on his grandfather, William Cope, for the part taken by him in persuading Reynolds to become an informer. The late Mr William Cope was a very eminent merchant of Dublin, and Sir William Cope, his grandson, represents one of the oldest English baronetcies.

'spy,' certainly; Reynolds was both a traitor to the cause he had espoused, and a spy, by pretending still to act with his confederates after he had betrayed them. But my grandfather was not a 'spy.' He had always been, and he was especially in 1798, a strong opponent and an outspoken enemy of the United Irishmen, and of the principles they professed. As long before as 1792 he had, in an assembly of the Corporation of Dublin, as representative of the guild of merchants, moved and carried a series of resolutions strongly opposing and condemning the modified concessions to Roman Catholics, then in contemplation. These resolutions were communicated officially to all the other corporations of Ireland, and they, or similar ones, were adopted by most of the grand juries at the ensuing assizes. You may disapprove his action as much as I regret it; but at least it proves that he was an open and declared antagonist; and so well known was this, that he states that it made him so unpopular among the mercantile and trading classes of Ireland, as seriously to injure the interests of the eminent mercantile firm of which he was the head. And my grandfather was well known. In 1792 he had paid a fine to avoid the office of Sheriff of Dublin. So that had my grandfather even desired to act the 'spy,' he was most certainly one of the very last persons the United Irishmen or the patriotic party would have let into their secrets. Even the very day before Reynolds's revelation was made to him, being the only non-Liberal member of the company assembled at Castle Jordan, Sir Duke Giffard's, he seems to have stated and defended his opinions in a long conversation with Lord Wycombe, of which he has preserved a minute in the papers I have referred to. I hope, therefore, that in any future edition of your interesting publication, you will relieve my grandfather's memory from the execrable name of 'spy,' however much you may consider him as the avowed and active enemy of the cause which was betrayed to him.

"I may mention that neither my father nor I ever received, directly or indirectly, any part of the pension granted to my grandfather. It was granted, as you rightly observe, (p. 139,) to his wife, who predeceased him, and to his three unmarried daughters. It eventually centred

in Miss Teresa Cope, who, as you truly say, resided and died at Rhos-y-gar, near Holyhead. Others may entertain a different opinion as to the enormity of a recompense for services which, as Thomas Moore observes in his 'Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,' 'it is not too much to say, were the means of saving the country to Great Britain.'

"I am quite ready, if you wish it, to submit to you any of the papers I have referred to in this letter. I am not likely to be in Dublin, but if you should at any time be in London, I will willingly wait upon you there, and show them to you. I have a large number of papers relating to the period in question, including Reynolds's letters to my grandfather, some of which show his *courage* not to have been greater than his *fidelity*."

In a subsequent communication with which we were favoured by Sir William Cope, some papers of considerable historic interest and importance were enclosed. The following document, which sufficiently explains itself, is endorsed by the late Mr Cope—"Thomas Reynolds's statement of the conversation coming from Castle Jordan, and also my statement of the same."

REYNOLDS'S STATEMENT,

From original MS. in autograph of Thomas Reynolds.

"In the month of February last, [1798,] I travell'd with Mr Cope to Castle Jordan the seat of Sir Duke Gifford in order to gett Possession of the lands of Corbettstown which I became intitled to after the Death of Sir Duke's Father and which I had mortgaged to Mr Cope for £5000. We dined there as did Lord Wickcome and some other gentlemen. We satt late. The conversation turned much on the affairs of Ireland. Mr Cope and I returned next Day to Dublin in a Chaise. On the Road we chatted of the conversation which took place the Day before, and of the United Irishmen. In the course of our conversation Mr Cope* in the strongest light the distinction of all Civil and Religious liberty and Property, The violation of all the rights of Man, The murders and horrid treatment

* A word evidently omitted; probably "pointed out," or, "placed."

exercised by the French in every country they went into, (tho they went at first as Friends,) sparing neither age, sex, or Condition, and from the Daring murders and Robberies committed by the United men here, tho under the curb of the Law, what were we to expect when they were unrestrained and joined by that French army enured to every crime and enormity. We conversed several hours on the subject and the result was, that struck with all he said, I determined to quit the Society, and repair my own Fault by a declaration of all I knew, and I told Mr Cope I thought I knew a man who I could induce by representing to him all our conversation to give up the United cause, and give intelligence of all he knew of them Mr Cope directly said such a man would meritt every honor, and Reward his Country could bestow on him. I told him I would call on him in a Day or two about it. I did call on him and gave him all the information I knew of, telling him to keep secrett who he heard it from. he pressed me to come forward myself but I refused to do so, he offered me a seat in Parliament and every honor the Country could give me and great wealth if I would come forward. I told him I would not on any account that I was content as I was, and wanted neither honors nor great wealth but that I should be entitled to 500 guineas in order to repay me for any Loss I might sustain, as I well knew sooner or later this affair would be known or suspected by the United men and that I should then quit the Country for a time at least, to save my life from them and that even then they would attack my house and such of my property as they could come at. Mr Cope still pressed me to come forward myself and offered great rewards, but I allways declined to do so."

MR COPE'S STATEMENT.

From the original paper in his autograph.

"Some time in Feb. Mr R. and we had business with Sir Duke Giffords at Castle Jordan. We dined there. Lord Wycombe,* a Gent. I think of the name of Fitz-

* Lord Wycombe, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne. See page 150, *ante*.

gerald, who, from his conversation, I did believe had belonged to the Navy, a Mr —— who, I understood, was uncle to Lady Gifford, and agent to Sir Duke — I think there was another Gent., whose name I did not hear, or if I did, don't remember.—Sir D., Mr R., and I were the Comp. The conversation after Lady G. quit the room, went on the affairs of Ireland;—and it was the general opinion to find fault with the measures of Gov^{t} and particularly his Lordship said, the people would not be satisfied till there was emancipation and a reform. I said I did not know how far it might be prudent to grant a general emancipation, but as to a Reform in parliam^{t} I did not see how it was practicable to make matters better than they were as to the representation of the people, or how it could be effected and apply'd to his lordship; that in many comps. I had been in, no mode was ever yet pointed out that would not on arguments on consideration make matters worse than they were at present, but probably his Lordship might be able to point out a place that would answer the end—He then asked me did I think it fair that a Borough which had gone to decay or had not an inhabitant should send two members to Represent it—To this I replyd that at their first institution, they had their use to counterbalance in some degree the power of the Nobles and to aid the King against the power of Aristocracy but at this day they had their use, for if it was not for such Bor^{s} the abilities of the late Lord Chath^{m} and the services he was enabled to render his Country could not have been bro^{t} forward, or in this Kingdom were it not for the Bor: of Charlemont, the abilities of Mr Grattan would not have been bro^{t} forward for the service of his Country—That we had a happy Constitution and it would be dangerous to make the smallest alteration—That there was a property in both Count^{s} that had a right to be represented—That it was not Land, or would it procure a Seat in the Legislature for any populous Corporation or City. I meant the monied property of both Countrys, and were it not for the Bor^{s} that had become private property—this considerable stake in the Community would not be represented. I instanced a man by industry who had acquired

a large money property without connection with Land, had a right to a Seat in the Legislature to defend that property if he thought it necessary or proper how then could he get a Seat if there were not Bor^{s}—To this his Lordship gave no reply, but turned to some other topic, but all agreed the people must be satisfied in their objects of reformation and emancipation—As I found the opinions of all the Comp: here the same and no one inclined to point out the practicability I remained silent. Lord Wycombe mentioned his having a vessell of his own, and of his having been bro^{t} into one of the French ports—but that he was soon known and every assistance given him —I did not understand that this was at a time the Nations were at War—When Mr R. and S. retired, I talked a little with him on the conversation that had pass'd and told him my opinion that these words reformation and emancipation were to which might be added the word equality were ruining the kingdom. The next day I introduced the same subject again with Mr R. and when we got into the Chaise, for we set off walking before the family were up and met the Chaise before we got to Clonara—I talked a good deal of the disturbances of the Kingdom and the object of the French being plunder and that his property or any mans however zealous he might be to obtain the object of emancipation, &c., would not be safer than any other—I mentioned many of the enormities that had been committed by the French on their Revolution and it was a true remark that the first promoters of a Revolution never saw the end of it—in France not one but what fell victims to their own party or some new one that started up—that United Irishmen who were now so eager for a change would probably be the first who would lose their lives—and tho they depended so much on the French, they w^{d} be deceivd as they had deceivd every country that had let their Army into them. Mr R. agreed and told me so far that he had been chosen a Colon^{l} but that he was determined to quit them and tho chosen he had never acted or never would—I then said to him 'Mr R. you have it in your power to save your Country, Come forward like a man and do the good that any honest man in the Nation must bless you for'—he

said 'it was impossible—he never would'—I said every thing that occurred to me in the strongest manner to induce him told him the lives he would save, and the hon^ble light in which he would be held that every hon^r would attend him, that it was a Duty he owed his God and his Country to come forward and stop the effusion of human blood, and the dreadful calamities that would befal the Country if a civil war took place the man that would do it would deserve the highest hon^r and the highest reward his Country could bestow." *

The following extract from a private letter addressed by Mr Cope to a friend describes with still more minuteness of detail that conversation between him and Reynolds which was attended with results so very remarkable. The preceding statement seems to have been meant for the perusal of the Government; the letter is more familiar and unreserved. It will be observed that some remarks are repeated which might, without impairing the narrative, be omitted, but on consideration we think it better to give without mutilation documents of such historic value and interest.

"DUBLIN, 29*th July* 1798.

"The conspiracy had far advanced, indeed was nearly brought to a crisis, much nearer than Government or the people not in the secret (who were to be sacrificed) had any idea of, ... and from the county meetings were delegated the members to form a provincial meeting. Such was the meeting at Bond's house, and which, as it were by a miracle, I had the good fortune to discover, by pointing out to Mr Reynolds the horror and devastation that would follow such proceedings, which no doubt would lead to revolution, and the horrors which attended

* Thomas Reynolds was an extensive silk-manufacturer in Dublin; born March 12, 1771; died in Paris, August 18, 1836. When the rebellion broke out he was living at Kilkea Castle, Athy, which had been let to him on advantageous terms by the Duke of Leinster, at the instance of his brother, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who entertained a friendship for Reynolds. Mr Cooke having strongly recommended him to Government, he was employed as postmaster at Lisbon in 1810, as consul in Iceland in 1817, and as consul at Copenhagen in 1819.

the French helped me not a little in describing what would be the fate of ourselves. Mr Reynolds resisted every argument of mine to come forward and prosecute, which I used with every force I was capable of, after he agreed with me in opinion that the consequences would be dreadful. I suspected him to be a United man. I asked him if it was not wonderful, that after all the murders which had been committed, Government could never discover any person of consequence to be concerned? The wretches who form baronial meetings, I said, are not those who direct the great machine of destruction that is going forward; they are poor illiterate creatures, at least any of those who has yet appeared and been ordered to punishment. They come to be hanged, they can't tell for what. They had no enmity to the man they killed; but they would do it again for the same cause, but would tell no cause, only they would go with their party. Such as these only have Government been able to find out, when you and I must know that more enlightened understandings must set this cruel machine in motion. *He smiled.* I seized the opportunity, and with a bold assertion charged him, 'You can save your country.' He said he never could come forward, which was acknowledging my charge, and I argued from that and tried him at every point to bring him forward. First his avarice: I went so far as 50/m.* Take notice: I had no authority, but I knew well the value the information would be to the kingdom. He resisted, declaring no consideration on earth would—bring him forward. His reason was, he could not leave his friends and connections. I then tried his ambition, by asking him, was he afraid to leave the society of murderers, and be noticed by the first men in the kingdom, taken by the hand by the Chancellor of Ireland, the Speaker of the House of Commons, &c.? and if he chose might command a seat in that house. 'In short,' says I, 'there is nothing that your ambition or wish could aspire to that you may not command. Come forward and save your country.' No; but, says he, what you have said has filled me with so much horror, that I will turn in my

* This is believed by Mr Cope's representative to be an abbreviation for £5000.

thoughts how I can effect the good you desire without coming myself, or bringing any other forward, and he would call on me in a day or two. He did so. I renewed my application, but in vain. He said he was considering now it could be effected, and save any suspicion, for death and suspicion, he said, were synonymous. He made me solemnly promise I should never mention his name without his permission. He then said he could get or would prevail on a friend who would give the information in writing, the writing to be copied in his presence and returned. This person, he said, must quit the kingdom and his industry, and live abroad for a time, and he must have money to support him. I said he should have it, 1, 2, or 3000—anything he thought reasonable. He said he looked for no such thing for him. I wish to effect the good and stop the effusion of blood by his means, but don't expect more for him than will support him while he may remain abroad, where he cannot use the industry he has been accustomed to here for his support, and he thought 500 guineas would do it. Which I immediately acceded to, and he brought me the accounts, which I copied in his presence, discovering the whole of the conspiracy, and conspirators that were to meet at Bond's house 12th of March. The rest of the business is tolerably well detailed in the trials which I send you."

The result of Mr Cope's communications with Reynolds was the arrest of the fifteen delegates at Oliver Bond's on the night of March 12, 1798, and referred to at p. 145 of this work. For this bit of secret service he received five hundred guineas. From a letter we are about to quote of Mr Secretary Cooke to Mr Cope, it is evident that the papers found at Bond's, and the evidence then possessed by the Government, would not have insured a conviction of those apprehended. Reynolds finding the importance of his information, and with an appetite, as it would seem, sharpened by the five hundred guineas previously pocketed, hung back, and rather coquetted with the Government. He sold his information and friends bit by bit.

"In reference to the interview at which Reynolds brought the papers," writes Sir William Cope, "my late mother has told me that my father (being, I believe, on

leave of absence from his regiment, which was in England) lodged (I think) in Charlemont Street, or somewhere in the outlets of Dublin; and that my grandfather used to come and spend the evening with them, and that there Reynolds called on him. My mother wondered at this man, whom she did not know, calling on my grandfather there, and being closeted with him. After Reynolds's revelations came to light, my grandfather told her the real history of these mysterious interviews with the unknown visitor. I suppose Reynolds was afraid of calling on my grandfather at his house in Merrion Square."

MR SECRETARY COOKE TO MR COPE.

"CASTLE, *March* 29, 1798.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your friend has acted honestly and fairly, and has done much good; but the business is yet by no means complete. I very much fear, indeed *I am certain*, that it will be impossible to convict the persons apprehended without parole evidence. I know the objections to come forward as an* witness. But I think, in order to save a kingdom, to prevent its becoming a scene of anarchy and blood, and being thrown into a state of barbarity and slavery, all those objections should be got over. The principles which have actuated your friend have been fair and honourable; they are only deficient in resolution and effect. If he can work himself up to proceed and to come forward in the business, he will attain the end he wishes—the salvation of his country. You see what† to a state the poor deluded people are driven by their desperate leaders, daily plunging into new crimes and atrocities, and daily subjecting themselves to ignominious punishments—to banishment, to imprisonment, to death. What merit can be greater than to put a stop to the tide of enormity? Is he to put temporary odium against the welfare of the kingdom? Is he to balance his personal feelings against the happiness of millions? If he feels, as he does feel, that the system of the United Irishmen (if uncheck'd) must end in blood and cruelty, and anarchy and desolation,—if he is sensible that it cannot be checked,

* *Sic* in orig. † *Sic* in orig.

if the leaders remain triumphant in impunity, is he not bound, by every tie of humanity and justice, to come forward and defeat the system by the only means by which it can be defeated? These considerations I hope you will impress upon your friend, with others which will more forcibly suggest themselves to your mind. We have the same object—the salvation of the country. And it will be surely but a little consolation to your friend, amid the calamities of his country, to reflect that he had done some good, but suffered his country to be finally ruin'd because he declined to do more.—Yours, most truly and faithfully,

"E. Cooke."

"To Wm. Cope, Esq."

(Copied from the original in Mr Cooke's handwriting, W. H. C.)

"I find a separate copy of the above letter," writes Sir William Cope, "made by my grandfather, and on this is a most important endorsement which I have copied for you. It mentions the exact sum Reynolds got for his information—very different from his son's statements in the 'Life of Reynolds:'"—

ENDORSEMENT BY THE LATE MR COPE.

"This letter mentions that my friend R. before the Privy Council, had acted honestly and fairly, and done much good; but I must impress on his mind the necessity of his doing more. This was after he had given fair information before the Council, but insisted on his terms with me of not coming forward to give parole evidence. I exerted my influence, and though Mr Cooke said to me, 'You *must* get him to come forward; stop at nothing—£100,000—anything, &c.,' I conditioned with Gov^t^ for him for only £5000, and £1000 per year, and he is satisfied. He came forward, at my repeated intercessions, and gave public evidence of such truths as satisfied the nation."

But this note of Mr Cope's anticipates matters. Mr Secretary Cooke's moral arguments failed to convince Reynolds to the extent desired by that able diplomatist.

Pressure of a more telling character was now brought to bear upon Reynolds. The military were sent to his residence, Kilkea Castle, "at free quarters," which Lord Cornwallis said was but another name for "robbery;" and some days later the arch-informer himself was placed under arrest.

The following letter from Mr Cope to Reynolds, in reply to his complaint that military possession should have been taken of Kilkea Castle, is without date; but an entry in the "Life of Reynolds," (vol. ii., p. 206,) enables us to fix this incident as having occurred on April 21, 1798:—

MEMORANDUM IN THE LATE WILLIAM COPE'S HANDWRITING.

"Copy of a L^r^ from W^m^ Cope to Tho^s^ R. in ans^r^ to one from him, complain^g^ of the sold^rs^ being at free quarters at Kilkea Castle. This L^r^ was calculated by the writer to show R.'s friends, while collecting information for W. C., which he was to communicate from time to time to W. C.

"My dear Sir,—I lost no time in communicating the depredations which had been committed on you by the military. Mr Cooke said that gentlemen who had not endeavoured to repress the spirit of rebellion in the country, must expect to feel the bad effects in the first instance of a civil war. I told him it would irritate, so far as might possibly make bad subjects of those who were good. He could not answer for enormities that might be committed in suppressing that inclination to rebel, which had manifested itself in many parts of the country, but he would be much mistaken if the *good* and *loyal* suffered—if those who were not so disposed, felt inconvenience, it was only giving them a specimen of what they might expect if the French made good a landing;—for then the French army would ransack and plunder, as well as our own, ruin and destruction would come home to every man's door, and the gentlemen who encouraged the means, which created the necessity of quartering the army, would find that they would not be spared by their new friends, more than the good old Governm^t^ under which we were all secure and

happy. Their object was plunder, and in the pursuit, they would take it where they could find it. Therefore, those who have encouraged the spirit of disaffection to our king and happy constitution, will feel in the first instance all the calamities of a civil war, in the preparations of Governm^{t} to defend the good and loyal from the distresses that must be the natural result of an enemy landing in the country. You complain now, (feeling the distress) at the military being quartered on you—but what has created the necessity of this—the gentlemen in the country not being active in suppressing nightly meetings of the lower orders, and preventing them as far as was in their power, in their respective neighbourhoods, from getting arms. Let me tell you, sir, Gov^{t} has information that in the district in which you inhabit, there are 8000 men, all of whom have arms, each man the possessor and concealer of his own, ready to come forward on a landing; is it reasonable, or would it be just that Gov^{t} with this knowledge, should tamely lye by, without using efforts to get at these arms, and prevent them being used against the good and loyal subjects of this country? Is it to be supposed, that the gents. who have distinguished themselves for their loyalty, should in the first instance, feel the evil effects of a civil war, by having soldiers quartered on them? No, it is those who by their supineness or worse conduct, have rendered themselves suspected not to be true and loyal, that must first feel the calamity they have created. It is now no time to hesitate, every man must take his part. One expression in your letter inclines me to believe you must have given some cause for the depredations that have been committed on you; 'that if you had committed any fault, you have surely been severely punished.' I said everything I could to clear you of being among the number of the guilty encouragers to rebellion—if this was made manifest on convincing proofs given of loyalty and affection. I was told I would find Governm^{t} would be grateful,—for while they punished their enemies, they would be grateful to their friends.

"Endorsed by Mr Cope—

"L^{r} from W. C. to Tho^{s}. Reynolds on the sold^{rs} being quartered at his house."

Mr Thomas Reynolds, junior, in the "Life" of his father, gives the following account of the free-quarters at Kilkea Castle in April 1798 :—

"These exertions drew upon my father the suspicions of Government; he was thought to possess too much influence for an innocent man, and it began to be rumoured abroad that Lord Edward Fitzgerald was concealed at Kilkea Castle, and that he was collecting arms there to make it a depot. The usual method of punishing suspected persons was therefore put in force against my father. A troop of the 9th Light Dragoons and a company of Militia were sent to live at free quarters at Kilkea Castle. They remained there nine or ten days, and on their departure my father's steward produced vouchers for cattle, corn, hay, and straw, furnished to them to the amount of six hundred and thirty pounds. In addition to this, the officers lived at my father's table, keeping him a close prisoner to his room; they and their friends drank his wine, and each soldier had one pint of wine served out to him daily from the well-stocked cellars. The spirits had been all destroyed, on the first day, on pretence of keeping the soldiers sober. The troops destroyed the whole of the furniture; they plundered a valuable library, and converted a small but very valuable collection of pictures into targets for ball and sabre practice; and, under pretence of searching for Lord Edward Fitzgerald, they tore up the flooring and panelling, and broke down the ceilings, converting the castle into a mere wreck. They also flogged and tortured my father's servants. Cornet Love, who was a remarkably tall and powerful man, suspended the steward over his shoulder, with his sash, until life was nearly extinct, to compel him to confess where Lord Edward was concealed. The troops remained while there was anything to consume or to destroy; they then withdrew. Such was the reward my father received from the Irish Government for the information he gave them through Mr Cope—information which enabled them 'to preserve the country from total ruin, massacre, and destruction.' Can it be credited that any Government would so treat their own hired agent, or their avowed, but independent, friend and preserver? Is not the conclusion

irresistible that at this time my father was unknown to Government? Mr Moore has the following observation at p. 12, vol. ii., of the Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald :— 'How little sparing those in authority would have been of rewards, their prodigality to their present informer proved.' The above visitation was the first instalment of their prodigality to my father."

No! The depredations at Kilkea Castle was not "the first instalment of the prodigality" of Government to Mr Reynolds. "I enclose you," writes Sir William Cope, "an extract of a letter acknowledging the receipt of some instalment of Reynolds's reward. I thought you might like to have it. The mention of 'his friend' is evidently only intended to mislead any one into whose hands the letter might fall. Alexander Jaffray, named in it, was a wealthy merchant in Dublin. The annuity was probably to be paid in the first instance through him and my grand father."

The free-quarters, it will be remembered, took place on the 21st of April. The date of the annexed letter is March 28:—

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THOMAS REYNOLDS TO MR COPE.

Dear Sir,—I did not receive your letter, enclosing £127, 8s.* till this day, because I have been these two days attending my corps, searching all Athy and this end of the country for arms. We gott (*sic*) a good number, but none to which we could attach any criminality. I have handed what you enclosed to my friend, and I have passed him my note for the £100 that is behind, which I will be able to pay him with the assistance of Mr Jaffray's and your proportions of the half-year annuity.

. . . .†

I hope to be in Dublin next Sunday for some days, on account of several gentlemen leaving their houses. This

* 112 guineas Irish currency.

† The portion of the letter omitted is without interest, and relates only to some matters connected with Lady Gifford's marriage settlement.

part of the country has been much disturbed; therefore we have all agreed that for twelve months we will not absent ourselves for any length of time from home.—With best respects to Mrs Cope and family, I am, dear Sir, your ever grateful servant, THOS. REYNOLDS.

KILKEA, Tuesday night.

An exact copy.

Addressed—WM. COPE, Esq.,
Dame Street,
Dublin.

Post-marked

Endorsed by W. Cope.
"March 28, 1798,
Thos. Reynolds."

The life of Reynolds by his son frequently describes the informer's arrest at Athy; the following letters and their companions form an important supplement to it.

"The subjoined letter," writes Sir Wm. Cope, in a communication addressed to the present writer, "shows the falsity of the statement in Reynolds's Life, by his son, (vol. i., p. 248,) that my grandfather, on receiving Reynolds's first letter, stating that he was in custody, 'instantly' went to the castle, and stated that he was the secret informer, and procured his release. That letter proves that Mr Secretary Cooke then knew his name; and it also proves that my grandfather had not acted on his first letter 'instantly;' in fact, it would rather seem from another letter that my grandfather thought Reynolds was not keeping his promise, to reveal all he knew; and probably the whole arrest was a plan of the Government to terrify him into further revelations. If so, they succeeded; and more whining productions I never read than his two letters while in custody. The date, 'Saturday, 4 o'clock,' on the first letter, is '5th May,' the day his son says he was arrested, and which I see was in 1798, a Saturday."

THOMAS REYNOLDS TO MR COPE.

"ATHY, *Saturday*, 4 o'clock.

"MY DEAR MR COPE,—I have this day been arrested and thrown into the common jail here. I don't know on what information, but *I request, I entreat you, to send down here an immediate order for my acquittal and release, and future protection. I can* only add that, conscious of my own Loyalty and steady attachment to Governm^t, and of the thorough knowledge you have of both and Mr —— has also made me write thus to you, but I wish you to be with Mr —— and to gett it from him.

(Signed) T. REYNOLDS.

"Remember, Mr Cope, I rely on you to gett this order in an hour. I send it off here, on you I rely, to you I look for protection now. My hope, my dependence, my existence is on you. Gett me instant relief."

Note by Sir W. H. Cope.

(An exact transcript. The spelling and erasures is in the original. The name twice blotted out as if with the finger while the ink was wet—it is quite illegible. The name was probably "Cooke;" the space of the blot would about take that name.

The underscoring is in the original.)

THOMAS REYNOLDS TO MR COPE.

"Give me to my wife and little Baby again, and do with the rest of my substance as you please. Mr Cope, I'm a Father and a Husband.

"MY DEAR MR COPE,—Urged by the danger I am in, I have revealed to Colonel Campbell the situation I stand in with regard to our Business—and I have solicited him to send me to Dublin. *You* know, Mr Cope, that I am Loyal, and that my Loyalty has brought me to this miserable situation. I don't know where I am to go, or what is to be done with me, or what evidence is against me; but as you know I am suffering for having acted according to the orders and wishes Government communicated to me thro you; under their Promise of Protection I hope and expect you will now directly wait on Mr Cooke, or the Lord

Lieutenant, avow me to be your Friend, who acting under your and their advice for the good of my Country, am oppressed and thrown into a common Dungeon, and Demand from them that Protection you and they know I meritt, instant enlargement and future safety for my Person is all the recompence I ask for having done the great and essential services to Government which I have done, besides by my confinement I am totally prevented from obtaining and giving further knowledge. You told me the Lord Lieutenant never wished to know me but to do me a service, now is the time. For God's sake don't keep me longer in suspense. gett me released." (No signature.)

"William Cope, Esq., Dame Street, Dublin."

(An exact transcript. It is on a shabby half-sheet of paper, and in parts very illegible. The word omitted—"you," probably—torn by the wafer in opening.)

The biographer of Reynolds, after describing his liberation from Athy gaol, writes, (vol. ii., p. 174 :)—"Upon his arrival in Dublin, my father was carried before the Privy Council, when he was told by the Lord Chancellor that the Government were not previously aware that they were indebted to him for the timely information they had received from Mr Cope, or he should not have been molested by them."

And at p. 207, the biographer returns to the period of his father's arrest and imprisonment at Athy ; and he adds, that when Colonel Campbell sent to Dublin for further orders in reference to Reynolds, "then it was that Government *first knew him* as the man whose timely horror at the conspiracy had arrested the miseries it was preparing for his country."

We are further told, (p. 206 :)—"Mr Cope *was the only person* known to Government as the channel of information until my father was brought to Dublin in custody from Athy."

But when these passages were penned, it was probably not supposed that the facts recorded in Mr Cope's indorsement on Secretary Cooke's letter would see the light. In that statement Mr Cope distinctly refers to important in-

formation personally given by Reynolds before the Privy Council six weeks anterior to the arrest at Athy.

"I now send you," writes Sir W. Cope, "a letter from Mrs Reynolds, which is valuable, as it shows the erroneousness of the statements in Reynolds's 'Life' by his son, that he made no terms with Government for his information. She was evidently acting for him; and a letter of his, which I also send you, shows that she was empowered to act for him in these money matters:"—

MRS REYNOLDS TO MR COPE.

"My dear Mr Cope,—The terms which would satisfy my mind are:—

"Immediately after the tryal is over, Mr Reynolds to be enlarged, and letters of introduction to be given to him to any part of England he may think it most advisable to retire to, of his being a gentleman, loyal in his principles, and a friend to the King and Constitution, and recommending him and family to the particular attention of the Gentry of the place, and in the meantime to be allowed every indulgence for his health and ease of mind, in order to alleviate as much as possible the unpleasantness of his confinement.

"The annuity to commence 25th June 1798, so that he may be entitled to receive ½ a year 24th December next, the £5000 to be paid to him immediately after the tryal.

"I have to mention to you a circumstance which, if it could with convenience be done, it would, as you well know, be of the utmost advantage to us, to advance untill the tryal is over a loan of £1000 pound. We want it to go on with Sir D. Giffard's law-suit, and to discharge our Debts in this Country, which we wish to pay off before we go to England; as we intend to go off immediately after the tryal, we shall not then have time to settle these matters. I think this might be done thro you without much Difficulty.—Your obliged

"Harriett Reynolds."*

* Mr Reynolds had married, March 25, 1794, Harriett, daughter of William Witherington, Esq. of Dublin; another of whose daughters became the wife of Theobald Wolfe Tone.

THOMAS REYNOLDS TO MR COPE.

My dear Mr Cope,—I have scarse an instant to write to tell I am ordered to go off this night; the Packett sails at seven o'clock. *I must go alone.* But we * will, I hope, meet in London. I have several other places to go to. I have been almost all day receiving orders. Pray give my sincerest respects to Mrs Cope and the Young Ladies. *I have desired Harriett to Receive the* 300 *Bills, and I will write to her about them from England.* I have not time to speak to her of anything.—Your ever Devoted

Thos. Reynolds.

Monday evening, half-past six.

Thomas Moore, without sufficient evidence to warrant his suspicion, suggests that Reynolds was a very likely person to have betrayed Lord Edward Fitzgerald.† Thomas Reynolds, junior,‡ conclusively vindicates his father from at least that act of turpitude, adding: "Had he even been inclined to commit so *base* an action, as that of betraying him, it could not possibly have been in his power to have done it." §

Most people will be of opinion that it was equally base of Reynolds to betray his colleagues as they sat in council at Oliver Bond's. The foregoing passage is a full admission of Reynolds's baseness by the son, who, in two volumes filled with most scurrilous censure of Moore, Curran, Howell, and every other writer who stigmatised the baseness of Reynolds, undertakes to justify his name.

DEEDS RELATING TO HIGGINS, MAGAN, AND OTHERS.

(See p. 125, *et seq.*)

Among the documents relating to Francis Higgins, preserved in the Registry of Deeds Office, Dublin, are several

* Reynolds and his wife. Sir William Cope informs us that he is almost certain his grandfather never met Reynolds in London, or ever saw him afterwards.

† Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, vol. ii., p. 43.

‡ Life of Thomas Reynolds, vol. ii., pp. 216, *et seq.*

§ Ibid., vol. ii., p. 228.

mortgages from Thomas Magan to the Sham Squire, including one for £2300, and another for £1000. One of the witnesses is Francis Magan. Richard Daly, the lessee of Crow Street Theatre, was also pecuniarily accommodated at different times by Mr Higgins; and, in 1799, we find Daly, then styled "now of the Isle of Man," mortgaging his house in Harcourt Street to Shamado. We also find a mortgage to Higgins from Charles Kendal Bushe in 1799, and several bonds of Sir John Ferns, and a promissory note of the Right Hon. John Foster, "late Speaker of the House of Commons," are recited in the marriage settlement of the lady who was chief legatee of Higgins, and whose name we have hitherto refrained from mentioning. In the latter deed, dated Sept. 6, 1802, the remarkable fact also transpires, that this lady received, in recognition of the Sham Squire's services, a pension of £300 per annum, charged on the Irish Establishment. Owing to extraordinary circumstances, *the pension continues to be paid to this hour.* On the 10th December 1797, Lord Carhampton, whose intimacy with Shamado, Magee detected in 1789, secured the Squire as a neighbour by setting to him the lands of Hartstown and Barnageath, near Luttrelstown. The lease of the Sham Squire's house in Stephen's Green describes it as next door to that occupied by the late Counsellor Harward (see p. 7, *ante,*) and adjoining Lord Earlsfort's lawn. Rents seem to have been then comparatively low. The Sham Squire guaranteed to pay for his house in Stephen's Green £30 fine, and £55 a year; while the rent of his house in Ross Lane, "bounded on the north by Darby Square," was £38 per annum. With all his cunning, the Sham Squire blundered his will. "Two witnesses" seem to have been in those days insufficient; and the property was legally adjudged to Francis Higgins, "formerly of Downpatrick, and now of Philadelphia," first cousin and heir-at-law" of the Sham Squire. The Court of Chancery was appealed to, and some arrangement seems to have been come to between the litigants; for an assignment is preserved in the Registry Office from "the heir-at-law" of the Sham Squire to one of the parties to whom the property was bequeathed.

MACNALLY AND TURNER.

(P. 135, *ante.*)

The "Cornwallis Correspondence," published in 1859, confirms the allegation that Leonard MacNally, the confidential law-adviser to, and eloquent counsel for, the leaders of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, was in the pay of the unscrupulous Tory Government of that day, and basely betrayed the secrets of his confiding clients. MacNally had been himself a member of the Whig Club and the Society of United Irishmen, and went so far as to challenge and fight Sir Jonah Barrington, who had indulged in stinging animadversion of it. He was apparently a stanch democrat, and enjoyed the most unlimited confidence of the popular party. He survived until 1820; and with such consummate hypocrisy was his turpitude veiled, that men who could read the inmost soul of others never for a moment suspected him. The late W. H. Curran, in the Life of his father, (i., 384, 385,) pronounces a brilliant eulogium on "the *many endearing traits*" in MacNally's character, and adds that he (W. H. Curran) is filled with "emotions of the most lively and respectful gratitude." We farther learn that "for three-and-forty years Mr MacNally was the friend" of Curran, and that "he performed the duties of the relation with the most uncompromising and romantic fidelity." Years after, when the late D. Owen Maddyn urged W. H. Curran to bring out a new edition of the Life of his father, he replied that it would be difficult to do so, as he should have to cancel the passage to which I have referred, and indulge in severe reflections upon the memory of MacNally, a near relation of whom was practising in the court where Mr W. H. Curran sat as judge. Curran's regard for MacNally was steadily consistent. In 1807, on the accession of the Whigs to power, Mr Curran exerted the large influence which he possessed to obtain a silk gown for his friend. The Duke of Bedford, however, who was then viceroy, having discovered the base compact which subsisted between his Tory predecessors and MacNally, rejected the claim. But the reasons for the refusal were not then known, and the

popular party regarded as a grievance this treatment of their favourite counsel. Charles Phillips, who practised for many years at the same bar with MacNally, thus notices, in one of the last editions of "Curran and his Contemporaries," the report that MacNally had a pension: —"The thing is incredible. If I was called upon to point out, next to Curran, the man most obnoxious to the Government,—who most hated them, and was most hated by them,—it would have been Leonard MacNally,—that MacNally who, amidst the military audience, stood by Curran's side while he denounced oppression, defied power, and dared every danger!"

After the death of MacNally,* his representative claimed a continuance of the secret pension of £300 a-year, which he had been enjoying since the calamitous period of the rebellion. Lord Wellesley, the first really liberal viceroy which Ireland possessed, demanded a detailed statement of the circumstances under which the unholy agreement had been made, and after some hesitation it was furnished. The startling truth soon became known. O'Connell announced the fact publicly, and used it as an argument for dissuading the people from embarking in treasonable projects.

The MS. volume containing "An Account of the Secret Service Money Expenditure," discloses the frequent payment of large sums to MacNally, irrespective of his pension, during the troubled times which preceded and followed the Union. This engine of corruption, as recorded by the same document, invariably passed through the hands of a Mr J. Pollock.

It is suggestive of intensely melancholy ideas to glance over this blood-tinged record. The initials of MacNally perpetually rise like an infernal phantom through its pages. Passing over the myriad entries throughout the interval of 1797 to 1803, we come to the period of Robert Emmet's insurrection. In the "State Trials," we find MacNally, on September 19, 1803, acting as counsel for Emmet at the Special Commission. Under date September 14, 1803, "L. M., £100," appears on record in the Secret Service

* MacNally must have died intestate, as we can find no trace of his will in the Irish Probate Court.

Money Book. This retainer doubtless overbalanced poor Emmet's fee. The gifted young Irishman was found guilty, and executed. No one is permitted to see him in prison but MacNally, who pays him a visit on the morning of his execution, addresses him as "Robert," and shows him every manifestation of affection. On the 25th August 1803, "Mr Pollock, for L. M., £1000," is also recorded. Sometimes MacNally signed the receipts for Secret Service Money "J. W.;" but besides that the writing in these documents is identical with his acknowledged autograph, the clerk's endorsement, "L. M. N." leaves no room for doubt. The original receipts were kindly shown to us in 1854 by Dr Madden.

The masterly manner in which MacNally fortified his duplicity is worthy of attention. Persons usually the most clear-sighted regarded him as a paragon of purity and worth. Defending Finney, in conjunction with Philpot Curran, the latter, giving way to the impulse of his generous feelings, threw his arm over the shoulder of MacNally, and, with emotion, said, "My old and excellent friend, I have long known and respected the honesty of your heart, but never until this occasion was I acquainted with the extent of your abilities. I am not in the habit of paying compliments where they are undeserved." Tears fell from Mr Curran as he hung over his friend.* Nineteen years after, Curran died with the illusion undispelled. From the *Freeman's Journal* of October 13, 1817, we gather that Judge Burton wrote from London to MacNally, as the old and tried friend of Curran, to announce the approaching death of the great patriot.†

Sir Jonah Barrington insinuates that MacNally was an unpopular companion in society. The late Dr Fulton, addressing us in 1858, observed:—"L. MacNally was a most agreeable companion—quite a little Curran; and his political views were considered even more democratic than Curran's. He made a bet that he would dine at the mess of the Fermanagh Militia, an ultra-Orange body. He joined them unasked, and made himself so agreeable, and

* Life of Curran by his son, vol. i., p. 397.

† We contributed to *Notes and Queries* some portions of this paper.

every man there so pleasant, that he received a general invitation to their mess from that day. He was a most pleasing poet, and wrote, among other effusions, the well-known song, 'Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.'"

Sir Jonah Barrington, who often sacrificed strict accuracy to sensational effect, has given us, in his "Personal Sketches," a monstrous caricature of MacNally's outward man. Nevertheless, although, like Curran, of low stature, he had, as we are informed by O'Keefe, who knew him intimately, "a handsome, expressive countenance, and fine sparkling dark eye."*

Mr MacNally must at least have had a rare amount of what is familiarly termed "cheek." In his defence of Watty Cox at a public trial in Dublin, February 26, 1811, he says, "Few men become . . . . informers until they have forfeited public character."†

The Duke of Wellington, in the following letter, probably refers to MacNally, whose insatiable cupidity is very likely to have prompted him to seek further recognition of his unworthy services by applying for some office in the gift of the crown :—

"London, *June* 29, 1807.

"My dear Sir,—I agree entirely with you respecting the employment of our informer. Such a measure would do much mischief. It would disgust the loyal of all descriptions, at the same time it would render useless our private communications with him, as no further trust would be placed in him by the disloyal. I think that it might be hinted to him that he would lose much of his profit if, by accepting the public employment of Government, he were to lose the confidence of his party, and consequently the means of giving us information. . . . . —Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,

"Arthur Wellesley.‡

"To James Trail, Esq."

* Recollections of John O'Keefe, vol. i., p. 45.

† *Irish Magazine*, April 1811, p. 45.

‡ Who is the "Catholic orator" referred to in the following note from Sir A. Wellesley to Lord Hawkesbury? (p. 291 :)—

"Dublin Castle, *Jan.* 8, 1808.

"The extracts of letters sent to you by Lord Grenville, were sent

The editor of the "Cornwallis Papers," Mr Ross, in enumerating, with others, (iii., 319,) one Samuel Turner, who received a pension of £300 a year at the same time as MacNally, declares that he has been unable to obtain any particulars of this man. There can be no doubt that Mr Turner belonged to the same school as MacNally.

The old Dublin Directories, in the list of "Judges and Barristers," record the name of Samuel Turner, Esq., who was called to the bar at Easter Term 1788; and the following paragraph, which we exhume from the London *Courier* of December 5, 1803, suggests a painful glimpse of the grounds on which Mr Turner obtained a pension at the same time as MacNally :—

"On Friday last, Samuel Turner, Esq., barrister-at-law, was brought to the bar of the Court of King's Bench, in custody of the keeper of Kilmainham prison, under a charge of attainder, passed in the Irish Parliament, as one concerned in the Rebellion of the year 1798; but having shown that he was no way concerned therein, that he had not been in the country for a year and seven months prior to passing that Act,—*i.e.*, for thirteen months prior to the rebellion,—and therefore could not be the person alluded to, his Majesty's Attorney-General confessed the same, and Mr Turner was discharged accordingly."

To return to MacNally :—

A gentleman who conducted the leading popular paper of Dublin some forty years ago, in a communication addressed to us, observes :—"It was in 1811, during the prolonged trial of the Catholic delegates, (Lord Fingal, Sheridan, Burke, and Kirwan,) that doubts were first entertained of MacNally's fidelity. MacNally took a leading part in the counsels of the delegates and their friends. We observed that the Orange Attorney-General, Saurin, always appeared wondrously well prepared next day for the arguments which we had arranged. MacNally, n

to us by ———, the Catholic orator, two months ago. The ——— mentioned is *a man who was desirous of being employed by Government as a spy*, and his trade is that of spy to all parties. He offered himself to ———, Lord Fingal, and others, as well as to us, and we now watch him closely."

doubt, used to communicate to the law officers of the Crown all the secrets of his confiding clients."

MacGuicken, the attorney of the United Irishmen, of whom we shall speak hereafter, was also subsidised.

The world now knows the guilt of MacNally and MacGuicken. Their memory has been execrated. But surely the seducer of these once honourable men deserves a share of the obloquy. Who was the man who first debauched the counsel and solicitor of the United Irishmen?

JOHN POLLOCK.

(P. 124, *ante.*)

In the "Memoirs and Correspondence of Marquis Cornwallis," (vol. iii., p. 320,) a letter appears, addressed by Mr Secretary Cooke to the Lord Lieutenant, in which various persons are recommended, including MacNally and MacGuicken, as fit recipients for a share in the £1500 per annum which in 1799 had been placed for secret service at his Excellency's disposal. Mr Cooke thus concludes:—"Pollock's services ought to be thought of. He managed Mac—— and MacGuicken, and did much. He received the place of Clerk of the Crown and Peace, and he has the fairest right to indemnification." Mr Charles Ross, the editor, reminds his readers that "Mac" is "Leonard MacNally, Esq., a barrister of some reputation, who was regularly employed by the rebels, and was entirely in their confidence. He was author of various plays and other works,—born 1752; died 1820."

It may interest the students of that eventful period of Irish history to learn some account of the unscrupulous and wily person who succeeded in corrupting the counsel and solicitor of the unfortunate state prisoners. On this negotiation some important events hinged. For almost every name mentioned in the "Cornwallis Correspondence," Mr Ross has furnished an explanatory footnote. In the page following the mention of Mr Pollock's name, the editor says: "It has been found impossible to ascertain anything in regard to most of these individuals;" and as we

have no note relative to Mr Pollock, it may be presumed that Mr Ross knows little or nothing of him.

Half a century ago John Pollock was a well-known solicitor in Dublin. In the "Dublin Directory" for 1777 his name appears for the first time, and his residence is given as 31 Mary Street. In 1781 he removed to 12 Anne Street, and in 1784 to Jervis Street. In 1786, Mr Pollock was appointed "solicitor to the trustees of the linen manufacture;" in 1795 we find him Clerk of the Crown and Peace for the province of Leinster, and Clerk of the Peace for the county of Dublin. In the year 1800, Mr Pollock was gazetted to the enormous sinecure of Clerk of the Pleas of the Exchequer.

The MS. volume already noticed, containing an "account of secret service money expenditure employed in detecting treasonable conspiracies," chronicles the frequent payment of pecuniary stimuli to Mr Pollock. On December 11, 1797, £300 is recorded; April 20, 1798, "John Pollock, £110," appears. June 15, £109, 7s. 6d; August 18, £56, 17s. 6d.; August 28, ditto; September 14, do.; and on January 18, 1799, the large sum of £1137, 10s. arrests attention. There are, however, various other payments to Mr Pollock, which it would be tedious to enumerate.

As soon as he received the bloated sinecure of Deputy Clerk of the Pleas, Mr Pollock removed from Jervis Street to No. 11 Mountjoy Square East, where, as I am informed by M—— S——, Esq., he lived in a style of lavish magnificence, and spent not less than £9000 a year. This reign of luxury lasted until the year 1817, when Mr Pollock was suddenly hurled from his throne.

The sinecure office of Clerk of the Pleas of the Exchequer had been "in some measure created for Lord Buckinghamshire," as a reward for his important services in India,* as well as in Ireland, when discharging the duties of Chief Secretary. Sir J. Newport declared in Parliament, on April 29, 1816, that his lordship's fees had amounted to £35,000 per annum. Lord Buckinghamshire died on February 5 in that year. From the *Dublin Evening Post* of February 20, 1817, we learn that "Mr Pollock still continues to fulfil the duties of the office, and

* Sketches of Irish Political Characters, p. 49. London, 1799.

the writs which had been authenticated by the signature of 'Buckinghamshire,' are now signed 'John Pollock.'" The duties of the office were indolently, inefficiently, and often fraudulently discharged. "Purchasers can have no security," observes the same authority; "we have been informed of a judgment of £10,000 *omitted* in a certain certificate. It is one of the most lucrative and unnecessary offices in the country," continues the *Post*; "all the duty is performed by the deputy, Mr Pollock, who derives about £5000 a year. All this is made up of fees on the distribution of justice in a single court of law. If this unnecessary office were now extinguished, how much would it cheapen justice to the public! What a number of poor suitors would then procure justice who are now excluded from its benefits by their poverty!"

But the estimate of the *Post* would seem to have been "under the mark." On Monday, April 29, Leslie Foster declared that Mr Pollock "drew £10,000 out of the profits, and on which he ought to pay the salaries of the other clerks; but instead of this he pocketed the whole of the money, leaving them to raise the fees upon the suitors on no other authority than their own assumptions!"

The son of a late eminent solicitor, in a letter addressed to us, dated September 25, 1865, thus refers to Mr Pollock and the lax practices then prevalent:—

"In 1816 my father died. Long before his death my mother used to hear him and other professional men talk of the general extravagance and demoralisation that existed among the officials of the Four Courts, several of whom, from poor clerks, were floated up to wealth by the rise of the times. Most of the higher class among them habitually anticipated their incomes, availing themselves of the facilities for doing so then afforded by the paper-credit or kite-flying* system. As to Pollock, he lived magnificently in Mountjoy Square and in the country; and like those, for the most part, who spend freely, he was not, indeed,

* This phrase greatly puzzled a member of the English bar, Lord Redesdale, who was sent to Ireland as Chancellor. Plunket endeavoured to explain. "In England, my lord, the wind raises the kite, but in Ireland the kite raises the wind." "I feel no better informed yet, Mr Plunket," replied the matter-of-fact Chancellor. Possibly some readers may say the same.—W. J. F.

disliked; though if, in taxing an attorney's costs, he received a note, in order, after deducting what was due him, to return the balance, he would, as it were by way of a joke, laugh, and say, 'We'll talk of this another time,' and keep the note—the attorney not daring to object, lest he should be proportionately a sufferer when he'd *next* have to get his costs taxed! But, in time, the attorneys became sufficiently *up* to the great cost-taxer's failing as regards note-keeping, to be on their guard against it, by not letting him finger more than he was actually entitled to receive. Like 'robbers all at Parga,' it should be added, that others of those gentry of the courts, Papists as well as Protestants, were Pollocks in their way, 'feathering their nests well,' and eventually purchasing estates. At last a Government commission came, and reformed this very corrupt system."

The peculation upon which Mr Pollock had so long fattened soon began to enkindle a wide sensation. A commission of inquiry was held, and some startling facts came to light. Mr Leslie Foster, afterwards Baron of the Exchequer, observed: "To show the progress of abuse, he might pursue the history of the place held by this deputy. In 1803, his profits amounted to £3000 a year. After that time the office was placed under regulations which reduced its emoluments to one-third; and in consideration of what was called the vested right of the possessor, he received a compensation of £2000, which, joined to his fees, made up £3000, his original income. Instead of being worth £3000 at present, the office yielded £7000 a year, having increased £5000 since 1803; which, with a compensation of £2000 for anticipated loss, amounted to the £7000 mentioned. All these abuses spring from the circumstance that the power of taxation is lodged in the hands of officers who were interested in the sums they imposed, or in the abuses they connived at."

At this time, as appears from the "Directory," Mr Pollock not only held the lucrative office of crown solicitor, but various sinecures besides. The "Cornwallis Papers" had not then divulged that all this emolument was simply the wages earned by the corruption of MacNally and MacGuicken!

It further appeared that £13,000 extra had been seized upon and squandered by understrappers. The commissioners pursued their inquiries. "They unexpectedly discovered," says the *Post* of May 4, 1817, "an apparently humble satellite who obtained an income of £1300 per annum from fees, and who, without being ambitious of even the celebrity which an almanac confers, quietly revolved above the brilliant orb of his superior, as much unknown to the public as any of the satellites of Jupiter." A more monstrous labyrinth of inveterate abuses had never before been explored. Impeachment became unavoidable; and we find the Attorney-General, Saurin, bringing forward nine distinct charges against Mr Pollock. One paragraph will suffice for a specimen :—"With respect to the taxation of costs, the officer has exercised an arbitrary and discretionary power in demanding fees; and that the fees received have, in some instances, exceeded the amount of the costs themselves." In the Court of Exchequer, July 1, 1817, the Chief Baron O'Grady, afterwards Lord Guillamore, passed judgment on Mr Pollock. He thus concluded : "We are obliged to declare, from the acts lately for the first time come to our knowledge, that he has abused his duty—abused his discretion—he has done acts without authority—by accepting gratuities he has degraded the court—he has permitted fictitious charges, and has raised the fees of this court to bring them to the level of higher fees of other courts, instead of bringing down what was highest to the level of those that were lower; these acts have tended to a perverse and mal-administration of justice; and it is therefore due to the public—to the ends of justice—to the authority and purity of the court—to the maintaining of the court's authority over its own officer—and to the end of the officer presiding with effect over those under him, that Mr Pollock be removed, and he is thereby removed from the office of Deputy Clerk of the Pleas of this court." The *Correspondent* and *Saunders* of the day do not report the case. The foregoing has been extracted from the *Freeman's Journal*. At the period in question, it does not seem to have been always easy for reporters to obtain access to courts of law during the progress of peculiar cases. The

Freeman of July 12, 1817, devotes a leading article to the discussion of a petulant remark made by Lord Chief-Justice Norbury's registrar, Mr Jackson, to the effect that "he *would prevent the court from being turned into a printing office.*"

Mr S—— tells me that he remembers having noticed, with some pain, the once swaggering and influential John Pollock reduced to comparative poverty and prostration. Mr Pollock did not long survive his humiliation. In 1818 Leonard MacNally saw his seducer consigned to the grave.

It may be worth adding that Chief-Baron O'Grady claimed the right of patronage in the appointment of successors to Lord Buckinghamshire and Mr Pollock; and having named his son and brother to the overgrown sinecures, much comment was excited, which resulted in an elaborate public trial of the judge's right. Saurin contended that the king, not the court, had the right of appointment.

WALTER COX.

(Pp. 122–124, *ante.*)

The seduction of the once-indomitable patriot Watty Cox, who was eventually bought up by the Richmond government, was also due to Mr Pollock.

Mr John Pollock, in a letter addressed to Sir Arthur Wellesley, dated January 12, 1809, directing his attention to Macniven's "Pieces of Irish History,"* goes on to say, (p. 534:)—

"Whether this book was originally printed in New York is for the present immaterial; it is now in print in Dublin, and, no doubt, will be circulated through the country with indefatigable zeal. My information says it is the precursor of a French invasion; and certainly the whole object of the book is calculated, and with great ability executed, in order to show the necessity of a separation of this country from England, and to procure a French army to be received here as allies. Your means of information are, no doubt,

* Civil Correspondence and Memoranda of F. M. Arthur Duke of Wellington; edited by his son.

most ample; it may, however, not be improper in me to say to you that *if you have Cox** (who keeps a small book-shop in Anglesea Street,) he can let you into the whole object of sending this book to Ireland at this time; and further, if you have not Cox, believe me that no sum of money at all within reason would be misapplied in riveting him to the Government. I have spoken of this man before to Sir Edward Littlehales and to Sir Charles Saxton. He is the most able, and, if not secured, by far the most formidable man that I know of in Ireland." He was "secured" accordingly; but Lord Mulgrave, afterwards Marquis of Normanby, on his accession to the viceroyalty, deprived Cox of his pension. Under the regime of the Duke of Richmond was also accomplished the seduction of an able Roman Catholic satirist, Dr Brennan, who continued until his death to enjoy a pension of £200 a year for ridiculing in his *Milesian Magazine* the Catholic leaders of that day.

A correspondent, Mr C. C. Hoey, sends us the following note touching Walter Cox:—

"Scattered through the pages of Cox's (Watty) *Irish Magazine* from 1807 to 1814, now extremely scarce, may be found a great amount of uncollected information that may be advantageously read with the light of the *Wellington Correspondence*. Though Cox was finally bought up to silence, he did good service for his creed and country. In those years, and that principally on the veto question, the career of this man was extraordinary, and notwithstanding his weak points, he is entitled to a distinct biography. The 'Shrewd Man' and the 'Gunsmith,' alluded to under Secretary Trail's letter, was no other than Walter Cox. Cox's father was a bricklayer, who was dragged to prison by order of Lord Carhampton, and suffered some indignities and even torture, which never left the mind of his son, and finally made him resolve on turning author, to retaliate for the severities he witnessed in 1798. Cox himself was originally a gunsmith; he supplied military data to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, enjoyed his confidence as well as others in the Directory, and afterwards became his lord-

* Mr Pollock was no stranger to Cox. See *Irish Magazine* for 1811, pp. 353, 434.

ship's biographer in the pages of his own magazine. Cox, though a youth in 1792, held the command of the second company of the Goldsmiths' Corps of Volunteers, whose last parade was announced to take place in the burial ground of *St Michael le Pole*, Great Ship Street, but was prevented by a proclamation of the Government and a turn out of the whole garrison, similar to the Clontarf affair of '43. This, I believe, was the last attempted meeting of the volunteers in Dublin. Dr Madden inserts a query in the fourth volume of the last edition of his *United Irishmen* (p. 599) as to whether some Mr Cox, who received secret service money in 1803, was identical with Watty Cox; but it is not likely, as from Lord Hardwick's official vindication of his government, it appears that it was meditated in 1803 to place the formidable gunsmith under arrest as a dangerous democrat. Cox suffered imprisonment and the pillory several times for his writings in the *Irish Magazine;* the most noted was "The Painter Cut; a Vision," of which he was found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of three hundred pounds, and enter into security himself for one thousand, with two others of five hundred pounds each, to keep in good behaviour for seven years, as well as suffer one year's confinement in Newgate. A great portion of the priesthood exerted themselves in striving to put down his *Magazine* for the part he took against the veto, and he attacked the Government so severely that Crown Solicitor Pollock suggested he should be bought up as being the most formidable character of the time. Archbishop Troy and Bishop Milner (who subsequently became an anti-vetoist) and Lord Fingal received no quarter at his hands. In his *Magazine* may be found a good deal of matter connected with those men, not to be found elsewhere. Sir Jonah Barrington comes in for a share of castigation for his shortcomings and backslidings; he accuses him of bringing forward a motion in the Irish House of Commons "to confiscate the property of Dr Esmond, who headed the rebel force at Prosperous, and thereby deprived his infant children of bread." He says Sir Jonah Barrington printed his "History of the Union" in Dublin in 1802, but as he did not give it to the public then, we presume he gave it to another quarter. There is also some matter

connected with the career of Reynolds, O'Brien, Hepenstal, and many others, which I think has not met the notice of the historians of 1798. The admirably executed caricatures published in his *Magazine* were done by Mr Brocas, who afterwards was appointed head master of the Government School of Design, Royal Dublin Society. After lying for some years in Newgate, Cox was at last bought over. He resided for a while in the house No. 12 Clarence Street, off Summer Hill, which still goes by the name of 'Cox's Cot,' and his name appears on some old leases connected with that quarter. He finally retired to Finglas, where he spent many years, and mixed much in the sports and May-pole amusements of that old village. I am hunting up for some information concerning his latter days, and I find that there is at present alive a nephew of his, a working bricklayer. Cox died in 1837, having been prepared for death by the Rev. Matthias Kelly, P.P. of St Margaret's, Finglas. From some letters of Cox not generally accessible, we select a few in illustration of his epistolary style :—

"New York, *December* 18, 1819.

"My dear Friend,—I am as uneasy as possible by remaining here, and I am determined to leave this hideous climate and most detestable race of rascals, who call it their own, and boast of it as a gift of Heaven, though the wretches are hardly out of school when they die of old age, or are swept away by yellow fever, which has not spared any one within the range of its devouring limits on the sea coast, from Boston to New Orleans. The last summer I escaped by flying to Quebec—a distance of 562 miles; and from its lofty walls I despatched a letter to you on the 12th of October, and returned here on the 11th of November, to see the sickly wretched Yankees removing the fences that enclosed a considerable portion of this city, when, in their fright, they attempted to put limits to the common enemy, as judiciously as the wise men of Gotham attempted to keep in the sparrows, by placing a strong railing round their town. They have perished in thousands, and, in my opinion, the yellow fever would confer a blessing on the human race by continuing its capers.

"A work of interesting curiosity, I have almost ready,

to consist of two volumes, which, if I live until summer, will be in the Irish press. I have seen Mr O'Connell's letter to the Catholics, and have got it printed here. There never was a better or more seasonable *State Paper*, a dignity it most eminently deserves. Remember me to your child; to B. Tell Mr James Crosbie, Attorney-General to toll-houses, that I hope he is alive and well; but if he is dead, say nothing about it until I call in person.—Yours truly, "WALTER COX.

"A considerable number of Dublin men are here, captains, colonels, &c., who ran away from Generals D'Evereux and L'Estrange, and from the burning sands of Margaritta, famine and yellow fever, which the orators and prophets of the Board of Health, instituted in Dublin for taking care of sick friends at a distance, forgot to predict."

Mr Cox did not continue an O'Connellite. In 1835 we find him brought up before the magistrate at Arran Quay Police Office, charged by the reverend gentlemen of Church Street Chapel with having personally denounced in very violent language the collection of the O'Connell Tribute during its progress in the Chapel Yard.

"NEW YORK, *Nov.* 20, 1819.

"I have determined to return home, nor am I prepared, by my very sad experience, to encounter any more of the frightful climate and other miseries incident to the infernal state of society in this country, with the wretched penury to be met with in all parts of this land.

"You may conceive some faint idea of the health of this place, when I assure you even New York, the most salubrious city here, was entirely reduced to a solitude during the last summer, which, to avoid, I made a most expensive excursion to Quebec, a distance of 570 miles. Not an Irishman in Savannah that did not fall a victim to the yellow fever, among them, Mr John Walsh, late of Usher's Quay, and his son and daughter; not an acre of ground occupied by white men in this extensive region, that did not feel the scourge of every species of fever hitherto known, besides thousands of a new variety.

"Cobbett has gone home, and then surely I may venture, as I would prefer the dry gallows at home to an inglorious sweating death under American blankets.

"*P.S.*—I will have ready for publication, on my arrival, a novel in true Irish style, which, I will venture to say, will be much superior in originality, style, and composition, to any of Lady Morgan's. What will the world say, when it is known I am turned novelist? Laughable, certainly, but true, as the existence of Essex Bridge.—Yours,

"WALTER COX."

We are not aware that the formidable rival to "O'Donnell" and "Florence MacCarthy" ever appeared.

From other letters of Cox in our hands, we find him in June 1821 residing at "Ingouville, Havre de Grace." He expresses himself in very laudatory terms of La belle France; invites some old friends to visit him "for three months," and by way of inducement promises no end of sparkling champagne.

ABSTRACTION OF PAPERS FROM THE CASTLE ARCHIVES.

(P. 121, *ante*.)

We have received from Mr S. Redmond, a respectable gentleman connected for many years, first with the Irish, and later with the English press, the following letter, correcting the account given by Dr —— of the disappearance from the Castle Archives of the Secret-Service-Money Book. It is right to premise, however, that having submitted Mr Redmond's letter to Charles Haliday, Esq., J.P., perhaps the most extensive collector of rare and curious books illustrative of Irish history, he informs us that the Secret-Service-Money Book is in his keeping, and that Mr Redmond's impression, as to its having been forcibly recovered by the Government, is erroneous. Mr Redmond was a very young man in 1838, and probably the story told him did not lose in the carriage by Mr Byrne. "The Secret-Service-Money Book," writes Mr Haliday, "was sold with other very curious documents as waste paper."

It was in 1838, during the Mulgrave Viceroyalty, that

this important volume found its way, among a mass of waste paper,* to an obscure dealer in second-hand books. After some vicissitudes it passed into the hands of a bookseller, residing on Upper Ormond Quay, by whom we understand it was sold for £10 to Mr Haliday.

"46 Salisbury Street, Liverpool,
"*October* 22.

"Sir,—Although I have not the honour of your personal acquaintance, I am very well aware of your name and character. I trust you will excuse me for addressing you on a subject which you have ventilated, and which is of deep historical interest. It is in reference to the footnote, referring to what your friend Dr —— told about the Secret-Service-Money Book. Perhaps the following facts may be of use to you, and if so, you are at liberty to make any use you think proper of them. The document in question was not 'cleared out and sold' by any official in the Castle—it was *stolen* with some other valuable documents, but it came into the hands of poor John Fegan in an honest and legitimate manner. He kept a stall at the corner of Off Lane and Henry Street, and was a man of great natural intelligence, had a limited education, but improved it wonderfully by self-culture. The doctor, I think, has made a mistake by stating that it was publicly exhibited for sale. No man in the world knew the value of such a document better than poor Fegan. He showed it to Mr Edward Byrne, (since dead,) who kept a tavern at No. 6 Capel Street. I was then a very young man, connected with the reporting staff of the *Morning Register* newspaper, (and subsequently for nearly ten years on the

* We are informed by a gentleman, connected for half a century with the office of the Secretary of State, Dublin, that seven years previous to this clearance—namely, during the Anglesey Viceroyalty, in 1831—cart-loads of correspondence were removed to the Riding School, in the Lower Castle Yard, while some alterations were in progress at the Chief Secretary's Office. They remained for a lengthened period publicly exposed in the Riding School, until they became "small by degrees, and beautifully less." The documents sold in 1839 were a different lot, and their abstraction was attributed to the dishonesty of some of the messengers who had ready access to the presses in which the letters were contained.

Freeman's Journal,) and Mr Byrne sent for me and showed it to me. Although young, I was immediately alive to the value of the treasure that lay before me, and I at once resolved to possess it. I appointed to meet Mr Byrne and Fegan in the evening, and did so; but imagine my surprise when I found the treasure had flown. Mr Byrne had taken it back to the Castle! Between the time I had seen him in the forenoon and my visit in the evening, a person from the Castle called on Mr Byrne, and threatened to have him transported if he did not give up the document! Mr B. was a very timid man, and at once proceeded to the Castle and delivered it up. It seems that, in consequence of the gossip raised by poor Fegan about it, it was missed from the Castle, and hot search made after it. The above is the result. This was in the latter end of 1838, or beginning of '39. I have often regretted the loss, for had I got it, no pressure would have extracted it from me.

"It may be interesting to you, when I state that many of Lever's and Carleton's best stories are founded on tales told them by Fegan. He was obliged to quit Dublin in '48, and subsequently kept a book-stall at the Custom House here. He lost his life, with his wife and three children, in a fire in the house where he lived in Shaw's Alley, in this town, three or four years ago. I wrote a short memoir of him in the journal to which I am attached. The public raised a handsome monument to the family, in Saint Anne's Church, Edge Hill.

"I have frequently seen the slab (a black stone, either marble or heavy dark limestone) over the grave of Higgins, in Kilbarrack Churchyard, but little did I think who lay beneath it. The last time I saw it, (some years ago,) it was partly on its side, apparently turned over. What a gigantic scoundrel he was, and to have done such a multiplicity of novel villanies in a life, comparatively short, surpasses comprehension. One would think that, to conceive and mature such an amount of hell-born crimes, would have taken a couple of centuries; but when we find a human being capable of acting them, and dying at fifty-five, our astonishment becomes altogether lost. Poor Magee! *ought* he not have a statue some place *about College Green?* Fearfully as I felt my gorge rise at the treble-

dyed damnation of Iscariot Higgins, I must say, with the utmost sincerity, that in all my life I never enjoyed such hearty laughter as I did at the description of the *fêtes* at Fiat Hill; and when I meet with any one troubled with the *hips*, I shall turn doctor and order the patient to read that part of the work twice, and I will insure him a radical cure. Many a day have I gambolled about these spots, little thinking that the ground was sacred to *Olympic pig races*, or that I would, in this country, (to use a well-known phrase,) nearly burst my sides reading of the scenes that were enacted on that now memorable hill.—I am, &c.,

"SYLVESTER REDMOND."

The Duke of Wellington, when Sir Arthur Wellesley, more than once complained of the abstraction of papers from their legitimate repository. Among the curious papers alluded to by Mr Haliday, is a voluminous correspondence between influential persons and viceroys of the day, soliciting place, promotion, pay, and patronage. One letter from Compton Domvile, Esq., M.P., of Santry House, addressed to the Duke of Richmond, asks for the peerage of Santry. The Lord Lieutenant writes across the letter—"A modest request! Answer this letter evasively.—Richmond." But the application was not, after all, very unreasonable, for an ancestor of Mr Domvile's possessed the peerage of Santry, which he lost, according to O'Reilly's "Reminiscences of an Emigrant Milesian,"* from having at a meeting of the Hell-Fire Club, in Saul's Court, Fishamble Street, compelled an unfortunate man to swallow brandy until his throat filled to overflow, when a lighted match was applied, and the sufferer slowly blazed into eternity!† But what little reliance can be placed upon hearsay stories, and how likely men are, after the lapse of many years, to confound the details of utterly distinct incidents, is exhibited in this "Reminiscence." Lord

* Vol. iii., page 290.

† The Hell-Fire Club of Dublin was succeeded by the Cherokee Club. The late Mr John Patten told us that the late estimable Earl of Charlemont was a member of it, and dressed in red and black—the devil's livery! Lords Ormond, Enniskillen, and Llandaff also belonged to it.

Santry was tried by his peers, not for the above diabolical escapade, which, we believe, he never committed, but for having, at the village of Palmerstown, stabbed a man named Loughlin Murphy, who died of his wound on September 25th, 1738. The report of his trial is now before us. Lord Santry was sentenced to death; but there is an authentic tradition to the effect, that his cousin, Mr Compton Domvile, having threatened to deprive Dublin of water, the noble convict's life was pardoned by the viceroy. The title, however, was forfeited, and Lord Santry's estates passed to Sir Compton Domvile.

It may be asked, how Mr Domvile could deprive Dublin of water. The supply came from the Dodder at Templeogue, and ran through the Domvile property. By damming up or turning off this stream, which then was the sole conduit of supply to the Earl of Meath's Liberty and Dublin city, formidable inconveniences could not fail to arise.

The corporate records are said to contain some curious details of a quarrel in which Mr Compton Domvile and the executive were occasionally engaged. It was more than once brought to a crisis by Mr Domvile cutting off the water supply, sometimes in pique, sometimes in salutary pressure on the powers that were. On one occasion, as we are assured by an officer of the corporation, the Lord-Lieutenant was constrained to send out horse and foot, and forcibly wrest the water from the custody of Domvile's *retainers*. In 1775 the insufficiency of the supply from the Dodder, which for several centuries was the sole resource of Dublin, led the corporation to resort to the Grand Canal. But matters were not much mended by the change. Dr W—— of Dublin, who is still living, saw the troops cut the canal, when, owing to a dispute, the directors refused to continue to give water. A pure and abundant supply of soft water was long desired by Dublin, and this has been recently obtained for it through the energy of Sir John Gray.

TREASON IN ULSTER—HOULTON.

(P. 57, *ante.*)

The repeated mention of Houlton's name in the history of the Sham Squire* leads to the query whether the miscreant named Houlton, described by Plowden, as having personated a rebel general in 1798, was connected with the colleague of Francis Higgins. Mr Houlton, after an interview with the Irish Privy Council, Lord Redesdale presiding, was equipped with a superb rebel uniform, including a cocked hat and feathers, which was paid for by Government, and sent on a mission to Belfast, to tempt, to proselytise, to dupe, and to betray. An orderly dragoon repaired with instructions to General Sir Charles Ross, who commanded in Belfast, that Houlton was a confidential servant of the Government, and on no account to be molested. Houlton, however, having set off on his mission in a post-chaise and four, arrived at Belfast long before the advice of his advent, and the result was that, when in the act of spouting treason with startling volubility at a tavern, Houlton was arrested by the local authorities, paraded in his uniform round the town, and sent back under a strong guard to Dublin. †

A fine field for the profitable pursuit of betrayal was spoiled by this contrariety. The north of Ireland, at one time ripe for revolt, never rose. Some interesting papers, formerly in the possession of General Nugent, who had the chief command in the North, are now in our hands, and reveal the formidable length to which the organisation reached in Ulster.

The conspiracy was not confined to the men who had nothing to lose. Among those who staked their lives and fortunes on its issue, was Mr Stewart of Acton, a gentleman of large property, noticed at considerable length in

* See p. 57, &c.

† Post-Union History, vol. i., p. 223. It may be pertinent to add, that in the interval which elapsed between the French expedition to Bantry Bay and their arrival at Killala, the Mayor of Drogheda hired a staff of spies, whom he dressed up in French uniforms, and despatched through the country to entrap the unwary peasantry.

"the Private and Secret" letters of Under-Secretary Cooke, addressed to Lord Castlereagh, and published in the correspondence of the latter.*

The letters in question boast of possessing information calculated to criminate Mr Stewart, but the details or even substance of the information is not given. The following letters are now printed for the first time. Lord Castlereagh's, we may add, was enclosed in the larger communication addressed by Lord William Bentinck to General Nugent, commander-in-chief in Ulster :—

(Secret.) "DUBLIN CASTLE, *June* 24.

"MY LORD,—The information upon which I granted a warrant against Mr Stewart stated him, a very short time previous to the rebellion, to have accepted the situation of Adjutant-General for the county of Armagh in the rebel army.

"Your lordship's knowledge of the public mind of the North confirms me in a hope I have for some time entertained that there has a salutary change of sentiment taken place amongst the Dissenters. I am not sanguine enough to hope that Mr Stewart can, in so short a space of time, have become a good subject; however, under all the circumstances, it appears to me desirable that Mr S. should, at least for the present, remain at large, under his bail, as taken by your lordship. Should any circumstance arise to make it advisable to proceed otherwise, I shall have the honour of communicating on the subject with your lordship before any steps are taken.—I have the honour to be, your lordship's very obedient servant,

"CASTLEREAGH.

"To Lord William Bentinck."

"ARMAGH, *July* 27, 1798.

"DEAR GENERAL NUGENT,—I send under the charge of one of our quartermasters, Mr Stewart, a prisoner, who was a man of very good property at the time he was apprehended under a warrant from Lord Castlereagh.

* Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Castlereagh, vol. i., pp. 253–60. See also the Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry, 2d edit., pp. 64 and 66.

"I was at the time so convinced that all the leading people of this town whom I had known to be violent United Irishmen about a year and a half ago, with the exception of one or two, had now changed their opinion, that upon their offer of very large bail I took upon myself to liberate him, and informed Lord Castlereagh that I had done so. And it is my opinion that the having liberated this man when I did, contributed very much to keep the people here in good humour; and, as far as I can learn, they never had any intention of rising. Mr Stewart confessed to me *privately* that he was a United Irishman, which confession appears to me, as being unnecessary and infamous to himself, a proof of his innocence as to an insurrection. I send you Lord Castlereagh's letter to me. When I liberated him, I, of course, knew nothing of the charge against him, and since his release I cannot discover that he has been concerned in any way whatever with the rebels.

"You have a man of the name of Jackson at Belfast, whom I apprehended here, and against whom, by a letter from a Mr Hamilton at Belfast, there appear to be no charges. It is of very material importance to the tranquillity of this part of the country that he should not return. He has always been remarkably active among the people; he is in all particulars very like Munro, who was hanged at Lisburn. He is the great leader here.—I am, dear General, yours truly, "W. BENTINCK."

"LISBURN, *June* 27, 1798.

"SIR,—I am directed by Major-General Goldie to send to you to Belfast, William Kean, a man who acted as aide-de-camp to Munro, and who was formerly a clerk in the *Star** office at Belfast. James Petticrew, Robert Fullerton, Charles Keanan, and John Sinclare, all prisoners, are positive evidence against him; Hugh Orr and Christopher Williamson, likewise prisoners, are circumstantial evidence against Kean. When Kean's trial is over, the General wishes you to send back these evidences, as they give information against people who are confined here. Hugh Reid is likewise sent, but the General desires me to say

* The *Northern Star*, edited by Samuel Neilson.

that he does not wish that this man should be brought to trial, as he is a very principal evidence against many people; and you will be so good as to send him up here when you are done with him. A man of the name of Fleeting is likewise sent, who says that he was employed by Dulry, who is now on trial with you, to make pikes, for whom he made about fourteen. Please to send him back when Dulry's trial is over.—I have the honour to be, Sir, &c. ALEX. M'AULEY, M.B."

"ANTRIM, *Dec.* 20, 1798.

"DEAR GENERAL,—I enclose the examination against the man who was sent to Belfast yesterday of the name of Duggan. The person who gave it may be heard of from Mr MacGuicken, at the sign of the Cock, in this place.

"I have also enclosed a state of our ammunition, and an application to have the deficiency made up.

"Information has just been given me of an intended meeting near Donegal Moat, about four miles from hence, this evening. I shall send out a party, which I hope will be successful.—I remain, dear General, &c.

"D. LESLIE."

DUGGAN THE INFORMER.

The allusion to Duggan and M'Guickan in the foregoing letter reminds us that of both we have something curious to tell.

M'Guickan, already alluded to, and to whom we promised to return, invariably acted as solicitor to the United Irishmen. He performed with much skill the part of an ardent patriot, possessed the entire confidence of the popular party, was a member of the Northern Directory of United Irishmen, and long subsequent to 1798 spoke with much spirit at Catholic meetings. The *Cornwallis Papers* confirm the almost incredible statement that M'Guickan revealed to the Government, for money, the secrets of his clients and friends. In the trials which followed the partial outbreak in 1798, M'Guickan constantly figured as legal adviser for the rebel leaders of Ulster. This man

was, as we have said, tampered with, corrupted, and eventually pensioned. He survived until 1817. Exclusive of his pension, he received, as gentle stimulants, various sums amounting altogether to nearly £1500.

Mr John Murray of Downpatrick, in a letter, dated December 26, 1865, thus refers to M'Guickan :—"I knew M'Guickan well; he was an attorney, and kept his office in Fountain Lane, Belfast. Such was the plausibility of the villain that he was able to pass himself off as a philanthropist, as well as a patriot, and as such actually joined with Dr Drennan, Charles Hamilton Teeling, Putman M'Cabe, Stephen Wall, Joe Smyth, and others, on the managing committee of the Cotton Court Sunday School—an excellent establishment, by the way, and precursor of Sunday schools in Belfast. M'Guickan was also a member of the Belfast Harp Society.

"In the memorable year of 1811, when Ireland was agitated from centre to sea, when a Tory Government attempted to restrict the sacred and inalienable right of petition for redress of grievance, it was then the Catholics of this country rose in their might and boldly flung in the teeth of their rulers the daring circular of Wellesley Pole. The Catholics of Antrim held their county meeting in St Patrick's Church, Belfast, when the arch-traitor, who had ingratiated himself into the respect of his countrymen, was actually chosen secretary to that meeting.

"The impress of his personal appearance remains fixed on my mind as of yesterday, as I saw him, pen in hand, sit beside the noble chairman, who, with numerous Protestants and Presbyterians, generously came forward to assist us at that critical period.

"As to the exit of M'Guickan, if only one-half of what is said of him be true, his latter end was even more miserable than that of Jemmy O'Brien himself. No doubt Jemmy was ready to 'dip the Evangelists in blood,' but here was a wretch even worse, who, in addition, set every principle of honour and justice at defiance."

Bernard Duggan, a native of Tyrone, took a leading part in the rebellions of 1798 and 1803. Sir Richard Musgrave describes him as mounted on a white horse at the battle of Prosperous, and boasting that he was as good

a man as the military commander of that district, Captain Swayne. In Robert Emmet's conspiracy of 1803, Duggan was a zealous ally. He wrote a narrative of his connexion with that movement, and presented it to Mr John C. O'Callaghan, who has kindly handed it to us for publication. Duggan was arrested and imprisoned; but he seems to have made terms with the Government. No trial took place, and he was set at large "like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour." For forty years subsequently, we find Duggan regarded by the national party as a venerable and uncompromising patriot. It awakens painful emotions to attempt to estimate the extent of the mischief of which this hoary-headed wretch was the father. It must, indeed, have been enormous; but, thanks to the vigilance of Dr, now Sir John Gray, Duggan was at last unmasked. On August 25, 1858, we noted some interesting facts regarding this discovery, communicated to us in conversation by Sir John Gray, who, in reply to a question from us as to whether we are at liberty to publish them, is good enough to reply affirmatively. We append the original jottings, which Sir John Gray pronounces to be perfectly accurate:—

Spoke of the receipts for secret-service money. Dr Gray went to Connaught in 1843 to see his father, who was ill, and called on the Rev. Joseph Darcy Sirr, rector of Kilcoleman, biographer of Archbishop Trench, and son of the notorious Major Sirr. Dr Gray found him examining a mass of old documents spread over his study table. "Here, you rebel repealer,"* said Mr Sirr, playfully, "some of these will interest *you;* they are chiefly the communica-

*"Repealer" and "rebel" were not unfrequently regarded as synonymous words; and the organs of Earl de Grey and the Orangemen urged, in prose and verse, that the Repealers should be dealt with as Lords Camden, Castlereagh, and Clare dealt with the United Irishmen. In November 1843, the *Packet* sang—

"These, these are the secrets
Of peace in our land—
The scourge for the back,
For the forehead the brand;
The chain for the neck,
And the gyves for the heel;
Till the SCAFFOLD lets loose
The base blood of Repeal!"

tions of informers to my late father." Dr Gray read some of them over; and having observed one particular letter, he started, saying, "I have seen that handwriting before; can you tell me who is 'D.?'" The letter, communicating the result of some mercenary espionage to the Major, was merely signed "D." "There are many other letters from the same party," observed Mr Sirr. "I cannot discover who he can be; his letters extend over upwards of thirty years, and I think the writer has not less than thirty *aliases*. He was a most remarkable man; and if you wish to unravel the mystery, you can have all facilities; so send home your conveyance, and remain for the day." Dr Gray embraced the proposal, and devoted several hours to following up the scent. He was familiar with the writing, though he could not recall to mind the name or individuality of the writer. At last a receipt for a small amount was discovered, signed "B. Duggan," the date of which was about 1806. Dr Gray, in ecstacy, exclaimed: "I have him! I know him well! he was with me yesterday!" "Impossible!" cried Mr Sirr, "he must be dead long since." A comparison of the handwriting left no doubt of the identity of the scoundrel. The spy, who had grown hoary, and to outward appearances venerable, in his infamous employment, had repeatedly addressed letters to Dr Gray, breathing a strong spirit of patriotism and nationality. Dr Gray, as editor of a highly influential organ of O'Connell's policy, was specially marked out for game by the designing Duggan, who, for forty years, enjoyed the reputation of an earnest and zealous patriot, was ever entertained at dinner by a member of the Catholic Association, and contrived to insinuate himself into the confidence of many of the national party.

He was introduced by letter to Dr Gray, by a leading member of the Young Ireland section of the Repeal Association Committee, who described him as a rebel of '98, who could assist Dr Gray by his personal memory of events in perfecting some notes on the history of the United Irishmen, on which Dr Gray was then engaged. Dr Gray soon ascertained that Duggan possessed much traditionary knowledge of the events and of the men of the period, and gave Duggan a small weekly stipend for

writing his "personal recollections." He observed before long that Duggan's visits became needlessly frequent, and that he almost invariably endeavoured to diverge from '98 and make suggestions as to '43. This tendency excited more amusement than suspicion; and the first real doubt as to the true character of Duggan was suggested to his mind thus. Duggan said he was about to commence business, and was collecting some subscriptions. Dr Gray gave him two pounds; and Duggan at once handed across a sheet of blank paper, saying, "I will have twenty pounds in three days, if you write the names of ten or twelve gentlemen on whom I may call; they won't refuse if they see their names in your handwriting."* Almost in the same breath he named half a dozen members of the Repeal Association, most of them members of the Young Ireland section, adding, "I know these gentlemen will aid me for all I suffered since '98." The former efforts of Duggan to get into conversation as to present politics at once flashed across the Doctor's memory, and he politely declined to write the required list; which, possibly, was designed by Duggan and his abettors to flourish at some future state trial, as the veritable list of the Provisional Government of Ireland, in the handwriting of the proposer of the project for forming arbitration courts throughout Ireland, as substitutes for the local tribunals that were deprived of popular confidence by the dismissal of all magistrates who were repealers. It was during the same week that Dr Gray discovered Duggan's real character in the course of the visit to the parsonage already described. All the facts as here given were rapidly told to his reverend friend, who, ascribing the discovery to a special providence, begged the "life" of Duggan, explaining that the papers before him showed that the fate of detected informers in '98 was death. The sincerity with which the good parson pleaded for the life of Duggan was a most amusing episode in the little drama. His fears were, however, soon allayed by the assurance that Dr Gray belonged to the O'Connell section of politicians, and that the only punishment that awaited Duggan was exposure. The parson would not

* Mr O'Callaghan informs us that Duggan also solicited him to affix his signature to a document.

be convinced; and, under the plea that Dr Gray was allowed as a private friend to see the papers that convicted Duggan, he extorted a promise that there should be no public exposure of Duggan, but allowed Dr Gray within this limit to use the information he acquired at his own discretion.

Duggan was, in truth, a master of duplicity. In the Sirr papers he is found writing under various signatures. "At one time," said Dr Gray, "he personated a priest, and on other occasions a peddler and a smuggler. He wrote to Major Sirr for a hogshead of tobacco, and for £15 to buy a case of pistols for personal protection. In one year alone he got £500."

"As soon," added Dr Gray, "as I discovered the character of this base spy, I returned to Dublin, and lost no time in apprising Duffy, Davis, Pigot, O'Callaghan, and every member of the national party, of the precipice on which they stood, and undertook to O'Connell that I would cause Duggan to make himself scarce without violating my promise to Mr Sirr that he should not be exposed to public indignation."

A letter addressed to us on August 20, 1865, by Mr Martin Haverty, the able author of "The History of Ireland Ancient and Modern," supplies an interesting reminiscence:—

"One day, during the memorable repeal year 1843, Sir John Gray invited me to breakfast, telling me that I should meet a very singular character—a relic of '98, but intimating that he had his doubts about this person, and that the object of my visit was chiefly that their interview should not be without a witness.

"I may tell you that I never belonged to any political party in Ireland. I always felt an innate repugnance for the manner, principles, &c., of the Young Irelanders, and was convinced that I loved my country at least as sincerely, tenderly, and ardently as any of them. I never had much faith in mere politicians, though my sympathies were O'Connellite, and Sir John Gray had perfect confidence in me.

"We were after breakfast when Bernard Duggan was brought into the room. I was introduced to him as a

friend of Ireland, before whom he might speak freely. It was easy enough to bring him out. He spoke at random about the pike-training in '98—that the people were now ready enough to fight—they only wanted to be called out—and the pike was the best thing for them. He appeared to me ridiculously sanguine of success, and to regard the men of the present day as poltroons for not taking the field.

"I believe I am too 'green' to detect dishonesty very readily; and the first impression the scoundrel made on me was twofold—that he was a singularly hale old fellow for his age, and that he was an infatuated old fool. But if I could have felt sure that he was an informer, I would have shrunk from him as from a murderer. Sir John Gray evidently understood the fellow better, and seemed perfectly able for him."

The grand *finale* of this curious episode remains to be told. Shortly after he introduced Duggan to Mr Haverty, and after the old spy had time to develop the views indicated in Mr Haverty's letter, the Doctor suddenly, with his eye fixed on him, as though he could read his inmost soul, exclaimed: "Barney, you think I do not know you. I know you better than you know yourself. Do you remember when you were dressed as a priest at Dundalk?" He writhed, and tried to turn the conversation. Dr Gray probed and stabbed him, one by one, with all the points which he had gathered from the informer's own letters to Major Sirr. It was pitiable to watch the struggles and agonies of the old man; he was ghastly pale, and he shook in every nerve. He finally lost all self-command, and flung himself on his knees at the feet of Dr Gray, imploring mercy. He seemed to think that pikemen were outside ready to rush in and kill him. "Give me," he said, "but twelve hours; I will leave the country, and you will never see me again!" He tottered from the room, left Ireland, and did not return for many years. Amongst his first visits was one to Dr Gray, to whom he confessed his guilt, adding that he was near his end. He received some trifling relief, and shortly after died.

Preserved with Duggan's letters to Sirr, a note in the autograph of the latter exists, stating that Duggan, no

doubt, shot Mr Darragh, a Terrorist, at his own hall-door, in 1791, when in the act of pretending to hand him a letter; and further, that Duggan was the man who attempted the life of Mr Clarke, in Dublin, on July 22d, 1803. In the London *Courier*, of the 30th July following, we find this paragraph in a letter from Dublin, descriptive of the then state of Ireland :—

"Mr Clarke, of Palmerstown, a magistrate of the county of Dublin, as he was returning from his attendance at the Castle, was fired at, on the quay, and dangerously wounded, several slugs having been lodged in his shoulder and breast. The villain who discharged the blunderbuss at Mr Clarke immediately cried out, 'Where did you come from now?' It appears that two of them, taken by Mr Justice Bell and Mr Wilson, were residenters in the neighbourhood of Mr Clarke, and had come to this city from Palmerstown."

That the man who, in 1803, was overflowing with indignant disgust at the idea of a magistrate discharging his duty by communicating at the Castle news of seditious proceedings, should suddenly tergiversate, and, throughout a period of nearly half a century, become a mercenary spy to the Castle, opens a wide field for thought to those who like to study weak humanity.

We rather think that the long letter published in the Duke of Wellington's Irish correspondence, dated Nenagh, 6th Feb., 1808, is from Duggan. The letter is addressed to an understrapper of the Castle, not to the Duke, who, however, prefaces it by saying that it "comes from a man who was sent into the counties of Tipperary and Limerick to inquire respecting the organisation of Liberty Rangers." "They are damned cunning in letting any stranger know anything of their doings," writes the spy. "I assure you I could not find anything of their secrets, though I have tried every artifice, by avowing myself an utter enemy to the present constitution, and even drinking seditious toasts, though they seemed to like me for so doing, and still I could not make any hand of them anywhere, more than to find they are actually inclined to rebellion in every quarter of the country through which I have passed. Even in the mountains they are as bad as in the towns."

Duggan, during the political excitement of the Repeal

year, contrived to get himself introduced to many of the popular leaders; and when the intervention of a mutual friend was not attainable, he waived ceremony and introduced himself. Among others on whom he called in this way was John Cornelius O'Callaghan, author of the *Green Book*, and designer of the Repeal Cards, to whom the Attorney-General made special reference in the state trials of the time. Mr O'Callaghan did not give Duggan much encouragement; but, in order to strengthen his footing, Duggan presented him with the following MS., written entirely in his own hand, which is now published for the first time. The reader must bear in mind that the writer was originally a humble artizan, who had received no education beyond that furnished by a hedge school.

It will be observed that he speaks of himself throughout, not in the first person, but as "Bernard O'Dougan."

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF BERNARD DUGGAN.

"At the time that Mr Robert Emmet commenced his preparations for a revolution in Ireland, in the year 1803, he was after returning from France, and there came a few gentlemen along with him, Mr Russell, and Counsellor Hamilton,* and Michael Quigley,† who had been nominated one of the rebel captains of 1798, and had signed the treaty of peace along with the other officers of the rebel party of the camp that lay at Prosperous, in the county of Kildare; where the Wexford and Wicklow men came and met the Kildare men, who were all invited by a flag of truce from Government, and hostages given by the generals of the king's troops—namely, Major Cope and Captain Courtney, of the Armagh militia, who were kept in custody and in charge with Bernard Dougan, for the space of two hours, until eighteen of the rebel officers of the Wexford, Wicklow, and Kildare, returned back after

* Dacre Hamilton is noticed in Moore's *Memoirs*, (i. 62,) as the attached friend of Emmet, though "innocent of his plans." There can be little doubt, however, that like Russel, who lost his head, he was fully implicated in them.—W. J. F.

† Quigley survived until the year 1849. Successive notices of him appear in the *Nation* of that year, p. 137, *et seq.*

signing the articles of peace, which was then concluded between the Government and the people, and which put an end to the rebellion. The conditions were, a free pardon to all men acting in furtherance of the rebellion, except officers, who were to give themselves up to Government, and to remain state prisoners until Government thought it safe to let them go into any country they pleased, that was not in war with his majesty, which conditions they had to sign, and it was called the Banishment Bill. They got three days of a parole of honour, to take leave of their friends, before they gave themselves up as prisoners. The breach of any part of these conditions was, not only to forfeit their pardon, but to be treated in any kind of way that the Government should think proper. Now, Mr Quigley broke these articles when he returned to Ireland after signing the Banishment Bill at his liberation and departure according to agreement, which caused him to assume the name of Graham in all companies, and none knew to the reverse but his own companions who were in the depot, and his particular acquaintances in the country, who were all true to the cause of his return with Mr Emmet; and none ever discovered or informed in any kind of way previous to the failure of the efforts for freedom on the 23d of July 1803, which caused great consternation to the Government. The Secretary of State, Mr Wickham, cried out with astonishment, to think that such a preparation for revolution could be carried on in the very bosom of the seat of Government, without discovery, for so long a time, when any of the party could have made their fortunes by a disclosure of the plot, and remarked at the same time, in presence of Mr Stafford, and the two Mr Parrots, John and William, that it was because they were mostly all mechanical operatives, or working people of the low order of society, that the thing was kept so profound; and said, that if any or a number of the higher orders of society, had been connected, they would divulge the plot for the sake of gain. These expressions occurred at the castle, when Quigley, Stafford, and the two Parrots were brought prisoners to Dublin from Artfry, in the county of Galway, where they fled to after the death of Mr Emmet. Bernard O'Dougan was also at

Artfry, but had escaped from being arrested by his going in a sailing boat across the Bay of Galway, to make out a place of retirement for the whole party, five in number, until they would get an account from Dublin, where they sent a messenger, who had been arrested and detained a prisoner, although being a native of the county of Galway, and no way connected with Mr Emmet, only going on a message to Dublin for these five men, who passed off as bathers at the salt water. The messenger was only known to some of the party where he was sent, and could not be arrested without information of some of that party, who have been found out since, and will be treated of in another place. Mr Emmet wished to get acquainted with the men that distinguished themselves most in the year 1798, and he was aware that Quigley knew these men, which was one cause for bringing him (Quigley) along with him from France. Mr Emmet had also the knowledge of the other men that had been in confidence in the year 1798 as delegates, some of whom he employed as agents to forward his plans. James Hope, from Belfast, was one that he, perhaps, got an account of from some of the United Irishmen that were in France. Although Hope did not distinguish himself in battle, he was trustworthy, and lived in Dublin at that time ; he was a true patriot, and he was soon found out for Mr Emmet, and sent to Bernard O'Dougan, who lived in Palmerstown. At this time, after O'D. had been liberated out of Naas gaol, where he had been a state prisoner, he was obliged to quit the county Kildare, where he had been tried for high treason and the rebellion of 1798, the murder of Captain Swain, and the battle of Prosperous. These facts were sworn against him and another young man of the name of Thomas Wylde, and proved to the satisfaction of the court, as may be seen by Lord Longville's speech in the first Parliament after the union of Great Britain and Ireland, but were both honourably acquitted by the Amnesty Act, (though detained as state prisoners,) which had been framed according to agreement of the peace between the Government and the rebels, as hath been explained heretofore. O'Dougan was called on also much at the same time by Quigley and Wylde, on the same business as Hope had with him, giving him to know

what was intended by Mr Emmet. On this invitation, R. O'Dougan came into Dublin and met Mr Emmet's party. At the same time there was but few in number, about five or six; but they were confident in the disposition of all such of their countrymen, as far as their influence went, which was not a little at that time, that they would have numbers to join their cause, and was the chief part that did come at the day appointed. Henry Howley was brought by O'Dougan, and Edward Condon also. H. Howley took the depôt in Thomas Street, with its entrance in Marshal Lane; then John Bourk, of Naas, and Richard Eustace, from the same place, and also a young man of the name of Joseph White, from the county Kildare, near Rathcoffey; there was another person of the name of Christopher Nowlan. These men continued to collect into the depôt pikes from the different places where the smiths would leave them concealed, and also to bring in the timber for the pike handles; and also powder and balls, and to make them into cartridges, and put handles into the pikes. These men, for the most part, were always attendant on the depôt, preparing the pikes and cartridges, and bringing in guns, pistols, and blunderbusses, and all other requisites for rockets, &c. Pat Finerty was also employed in the depôt; and occasionally these men could bring several of their own particular friends into the depôt, to help the manufacture of cartridges and other preparations for rockets, making pikes, and putting handles in them. O'Dougan, Bourk, and Condon brought in the powder and balls from the different places, but for the most part from Hinchey's at the corner of Cuffe Street, who was licensed for selling gunpowder, and got it from the Government stores, so that there was a vast preparation; and all things went on well until the explosion of the depôt in Patrick Street on the evening of the 16th, which deranged the projects that were in contemplation. O'Dougan, Bourk, and Condon were ordered by Mr Emmet to go down to Patrick Street depôt to get the rockets filled. It should be remarked that the men of the other depôts had no recourse to the one in Thomas Street, but the particular men of Thomas Street had recourse to all places; and O Dougan often went as a guard to protect

Mr Emmet, lest he should be surprised by any of Major Sirr's or any other spy from Government. O'Dougan was appointed aide-de-camp to Mr Emmet, but the circumstance of derangement from the time of that explosion put everything in confusion and disorder. When these three men came into the depôt in Patrick Street, the preparation was not in readiness for the rockets, and many other disorders existed, which caused O'Dougan, Bourk, and Condon to return back to the depôt in Thomas Street, as nothing could be done at that time. It was M'Intosh, and the Keenans, Arthur Develin, and George M'Donald, and a few others, that were blown up at the time of the explosion, some of whom expired in Madame Steevens's hospital afterwards; these were all in the depôt, and it is a great wonder they were not all blown up. O'Dougan, Bourk, and Condon were only about a quarter of an hour gone when the explosion took place. It was occasioned by the experiments trying on the fusees to know the length of time they would burn, and by neglect let the fire get into the joint of the table, where there had been some meal powder, which communicated to some saltpetre that had been out all day before the sun drying, after it had been purified, and which exploded, and almost burst the house, and killed and wounded three, and was near destroying all that were in the place. The other powders escaped the flame, and nearly all was got safe out of the place unperceived, but was attacked by the watchmen, who were soon knocked over. There were some secret cells in the depôt that were not found out until after the arrest of Quigley, which will be treated of elsewhere. Some of the men that belonged to the depôt of Patrick Street were brought prisoners to Thomas Street depôt, and kept confined until the night of the 23d, particularly George M'Donald; but this shall be treated of in another place. There was great apprehension entertained for fear of discovery from that time of the explosion, and there was great inquiry and look out on the part of Major Sirr and his satellites, which caused a precipitate movement in Mr Emmet's affairs. The men in the different counties might have time to act, as their look-out was the city of Dublin to free itself; but the orders from the generals contiguous

to the city, either not having sufficient time to collect their men, or from other neglect, prevented them from coming in according to order and promise. Dwyer was to come with his mountain battalions, and the Wexfords were to come in thousands; but none of them made their appearance up to four or five o'clock, nor any account of them. None showed their faces but the men of the county Kildare, and part of the county Dublin that lay adjacent. They came from Naas, Prosperous, and Kilcullen, a few from Maynooth and Leixlip, and Lucan a few; Palmerstown turned out almost to a man. This was the place where O'Dougan lived from the time of his liberation from prison for complicity in the rebellion of 1798, and he had great influence among the people of that part of the neighbourhood of Dublin, and they were very much attached to him; and O'Dougan had his friends on the close look-out, knowing as he did the artfulness and the intrigue of Government, being a state prisoner, where experience teaches the depth of the artful schemes of Government, which no one can fathom except an experienced state prisoner or some supernatural intelligence to instruct them.* O'Dougan was given to understand that Mr Clarke† and Captain Wilcock, two magistrates of the county, were in the knowledge of what was going on in Dublin by Mr Emmet. O'Dougan immediately let Mr Emmet know of this; whereupon Emmet, seeing how all the other expectations were likely to fail, which they did, ordered O'Dougan to do it himself, which caused him to take a few of the bravest men he had in confidence, and placed some between the Castle and the barracks, to stop any despatch from one to the other, and a guard to keep any communication to or from the commander-in-chief. There was but little time to be lost on either side. The Government had summoned a privy council to deliberate on what was best to be done on their part. Things came so sudden on them, it seems they did not know well how to act until they would consult. Mr Emmet thought on

* These observations are eminently rich when read in conjunction with Duggan's real history.—W. J. F.

† See the attempt on the life of Mr Clarke, by Duggan, p. 278.—W. J. F.

taking the whole of the privy council as they sat in the Council Chamber,* and accordingly despatched Henry Howley for six double coaches to carry six men in each coach, making in all thirty-six, with blunderbusses and short pikes that sprung out at full length with brass ferules on them, to keep them straight at full extent; but when Howley was coming with the first coach, and got as far as the lower end of Bridgefoot Street, a circumstance occurred that deranged the whole project. A soldier and a countryman had a dispute and began to fight. Howley stopped to see how the fight would end; meantime Cornet Brown came up and took part with the soldier; at seeing this, Henry Howley opened the coach and advanced to this interfering officer, and a struggled ensued, and Howley pulled out his pistol and shot Cornet Brown on the spot, and suddenly perceiving a sergeant and a party of soldiers coming over Queen's Bridge, which caused him to withdraw and leave the coachman and coach there and then; it was then getting late, and no time to procure the coaches. As the business of the coaches was left to Howley, none else was sent, and all things seemed disappointment. A trooper, with despatches, was killed in Thomas Street, and also Lord Kilwarden. There appeared no better way to Mr Emmet and his staff than to retreat to the country and make their escape. They had a little skirmish with the military at the upper end of Thomas Street and Francis Street, and a little on the Coombe. There were a few lives lost at their departure; and they went out of town as far as the mountain foot. At Ballinascorney they separated. Mr Robert Emmet returned into town, and his staff repaired to the county Kildare. When O'Dougan returned from his post, where he and his party kept the pass, and cut off

* Mr David Fitzgerald, father of the Right Hon. J. D. Fitzgerald, mentions in a narrative supplied to Dr Madden, that he walked through the Castle Yard, at half-past seven o'clock on the evening of Emmet's *emeute*. "There were no preparations; the place was perfectly quiet and silent; the gates were wide open!" Charles Phillips, in "Curran and his Contemporaries," says, that on the night of Emmet's outbreak, there was not a single ball in the Royal Arsenal would fit the artillery. This apathetic neglect contrasts curiously with the activity displayed in fortifying the Castle in 1848, and more recently during the Fenian conspiracy.—W. J. F.

all communication to or from the commander-in-chief, it was past eleven o'clock, and all silence over the city; he came as far as the depôt, and went past through Marshal Lane and into Thomas Street, as far as Crane Lane, where there was a guard of the army stationed, which he could discern by stooping, which he did frequently, for it was darkness all over the town, and the pikes lay in the street up and down, where they were cast away, and the men fled, every one to the best place they knew. O'Dougan did not know where they went, nor did he hear for the space of three days their destination; but on the third day he got intelligence and went to Rathcoffey, where he found a number of them who in a few days were proclaimed, and three hundred pounds' reward offered for them; and, after Mr Emmet's execution, all separated and went to different parts to conceal themselves from arrest, as they well knew their fate, for there was death without mercy, and the innocent as well as the guilty suffered; and the innocent suffered far more than the guilty, for there were but few concerned with Mr Emmet that suffered, while numbers were hung on the evidence of Ryan and Mahaffy, who swore for the sake of getting fifty pounds for every one they hung. Mr Emmet and Howley died for the cause; Redmond and Felix Rourke died friends to the cause, but they were not intimately concerned in the insurrection; "all the rest," adds Duggan, "were hung innocent on false evidence!"

COCKAIGNE, THE ENGLISH SPY.

So many examples of treachery, perpetrated and prompted by Irishmen, have been given in the foregoing pages, that it will prove, to Irish readers at least, a refreshing relief to find Englishmen equally base; and that the legal profession has not been degraded exclusively in Ireland. It will also appear from the following, that Mr Pitt, the prince of English statesmen, was not less unscrupulous as an instigator than Castlereagh or Sirr.

"The Rev. William Jackson," observes Mr Charles Phillips, "was a clergyman of the Church of England, and

arrived in Dublin on a treasonable mission from the Committee of Public Safety, then sitting in Paris. Having been formerly secretary to the Duchess of Kingston, he wrote her letters in the celebrated correspondence with Foote the actor. In her house he made the acquaintance of her attorney, a Mr Cockaigne, and, unhappily for himself, now renewed that acquaintance on his passage through London. It was my lot in after-life to have had a singular interview with this man. Somewhere about the year 1822, after I had been some short time at the English bar, a tall and venerable figure entered my chambers with a brief, which he presented with much courtesy. There was something, however, unusual in his manner. He lingered and hesitated, and seemed as if doubtful what to do. At last it was all explained. 'To tell you the truth, sir,' said he, 'I have ventured to make this brief the medium of an introduction to you. Some occurrences took place in Dublin many years ago, with which I was mixed up; and as you may have heard of them, perhaps you would permit me to give my explanation—my name is Cockaigne!' I felt for the moment as if stunned. The man had long been matter of history to me. I had thought him in his grave. Yet there he stood, the survivor of his victim and his patron, still living on the wages that had purchased life! I had hardly nerve enough to say to him, 'Sir, when I tell you that I was the intimate friend of Mr Curran, and often spoke with him on the wretched Jackson's fate, you must see the inutility of any explanation. He uttered not a syllable, and left the room. Jackson was in difficulties, and, it was said, had received relief from Cockaigne; hence arose an intimacy. He revealed the treasonable mission to his friend, and his friend revealed it to the minister. Mr Pitt desired Cockaigne to accompany Jackson on his embassy, to encourage his confidence and treasure up its fruits. It was during Rowan's imprisonment that they arrived in Ireland, and by Macnally, a barrister,* (who had known Jackson,) they were introduced to him in Newgate, and also to Theobald Wolfe Tone. The plans of Jackson were discussed amongst them,

* Mr Phillips always refused to believe in the now admitted duplicity of Macnally. See p. 249, *ante*.

and Tone consented to proceed to France, accredited by Jackson to the committee, in order to disclose the state of Ireland, and discuss the policy of a French invasion. The officiousness of Cockaigne, however, seems to have alarmed Tone, and he resigned his mission with the shrewd remark, 'This business is one thing for us Irishmen, but the Englishman who embarks in it must be a traitor one way or the other.'

"Mr William Curran, in his very admirable life of his father, relates a hateful anecdote of this man. Macnally, counsel in most of the high-treason cases, entertained the strangers at dinner. The conversation was getting imprudent, when the butler, beckoning his master out of the room, warned him to be careful, 'for, sir, the strange gentleman who seems to be asleep is not so, but carefully listening to everything that is said, for I have seen his eye glistening through the fingers with which he is covering his face.' This was Cockaigne!—in the midst of conviviality lying in wait for life. At length Tone drew up a paper for the French committee, detailing the actual state of Ireland. This was copied and given to Jackson, who intrusted it to Cockaigne to put in the post, under cover, to a confidant at Hamburg. The pear was now ripe. The traitor having given the signal to headquarters, he was himself arrested, and the farce was performed of his examination by the Privy Council. This, of course, was a blind, but proved so effectual, that after Jackson's arrest, which ensued immediately, he and Rowan received Cockaigne's condolatory visit in prison, and heard and believed his friendly protestations. Jackson, after twelve months' imprisonment, was tried and convicted of high treason on the evidence of the single witness, Cockaigne! When Jackson was called up for judgment, a very melancholy scene ensued. His appearance in the dock, from the moment of his entrance, indicated extreme indisposition. Gradually becoming worse and worse, during the addresses of Messrs Curran and Ponsonby, his counsel, he at last sank down exhausted. Lord Clonmel, seeing it, said, "If the prisoner is insensible, it is impossible for me to pronounce judgment on him." A medical man, who happened to be in court, was requested to examine the prisoner.

Having done so, he declared that he was dying. In a few minutes, Jackson was dead!

Lord Clonmel—"Let an inquest, and a respectable one, be held on the body. You should carefully inquire by what means he died."

The body lay all night in the dock, and next day a jury found that he had taken poison. There could have been no doubt of it. Soon after he appeared the day before, seeing Mr MacNally pass, he grasped his hand, and faintly whispered, "We have deceived the senate."

Curran ably defended the Rev. Wm. Jackson in a speech which thus concluded:—"Cockaigne came over to be a spy—to be a traitor—to get a pardon, and to get a reward; although, if you believe him, it was to be all common *agreeable* work, to be paid for, like his other ordinary business, by the day, or by the sheet. He was to be paid so much a day for ensnaring and murdering his client and his friend! Do you think the man deserving of credit who can do such things? No, gentlemen of the jury: I have stated the circumstances by which, in my opinion, the credit of Mr Cockaigne should be as nothing in your eyes."

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON.

Sir Jonah Barrington, whose name we have frequently mentioned, published a work entitled "Personal Sketches," containing many anecdotes illustrative of the Sham Squire's times; but we have been sparing in our references to that book, for, however pleasant as light reading, it is not wholly reliable as historical authority. The truth is, that Sir Jonah was in needy circumstances when the "Personal Sketches" appeared, and no doubt exaggerated his already hyperbolical style, in order to raise the wind still higher, though he says in his introduction: "It was commenced by no means for mercenary purposes," (vol. i., p. 1.) It was remarked to us by the late Mr P. V. Fitzpatrick, who as a *bon raconteur* might be styled "Sir Jonah Barrington secundus," that he heard him tell the stories very differently from the sensational style of their subsequent appearance; and

that he knew Thomas Colley Grattan, the novelist, to claim the chief merit of the "Personal Sketches," as having suggested the work and manipulated the MS. But even in personal conversation, as we have been assured by the late John Patten, Sir Jonah's statements were always distrusted; although a judge, he was not a man of truth or principle, and many pleasant anecdotes might be told illustrative of this remark, but the Blue Book ordered by the House of Commons to be printed the 9th of February 1829, pillories Sir Jonah on the most legitimate authority. This volume has not been consulted by the writers who have hitherto noticed the eccentric knight. Before examining it, we may observe that the result of the disclosures therein contained, was Sir Jonah's dismissal from the bench. This was inconvenient, as the salary dropped at the same time; but his inexhaustible astuteness in a dilemma proved, as usual, wonderful.

Barrington bethought him of a letter which he had received, many years before, from the Duke of Clarence, who was now reigning as William the Fourth. Barrington had shown considerable kindness to Mrs Jordan, at a time when his bar contemporary, Gould, and others, had treated her slightingly, and even introduced her to his own family. The duke wrote a warm letter of thanks to Barrington, and expressed a hope that it might be in his power, at some future day, to attest his appreciation of kindness so disinterested. Barrington overhauled his papers—which, by the way, he sold as autographs a few years later—and having found the old letter in question, forwarded it to the king. A rather stiff reply came by return of post, to say that no one knew better than Sir Jonah Barrington the very material difference which existed between the Duke of Clarence and the King of England, and that it was impossible to recognise, in his then position, every acquaintance whom he might have known when acting in a comparatively subordinate capacity. His majesty, however, who possessed a heart of unusual warmth, and a memory of past friendship singularly acute and retentive, wrote a private letter to Sir Jonah by the same post which conveyed the official answer, recognising the claim, and be-

stowing upon him a pension from the Privy Purse, exactly equal in amount with the forfeited stipend.*

To come now to the Blue Book.

Referring to the ship *Nancy* and its cargo, which were sold by the marshal under a commission of appraisement in December 1805, we read:—"It appears that in this cause alone Sir Jonah Barrington appropriated to his own use out of the proceeds £482, 8s. 8d. and £200, making together £682, 8s. 8d., and never repaid any part of either; and that the registrar is a loser in that cause to the amount of £546, 11s. 4d." †

In the case of the *Redstrand*, Sir Jonah also netted some booty. On the 12th January 1810, the sum of £200 was paid into court on account of the proceeds in this cause, "and the same day," adds the report, "Sir Jonah Barrington, by an order in his own handwriting which has been produced to us, directed the registrar to lodge that sum to his (the judge's) credit in the bank of Sir William Gleadowe Newcomen, which he accordingly did. Subsequently a petition having been presented to the court by Mr Henry Pyne Masters, one of the salvagers, Sir Jonah wrote an order at foot of it, bearing date the 29th day of May 1810, directing the registrar to pay to the petitioner a sum of £40; and at the same time he wrote a note to Mr Masters, requesting that he would not present the order for two months; at the close of which period Sir Jonah left Ireland, and never since returned."—*Ibid.*, p. 10.

Sir Jonah's circumstances at this time were greatly embarrassed, and his last act on leaving Ireland was one of a most unscrupulous character, as shall appear anon. In the Dublin *Patriot*, then edited by Richard Barrett, we read the following paragraph, which is quite in Sir Jonah's style, having evidently for its object the diversion of suspicion from the real grounds of his exile. "His chest," it is true, was not in a satisfactory state, but it was the money chest rather than the bodily trunk which seems to have been chiefly affected.

"Sir Jonah Barrington has resided at Boulogne for the

* Communicated by the late P. V. Fitzpatrick, Esq.

† Eighteenth Report of Courts of Justice in Ireland, p. 9.

last three years. His health, we regret to state, is by no means perfect, but, on the contrary, has for some years been very precarious. Under his patent he has the right of appointing surrogates to act for him—a right of which he cannot be deprived. The duties of his situation have been, and continue to be discharged, in his absence, by the very competent gentlemen who have been appointed, Mr Jameson, Mr Mahaffy, and Mr Holwell Walshe." *

The commissioners requested Sir Jonah's attendance in Dublin in order to give him every opportunity of vindication; but he declined on the plea of infirmity and the difficulty of transit, for which, in 1828, he may have had some excuse. The commissioners, before closing their report, strained a point, and enclosed to Sir Jonah copies of the evidence. On the 2d August 1828, after acknowledging the receipt of the minutes, he wrote :—

"Be assured, not one hour shall be unnecessarily lost in transmitting to you my entire refutal; and I am too impatient to do away any impression that such evidence must have excited, that I cannot avoid anticipating that refutal generally, by declaring solemnly, 'So help me God,' before whom age and infirmity must soon send me, that the whole and entire of that evidence, so far as it tends to inculpate me, is totally, utterly, and unequivocally false and unfounded."

"This, and passages of a similar tendency in subsequent letters," observe the commissioners, "are, however, the only contradiction or explanation of the foregoing facts given by Sir Jonah; and, undoubtedly, although unsworn, so distinct and unqualified a contradiction would have had much weight with us, had the alleged facts been supported by the parole testimony only of the officer. But when *we find the handwriting of Sir Jonah himself supporting the statement of the witness, we cannot avoid giving credit to his evidence, and must lament that the judge did not adopt measures for reviving his recollection, previously to committing himself to a general assertion of the falsehood of the entire evidence of Mr Pineau*, so far as related to him, which is all that on this subject his numerous and very long letters have afforded us."

* See *Patriot* of December 29, 1822, and Carrick's *Morning Post*, January 1. 1823.

Some of Sir Jonah's defalcations in the Court of Admiralty were made good at the time by the registrar, Mr Pinean, hoping to screen the judge from exposure, and trusting to his honour for reimbursement at a moment of less embarrassment. Mr Pinean wrote to remind him of the liability; and in a letter dated Boulogne, 4th August 1825, we find Sir Jonah coolly saying: "I have no doubt you will believe me, I have not the most *remote recollection* of the circumstance in question."* And again: "Age (closing seventy) and much thought has blunted my recollection of numerous events."

The registrar drew up an elaborate statement of the circumstances, with facts and figures, but Sir Jonah's memory was still unrefreshed. In a letter dated 5 Rue du Colysée, Paris, 3d Oct. 1827, he writes: "It is not surprising that (after closing twenty years) the concern you mention is totally out of my memory."†

Any person who has read the works of Sir Jonah Barrington cannot fail to have been struck with the marvellous retentiveness of his memory for minute details. "The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation" was published in 1831—six years after his letters to Mr Pinean—and in 1830 appeared the memorable "Personal Sketches of his own Times," in which, after alluding to a misunderstanding between Messrs Daly and Johnson, Sir Jonah adds: "One of the few things I ever forgot is the way in which that affair terminated: it made little impression on me at the time, and so my memory rejected it."‡ The embezzlement of considerable sums could only be rejected by an eminently treacherous memory, although Sir Jonah in his memoirs tells us: "I never loved money much in my life."§

Barrington's habitual exaggeration in story-telling would appear to be an old weakness. Describing the events of the year 1796, he says that "Curran and he" coined stories to tell each other; the lookers on laughed almost

* Report, p. 154. Italics in orig.

† Report, p. 156. Sir Jonah goes on to say: "The *Irish Government* have NO *sort of authority* to order any returns from the officers of my court, and I *decline such authority*."

‡ *Ibid.* Personal Sketches, vol. i., p. 405.

§ *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 227.

to convulsions.* An indulgence in exaggeration, Sir Jonah seemed to regard both as a predominant passion and a venial sin. Sir Richard Musgrave, we are told, "understood drawing the long bow as well as most people."† Sir Jonah possessed a large share of "cheek," and both as a startling story-teller and successful negotiator in money transactions, this quality stood his friend. So early as 1799, the author of "Sketches of Irish Political Characters" says: "He is supposed to have pretty much the same idea of blushing that a blind man has of colours."

One very amusing illustration of Sir Jonah's astuteness as a trickster is not included in the Blue Book. He had pledged his family plate for a considerable sum to Mr John Stevenson, pawnbroker, and member of the Common Council. "My dear fellow," said the knight, condescendingly, as he dropped in one day to that person's private closet, "I am in a d—l of a hobble. I asked, quite *impromptu*, the Lord-Lieutenant, Chancellor, and Judges, to dine with me, forgetting how awkwardly I was situated; and, by Jove, they have written to say they'll come! Of course I could not entertain them without the plate; I shall require it for that evening only; but it must be on one condition—that you come yourself to the dinner and represent the Corporation. Bring the plate with you, and take it back again, at night." The pawnbroker was dazzled; although not usually given to nepotism, he obligingly embraced the proposal. During dinner, and after it, Sir Jonah plied "his uncle" well with wine. The pawnbroker had a bad head for potation, though a good one for valuation; he fell asleep and under the table almost simultaneously; and when he awoke to full consciousness, Sir Jonah, accompanied by the plate, had nearly reached Boulogne, never again to visit his native land!

Sir Jonah made another "haul" before leaving Ireland. Mr Fennell Collins, a rich saddler, who resided in Dame Street, lent "the Judge" £3000, on what seemed tolerable security; but one farthing of the money was never recovered. A hundred similar stories might be told.‡ Everybody has heard of Barrington, the famous pickpocket; but

* Personal Sketches, vol. i., p. 381. † *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 211.
‡ See Life of Thomas Reynolds, by his Son, p. 353, vol. ii., &c.

the equally dexterous though more refined achievements of his titled namesake will be new to many.

"The unrighteous borroweth, but payeth not again," saith Psalm xxxvii. 21. Sir Jonah could not even return a book. To assist him in his work on the Union, the late Mr Conway lent him, for a few weeks, the file of the *Dublin Evening Post* for 1798; but it never could be got back, and was afterwards sold with Sir Jonah's effects.

We wish we could be sure that Sir Jonah's dishonourable acts were no worse than pecuniary juggling. Dr Madden is of opinion that Barrington, although a pseudo patriot deserves to be classed among the informers of '98. In April 1798, he dined in Wexford at Lady Colclough's, and on the following day with B. Bagenal Harvey. Popular politics were freely talked; and on Sir Jonah's return to Dublin, as he himself tells us, he informed Secretary Cooke that Wexford would immediately revolt. Nearly all Sir Jonah's friends whom he met at the two dinner parties —one a relation of his own—were hanged within three months; and on his next visit to Wexford, he recognised their heads spiked in front of the jail!

Colclough and Harvey were Protestant gentlemen of very considerable landed property in Wexford. Their discovery in a damp cave on the Saltee Islands, through the bloodhound instinct of an old friend, Dr Waddy, a physician of Wexford, is invested with a painfully romantic interest. George Cruikshank has executed an effective sketch of this tragic incident.

EMMET'S INSURRECTION.

Emmet's revolt exploded on the evening of July 23, 1803. Mr Phillips, in "Curran and his Contemporaries," writes:—

"Lord Kilwarden, the then Chief-Justice, was returning from the country, and had to pass through the very street of the insurrection. He was recognised, seized, and inhumanly murdered, against all the entreaties and commands of Emmet. This is supposed to have disgusted and debilitated him."

A curious reason is assigned in a MS. before us for Lord Kilwarden "passing through the very street of the insurrection." The MS. autobiography of the late Serenus Kelly, a well-known monk, was placed in our hands by the writer, on his death-bed, at Tullow, in 1859. Serenus was in Lord Kilwarden's house on the evening of his death :—

"Colonel Finlay sent a message to Lord Kilwarden at seven o'clock on the evening of his lordship's lamented death, apprising him that Dublin was about to be disturbed by a second rebellion, and an attempt to take the Castle. Lord Kilwarden ordered his carriage, and went over to speak to Colonel Finlay on the subject, to satisfy himself of the truth of the report. He took with him into Dublin his daughter and nephew, and directed the coachman to drive to the Castle through Dolphin's Barn, to avoid paying turnpike from his seat, called Newlands, situate between Tallaght and Clondalkin, on the Naas road." [Here the usual details of the *emeute* are given.] "One of the insurgents asked who came there. The coachman answered, ignorant of their design, 'Lord Kilwarden.' With that they pulled his lordship out, saying it was he condemned the Sheares,* and they gave him, upon the spot, fourteen pike stabs, of which he died about eleven o'clock next morning. Mr Downing, the gardener, went to see his lordship, and he heard Major Sirr say he would hang a man for every hair on his head : to which his lordship replied : 'Let no man suffer in consequence of my death, unless by the regular operation of the laws.'

"This was said about eight o'clock on Sunday morning while he lay in a guard-bed in Vicar Street, weltering in his gore. As to Emmet, I did not wish to witness his execution ; but I saw the gallows erected, and a thrill of horror pervaded my blood as I observed the noose, black and greasy from the numbers it had launched into eternity."

The person who received £1000, on 1st November 1803, for the discovery of Robert Emmet, still preserves his incognito. Dr Madden, quoting from the Secret Service Money Record, says that "the above sum was paid int

* The mob confounded Lord Kilwarden with Lord Carleton. See p. 204, *ante*.

Finlay's Bank to the account of Richard Jones:" and he adds that the circumstance of lodging the money in the hands of a banker leads to the conclusion that the informer was not of humble rank.

"Who was this gentleman Richard Jones?" asks Dr Madden. For whom was the money paid to account of Richard Jones?

"In the county Wicklow there was a family of the name of Jones, of Killencarrig, near Delgany. In 1815 there was a brewery kept there by a family of that name. They were Protestants—quiet people, who did not meddle with politics.

"In the county Dublin, at Ballinascorney, near where Emmet was concealed for some time, there was also a family of the name of Jones, small farmers, Catholics.

"There was a gentleman of the name of Jones, the Right Hon. Theophilus Jones, a member of the Privy Council, a collecter of revenue. He lived at Cork Abbey, Bray. He was a humane, good man in 'the troubles,' and interested himself much for the people.

"There were two attorneys of the name of Richard Jones living in Dublin at the period of Emmet's capture."—*United Irishmen*, vol. i. p. 392.

As Dr Madden desires to ventilate this question, we will drop a suggestion, tending, perhaps, to throw some light on it. In the *Dublin Evening Post* of March 2, 1784, particular reference is made to Richard Jones, Esq., a very efficient justice of the peace, constantly on foot in support of law and order, and praised by the Castle journals for his activity. There was also a very popular comedian, named Richard Jones, attached to Crow Street Theatre at this time. He mixed much in the liberal and Catholic society of Dublin, and must have been well known to Mr Long and Mr David Fitzgerald, both of Crow Street. The two last named, as appears from "The Life of Emmet," were deep in the confidence of the young insurgent.

THE MYSTERY ENSHROUDING EMMET'S GRAVE.

Robert Emmet, when asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, delivered an eloquent oration, which thus concluded: —"Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them; let them rest in obscurity and peace! Let my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done!"

Notwithstanding the interest attaching to the name of Emmet, the locality of his final resting-place and uninscribed stone has been hitherto undetermined.

A correspondent of the *Irishman* newspaper has requested information as to whether the "uninscribed tomb of Robert Emmet is the one pointed out in St Michan's churchyard? I am aware that the question has been often asked, and, as appeared to me, not satisfactorily answered. I arrived at this conclusion owing to the absence of any information by members of the Emmet family. My reason for asking the question is, being in the vestry of St Peter's, Dublin, some short time ago, I was told by the men connected therewith that Emmet was *positively* interred close to the footpath, (left gate,) or near to where the old watch-house stood, and was pointed out to them, as they stated, by some member or acquaintance of the family from America some few years ago. If there be nothing for it but the uninscribed tomb of Michan's, I would be inclined to think that Peter's was the place, as tombs of the above description are not so very rare."

It is not the remains of Robert Emmet, the orator and insurgent leader, but of his father, Robert Emmet, State Physician, which are interred in St Peter's churchyard. The latter died on the 9th of December 1802, and was buried in St Peter's, three days afterwards, according to an official certificate furnished to Dr Madden. The mother of

young Robert Emmet is likewise interred in the same grave.

Another correspondent of the journal just quoted said:—"No allusion has been made to James's parish cemetery. The sexton told me about two years ago that there was a registration of his having been interred there. This is not at all improbable, it being so near the place of his execution. It is a sad thing that such discrepancy should exist."

Owing to this suggestion, we carefully examined the Burial Register of St James's Church, held by the parish clerk, Mr Falls, but no trace of Emmet's interment can be found in it.

We had the pleasure, soon after, of a conversation with John Patten when in his eighty-seventh year. This gentleman was the brother-in-law of Thomas Addis Emmet. He told us that having been a state prisoner in 1803, he was not present at Emmet's funeral. He had no authentic information on the subject, but, according to his impression, Robert Emmet had been buried in Bully's Acre—also known as the Hospital Fields; and that the remains were from thence removed to Michan's churchyard, where the ashes of Bond and the Sheareses rest. He added that Doctor Gamble of St Michan's, the clergyman who attended Emmet in his last moments, was a not unlikely person to have got the remains removed from Bully's Acre to St Michan's.

A literary friend of ours, Mr Hercules Ellis, was speaking of Emmet and the uninscribed tomb at a dinner party, when a gentleman present corrected the error under which he conceived Mr Ellis laboured respecting the place of his burial.

"It was not in Michan's churchyard," he said, "but in Glasnevin, and I speak on the best authority, for my late father was the incumbent there at the time, and I repeatedly heard him say that he was brought out of his bed at the dead of night to perform the burial service over Emmet. There were only four persons present, two women and two men. One of the men he understood to be Dowdall, the natural son of Hussy Burgh, and one of the ladies Sarah Curran, who had been betrothed to Emmet. The corpse was conveyed through a little narrow door leading into the

old churchyard of Glasnevin from the handsome demesne of Delville, formerly the residence of Dean Delany."

With interest awakened by this tradition we visited the classic grounds of Delville, and the old graveyard adjacent, accompanied by Mr Ellis, the great-grandson of the wife of Dean Delany, to the memory of both of whom a tablet, almost smothered in ivy, is set in the churchyard wall—the boundary which divides their former residence from their final resting-place. We learned from the gardener who acted as cicerone that there was a tradition precisely to the effect of the statement made by the clergyman's son. Our conductor having unlocked a narrow door which leads to the little cemetery, pointed out a grass-grown grave and uninscribed head-stone immediately to the left on entering.

The entire aspect of the place forcibly recalled to our mind Moore's description of Emmet's grave :—

> "Oh, breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
> Where, cold and unhonoured, his relics are laid ;
> Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
> As the night-dew that falls on *the grass o'er his head.*
>
> But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
> Shall brighten with *verdure the grave where he sleeps.*"

This description, by the early friend and college chum of Emmet, is entirely applicable to the picturesque green grave near classic Delville and the deserted village of Glasnevin,* but is inappropriate to the huge flat flag, excluding every blade of grass, in St Michan's, Church Street, Dublin. It is not easy to understand how a tomb thus situated could "brighten with verdure." Moore would appear to have had rather the grass-grown grave at Delville in his mind than the flat, dusty stone in a back street of Dublin.

* Many a pleasant day Addison, as he tells us, passed among these picturesque grounds. Tickell, his executor, resided in the adjacent demesne, now known as the Botanical Gardens, and Parnell the poet was vicar of a neighbouring hamlet. Swift has celebrated the beauties of Delville in prose and verse, to the inspiration of which Stella not a little contributed. In a retired grotto may be seen a fine medallion likeness of Stella, in excellent preservation, from the artistic hand of Mrs Delany, with the inscription, "*Fastigia despicit urbis,*" composed by Swift. Several old basement rooms are shown as the site of the private printing presses employed by Swift and Delany.

The following letter from the late Dr Petrie, the father of Irish archæology, tends the more to corroborate our views, as it was written before he had seen the above, or even heard the substance of it. The letter possesses additional interest from the fact that it is one of the last penned by Petrie :—

"7 CHARLEMONT PLACE, *Nov.* 10, 1865.

"MY DEAR SIR,—According to my recollections and belief, derived from the best local authorities, the grave of poor Emmet is in the churchyard of Glasnevin, and is situated at one side, the left, as I think, of a private doorway, which gave to the family occupying Delville House a direct passage to the church, and thus enabled them to avoid coming round through the town to the service.—Believe me, my dear sir, most truly yours,

"GEORGE PETRIE.

"*P.S.*—The above was written before I read the printed paper which you enclosed."

THE SHAM SQUIRE'S BEQUESTS.

(*Vide* pp. 152–159.)

After several letters of inquiry on the subject appeared, it was urged by the *Irish Times*, in a voluminous leading article, that a royal commission should be appointed to inquire into the condition and revenues of the charities bequeathed by Higgins and others, and expressed a hope that Parliament would at once take the matter in hand.

Complaint having been made that a letter which appeared in a morning paper from the Governor of the Four Courts Marshalsea, had been omitted from the Appendix to the first edition of this work, we now supply it, together with an answer which it elicited :—

"17, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE,
January, 4, 1865.

"SIR,—In your paper of yesterday I see an article on

the bequests of two gentlemen to the Four Courts Marshalsea, for charitable purposes. The will referred to provided that each prisoner who *had taken the pauper declaration* should be provided with a dinner of beef and bread on Christmas-day and Easter Monday, and that the balance should be applied to discharging some of the poor debtors; but at the time this will was made there were prisoners confined for sums considerably under three pounds. However, there have been few there for several years under debts of ten pounds; consequently, a short time after my appointment to my present position, (now thirteen years ago,) I brought the matter under the consideration of the three chaplains, and represented to them that if they thought proper to apply the balance after the dinners referred to, one or two prisoners could only be benefited in the manner pointed out. They accordingly decided that a sum of £1, 10s. (since raised to £2 in consequence of a change in the Stamp Act) should be applied for the purpose of filing the schedules of those prisoners who had no means of paying the expenses of taking the benefit of the Insolvency Act, which was carrying out as far as possible the desire of the testators. Since this arrangement I have always obtained ample means for filing the schedules of all those whom I found deserving of the favour; had I not done so, I should have requested the Lord Mayor for the time being to have curtailed the allowance of beef and bread on Easter and Christmas. His releasing a man from prison is of more importance than giving each pauper more than *ten times* as much as the testator designed.

"In conclusion, I have to remark that the bequests with which the Lord Mayor has nothing to do only produce a small sum, and is more at the disposal of the prison chaplains on these occasions. It frequently is a source of regret to me that the will only refers to pauper prisoners, it frequently occurring that the most distressed inmates of the Four Courts Marshalsea are those who support themselves without the Government allowance, and have, alas! too often to subsist on two very scanty meals in the day.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"E. H. Caulfield, Marshal."

"*January* 10, 1865.

"SIR,—As I was the first to call attention in your columns to the distribution of the charities, I beg to deprecate the equivocal letter of the Governor on the subject. I would suggest an application to his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, with a view to the exhibition of the wills on the walls of the prison, and an order to the Board of Charitable Bequests to see that they are carried out in their integrity."

Mr Caulfield is under an erroneous impression in supposing that the Lord Mayor has "nothing to do" with the Higgins Bequest. In his will, it is specially directed that the Lord Mayor for the time being shall distribute the charity. We are assured by the Secretary to the Board of Charitable Bequests that they have got a copy of the Sham Squire's will, and do all in their power to make the Bequest be carried out in its integrity. Hitherto, the money so distributed by the Lord Mayor has been erroneously announced in the newspapers as the personal charities of that functionary; but steps have been taken by the Board of Charitable Bequests to prevent such borrowed plumes from being again displayed.

JUDGE ROBERT JOHNSON.

(P. 62, *ante*.)

The history of Judge Johnson, whose name occurs in a previous page as counsel for the Sham Squire, discloses some curious features.

In "The Step-ladder" of General Cockburne, we obtained a view of the Backstairs Cabinet, who carried on the government of Ireland, to the almost utter exclusion of the Viceroy, during the reign of terror. This clique was succeeded by another, less sanguinary but equally mischievous. Lord Hardwicke, who became Lord Lieutenant in 1801, was a prim but pliant nonentity, personally amiable, though easily

made a tool of by designing men. He stood a vapid cipher in the midst of a cluster of figures. Every newspaper in the country applauded his policy. Even the *Dublin Evening Post*, the long-recognised organ of Irish nationality, flung the censer with unceasing energy. Emmet's speech in the dock*—one of the most eloquent and touching on record—was suppressed by the *Post*, with the exception of a few garbled passages, more calculated to damage his position than to serve as his vindication.†

To the plausibility of Lord Hardwicke's government, men hitherto considered as stanch patriots fell victims. Grattan eulogised him; Plunket accepted office. The press teemed with praise; the people were cajoled. One man only was found to tear aside the curtain which concealed the policy and machinery of the so-called Hardwicke administration. A judge, with £3600 a year from Government, was perhaps the last man likely to take this course. And yet we find Judge Johnson penning in his closet a series of philippics under the signature of "Juverna." He declared that Lord Hardwicke was bestrode by Mr Justice Osborne, Messrs Wickham and Marsden, and by "a Chancery Pleader from Lincoln's Inn," which was immediately recognised as Lord Chancellor Redesdale. Giving rein to his indignation and expression to his pity, he exhorted Ireland to awaken from its lethargy. The main drift of the letters was to prove that the government of a harmless man was not necessarily a harmless government. The printer was prosecuted, but to save himself he gave up the Judge's MS.‡ Great excitement greeted this disclosure, and Judge Johnson descended from the bench, never again to mount it.

* See p. 298, *ante*.

† Frequent payments to "H. B. Code" appear in the Secret Service Money Book, in 1802-3. This individual was engaged to conduct the *Post* during the long and painful illness of John Magee; but for paltry bribes he quite compromised its politics, until John Magee, junior, rescued the paper from his hands. Mr Code subsequently received, under Mr Beresford, an appointment of £900 a year in the revenue. A notice of him appears in Watty Cox's *Magazine* for 1813, p. 131.

‡ Lord Cloncurry, in his "Personal Recollections," says, (2d edit., p. 253,) "The manuscript, although sworn by a crown witness to be in Mr Johnson's handwriting, was actually written by his daughter. This circumstance he might have proved; but as he could not do so

A public trial took place, of which the report fills two portly volumes; and the Judge was found guilty. Before receiving sentence, however, the Whigs came into power, and Johnson was allowed to retire with a pension. But he considered that he had been hardly dealt with; and the prosecution had the effect of lashing the Judge into downright treason. He became an advocate for separation, dressed *à la militaire*, and wrote essays, suggesting, among other weapons of warfare to be used in "the great struggle of national regeneration," bows, arrows, and pikes. The "Journals and Life of Tone," the ablest organiser of the United Irish Project, was published at Washington in 1828. Public attention was immediately called to it by a book, printed in English at Paris, entitled "A Commentary on the Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone," which has always been confidently pronounced as the work of Judge Johnson.* The Memoirs of Tone, and the Commentary which succeeded it, appearing at a crisis of intense political excitement, and displaying conclusions of singular novelty and daring, produced a powerful impression. The Duke of Wellington, then Premier, assured Rogers that he had read the Memoirs of Tone, from cover to cover, with unflagging interest. But it is doubtful if the Duke would ever have seen it had not the "Commentary" reached him from the British ambassador at Paris. An interesting letter from the late Robert Cassidy, Esq., narrates the fact, previously a secret, that the material only came from Judge Johnson, and that Mr Cassidy edited the MSS. The letter was written in reply to one from the present writer, mentioning that he had purchased, at the sale of Mr Conway's library, a volume of scarce pamphlets, containing the "Commentary" with Mr Cassidy's autograph, and offering it to his acceptance.

without compromising his amanuensis, the jury were obliged to return a verdict of guilty." We have been assured, however, by Miss Johnson herself, that the MS. was really an autograph of her father's. She added, that the judge having taught her to write, their handwriting closely assimilated.

* See Recollections of Lord Cloncurry, p. 253; Moore's Journal, vol. vi., p. 146; Daunt's Recollections of O'Connell, vol. i., p. 18; *Irish Quarterly Review*, vol. ii., p. 10; *Irish Monthly Magazine*, p. 120, &c.

"MONASTEREVAN, *July* 3, 1855.

"The Commentary on the life of Wolfe Tone was published under very peculiar and rather strange circumstances. The papers forming it were detached, and not arranged. In a state just out of chaos, they were intrusted to me, to make such use of for the advance of this country as I might deem useful.

"The dedication, written in Paris, puzzled the few French printers able to print English.* Didot, under guarantees supplied by my banker, (D. Daly,) published the book almost *malgré lui*. I had to attend more than one summons at the Palais de (*in*-) Justice in 1828, to protect the printer.

"The paper caused some sensation. Every ambassador in Paris paid for the sheets as printed—some for ten copies, before bound. One hundred copies were sold in sheets.

"I had to correct the press for French compositors, and brought over fifty copies. I have made a look through my books this day, and, to my surprise, find I have not a copy of the original exemplaire.

"To repossess the copy most probably lent Conway, is desirable. I shall receive it from you, not as a restitution, but as a gift.—Yours faithfully, ROBERT CASSIDY.

"To W. J. Fitzpatrick, Esq."

Judge Johnson was a fluent correspondent, and some of his letters on the capability of Ireland for effective warfare appear in the "Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry." His grandson, Robert Alloway, Esq., now holds an interesting selection from the Judge's papers. It may scandalise surviving politicians of the old Tory school to hear that among his chief correspondents were John Wilson Croker and the King's brother, the Duke of Sussex.

* "They could not, for the life of them, imagine why an English book, dedicated to all the blockheads in the service of his Britannic Majesty, should be printed in an alien country."—*Subsequent communication from Mr Cassidy.*

O'CONNELL "A UNITED IRISHMAN."

(P. 134, *ante*.)

The uncompromising attitude of hostility maintained by O'Connell towards the advocates of physical force, specially evidenced in his censure of the men of '98 at the Repeal Association on May 21, 1841, and which led to the resignation of some influential repealers in America, imparts additional interest to the fact, hitherto hardly known, that he himself had been a United Irishman. We are indebted to the late Mr Peter Murray, of the Registry of Deeds Office, Dublin, a man of scrupulous veracity, for the following curious reminiscence of O'Connell in 1798 :— "My father, a respectable cheesemonger and grocer, residing at 3 South Great George Street, was exceedingly intimate with O'Connell, when a law student, and during his earlier career at the bar. Mr O'Connell, at the period of which I speak, lodged in Trinity Place adjacent, an almost unexplored nook, and to many of our citizens a *terra incognita*. I well remember O'Connell, one night at my father's house during the spring of 1798, so carried away by the political excitement of the day, and by the ardour of his innate patriotism, calling for a prayer-book to swear in some zealous young men as United Irishmen at a meeting of the body in a neighbouring street. Counsellor —— was there, and offered to accompany O'Connell on his perilous mission. My father, although an Irishman of advanced liberal views and strong patriotism, was not a United Irishman, and endeavoured, but without effect, to deter his young and gifted friend from the rash course in which he seemed embarked. Dublin was in an extremely disturbed state, and the outburst of a bloody insurrection seemed hourly imminent. My father resolved to exert to the uttermost the influence which it was well known he possessed over his young friend. He made him accompany him to the canal bridge at Leeson Street, and after an earnest conversation, succeeded in persuading the future Liberator to step into a turf boat which was then leaving Dublin. That night my father's house was searched by Major Sirr, accompanied by the Attorneys' Corps of yeo-

manry, who pillaged it to their hearts' content. There can be no doubt that private information of O'Connell's tendencies and haunts had been communicated to the Government."

Mr O'Connell's intimacy with Mr Murray is confirmed by Mr John O'Connell's memoirs of his father, p. 14; and Sir Jonah Barrington, in the third volume of his "Personal Sketches," p. 396, gives a very animated description of the sacking of Murray's house by the Attorneys' Corps, or "Devil's Own." The "Personal Recollections of O'Connell," written by Mr Daunt, and mainly devoted to a record of conversations with his great leader, describe O'Connell as in Dublin during the spring and summer of 1798, and, lest some officious persons might endeavour to implicate him in their disaffection, "quitting the city in a potato boat bound for Courtmasherry," (vol. i., p. 117.) But the circumstances detailed by Mr Murray are not given.

THE REBELLION IN WICKLOW—FUSILADE AT DUNLAVIN.

The Rev. John F. Shearman, late of Dunlavin, and now of Howth, has obligingly sent to us, since the publication of our previous edition, the following waifs and strays of the rebellion in Wicklow, gathered from aged witnesses of the events. Details of the more important events of the insurrection in Wicklow can be found in Hay and Musgrave's Histories; but the incidents gleaned by Mr Shearman which possess historic value do not exist in any accessible form. "The memory of these events," writes Mr Shearman, "is still green in Dunlavin, but few unless one in my position could elicit much information on a subject always dangerous to touch in that locality. I append other episodes, for the truth and correctness of which I can give every guarantee:"—

I.

Some days before this cruel execution, which took place May 26, 1798, Captain Saunders, of Saunders's Grove,

near Stratford-on-Slaney, reviewed his corps, and then announced that he had private information of all those in it who were United Irishmen. All who were such were then ordered to step from the ranks. Many, in the belief that he had true information of their infidelity, came forward. One man, however, Pat Doyle by name, having got a hint from Captain Saunders's butler, who was a member of the corps, that his master had no reliable information, said, when his name was called, that he was no "United man," the remainder of them took the hint, and the gallant captain was thus foiled. The unfortunate men who so unintentionally betrayed themselves were pinioned and marched to the market-house of Dunlavin for confinement until their fate would be decided. Next day Captain William Ryves of the Rathsallagh yeomen, being on the look-out for insurgents on the hill of Uske, his horse was killed by a ball aimed at its rider. Ryves got home safely; rode to Dunlavin, and then it was determined to shoot the prisoners of Saunders's yeomen, and those of the Narraghmore corps, numbering in all thirty-six men. Next day, the 26th of May, being the market-day of Dunlavin, these unfortunates were marched from the market-house to the fair green, on the rising ground above the little town. In a hollow or pit on the north side, near the gate of the Roman Catholic chapel on the Sparrowhouse Road, the victims were ranged, while a platoon of the Ancient Britons stood on the higher ground on the south side of the green on the Boherbuoy Road. They fired with murderous effect on the thirty-six victims. All fell—dead and dying—amid the shrieks and groans of the bystanders, among whom were their widows and relatives. After this murderous task was completed, the military retired to the market-house for other acts scarcely less cruel and bloody. Flogging and hanging was the order of the day, to stamp out disaffection and strike terror into the hearts of the country people. At the green, when all was hushed, while the life-blood was welling from the murdered victims, their friends and relatives powerless to soothe their pangs, and lurking in terror behind the neighbouring fences, the soldiers' wives came to rifle the mangled corpses of the slain. One poor fellow who was only wounded, when he

found his watch being taken from him, made a faint effort at resistance, but in vain ; the savage woman sent for her husband, who quickly settled the matter by firing a pistol into the ear of the wounded man. Another victim, Peter Prendergast, was also living, being wounded in such a manner as that his bowels were exposed. He feigned death, was also plundered, and thus escaped. Towards evening the bodies of those who were not already carried away by their friends were taken to the cemetery of Tournant and there buried in a large pit. Prendergast was still alive, and a woman replaced his bowels, bound him round with her shawl ; he was carried home, and lived to an advanced age. Some few persons still surviving have a vivid recollection of the cruel and savage scenes. An old man told the writer that he remembers his father taking him to the town on that day, when he saw men hanging in death's agonies between the pillars of the market-house. He remembers an event which it is well to record, as relieving the barbaric cruelty of the scene. One John Martin, in a fight with a soldier, snatched his sword. He was seized and dragged to the market-house to his doom. The sword was taken from him and placed on a peg in the wall. A respectable Protestant friend interested himself for Martin, who eventually escaped injury ; and while his fate was a subject of altercation between the authorities, a soldier's wife took down the sword, and unperceived in the heat of the dispute cut the rope by which one Thomas Egan, a smith, was suspended, writhing in the agonies of suffocation. He fell unnoticed to the ground, revived, and escaped to Dublin.

The following is a list of the slain, as far as ascertained :— John Keeravan, Daniel Keeravan, brothers, Uppertown, Dunlavin ; Laurence Doyle, Dunlavin ; Martin Gryffen, do., æt. 21 ;* —— Duffy, —— Duffy, brothers, Ballinglass ; Matthew Farrell, Stratford-on-Slaney ; Michael Neil, Dunlavin ; Richard Williams, Ballinacrow ; Andrew Ryan, Scruckawn ; —— Keating, —— Keating, bro-

* Martin Gryffen came from Dublin the evening before to see his aged father. He was seized in the garden of his house while saying his prayers, and executed, though not implicated at all in the movement.

thers; and Edward Slattery, Narraghmore; Andrew Prendergast, Ballinacrow; Peter Kearney, John Dwyer,* and John Kearney, Donard; Peter Headon, Killabeg; Thomas Brien, Ballinacrow Hill; John Doyle, Scruckawn; Morgan Doyle and John Doyle, Tuckmill; —— Webb, Baltinglass; John Wickam, Eadestown; —— Costelloe; —— Bermingham, —— Bermingham, brothers, Narraghmore corps; Patrick Moran, Tuckmill; Peter Prendergast, Bumbohall;† Thomas Byrne, from near Dunlavin, was hanged at the market-house in Dunlavin at this time.

II.

May 24, 1798.—The Ancient Britons having shot twelve insurgents at Ballymore-Eustace, came to Dunlavin the next day by a detour through Lemmonstown, in the county Wicklow. A farmer in that townland named M'Donald had four sons, concerning whom secret information had been given by one Fox, a miller from Hollywood. The military dashed into the house while M'Donald, his wife, and four sons, Kit, John, Harry, and Tom, were at dinner. The young men were dragged out of the house, and while preparations were being made to shoot them, one of the M'Donalds was compelled to put a burning turf into the thatch of the house, and while doing so his hand was shot off by one of the soldiers. In vain did the old man proclaim the innocence of his sons, while he showed a written protection given them by Captain Ryves of Rathsallagh. The two eldest were ordered to kneel down, their aged parent falling on his knees beside them imploring mercy. They were murdered by his side, while their mother looked on, regardless of all danger from the raging fire behind her. The two younger M'Donalds escaped in the confusion, concealed by the smoke of their burning homestead. They were perceived, but escaped unhurt, amidst volleys of bullets from their pursuers, and found a safe retreat in the wild glens and recesses of Church Mountain. The murdered bodies of the young men were concealed, and on the following Sunday before daybreak their aged parents

* John Dwyer of Donard was uncle to Michael Dwyer, the insurgent of Imaile in 1803.

† Peter Prendergast of Bumbo Hall was wounded, and escaped as above.

carried them in sacks for a hasty burial in the old churchyard of Hollywood.

III.

In the summer of 1812, my informant went with his servants to draw home turf from the bog of Narraghmore. While they were loading their carts, a respectable young man was seen to approach, attended by a servant, who led into the bog a dray and horse, in which was a coffin with some spades for digging. The young man seemed to look anxiously about him, and after some time began to open the surface of the bog. This very strange proceeding excited the curiosity of the informant, who with his men came to the place where the stranger was excavating. His labours soon unravelled to some degree the mystery of the coffin. A corpse in perfect preservation lay exposed, but of a tallow-coloured hue, owing to the mode and place of burial. The corpse was placed in the coffin, and the young man, before returning homewards with it, told those present that it was the body of his father, who was shot in the "battle of the bog road" in the year 1798. He also told them that from time to time in his dreams he thought he saw his father come to his bedside, telling him to remove his remains, intimating also where they lay. Urged by the vividness and frequency of these nocturnal warnings, he at last came to the resolution to remove the remains to be mingled with their kindred dust in some cemetery in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny. The young man's name was Brennan; his father was an extensive carrier, and at the time of the skirmish happened to be coming from Dublin to Kilkenny with seven drays laden with merchandise. He was met on the bog road at Narraghmore, was detained by the military, his drays and horses drawn up for a barrier, from behind which they fired on the insurgents. Poor Brennan fell by a random bullet, and his mangled body found a hastily-made grave, where it lay for fifteen years, until removed for Christian interment, by the hands of a devoted child, from its lone and nameless grave in the bog of Narraghmore.

IV.

In the August of '98, some yeomen passed through

Donard and went to Kilbelet, to the house of Mr John Metcalf, known by the soubriquet of "the Bully." He was descended of a respectable Yorkshire family, a scion of which settled near Donard about a century before. Metcalf, learning his danger, fled up the side of Church Mountain. He was pursued and murdered on the mearings of the townland of Woodenboley. His assassins were two brothers who had been previously in his employment, and owing to some disagreement about their work, they left him. Taking to illicit courses, they were soon after convicted of sheep-stealing and condemned to the rope, but with the alternative of joining the army, which latter they availed themselves of, to live, as it appears, for the commission of deeper crimes, for which they were allowed to go unpunished.

V.

At the battle of Old Kilcullen, Captain Erskine, while writhing in the agonies of death, by a sword-blow aimed at his assailant, cut right through the pike handle, while its blade pinioned him to the earth. "A long mound in the cemetery of New Abbey," adds Mr Shearman, "marks the spot where he and his men who fell in the conflict were buried."

REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION.

The same hand which conveyed the foregoing traditional details from the Rev. J. F. Shearman, also brought to us from a venerable old lady, Mrs Anstace O'Byrne, a packet containing some curious reminiscences of the rebellion. We insert this document the more readily, inasmuch as it refers to persons and places already named in the text:—

AN INFORMER'S SKELETON DANCING A JIG—LORD EDWARD—BOND—SIRR—A CAMP FROLIC IN '98.

What strange sights children sometimes get to see! Some years more than half a century ago, the writer made one

of a merry group of children who were frequently brought on summer evenings, by the middle-aged attendant who had them in charge, to walk and play in "The College Park." I do not know if the term is still used in common parlance in Dublin, but it then denoted all the greensward comprised within the boundary walls of Old Trinity, and appeared to be much greater in extent than now, and to hold trees of much larger girth than any to be found there at present.

One well-remembered evening our play was interrupted; the little stragglers were collected with a great air of mystery; powerful injunctions to silence were inculcated; we were told "we must be very good and quiet, as we were going to see 'The 'Natomy House,'" so the good woman called it, and so we duly called it after her until better instructed. What "The 'Natomy House" meant, we neither knew nor cared; it involved something hitherto unknown, and we cheerfully followed our guide. With stealthy steps, and sundry furtive glances around, which puzzled us amazingly, she led us to the door of a gloomy-looking house which, I suppose, it was not *en règle* that such visitors should enter. It was a square block of building made, I think, of a decayed-looking, blackish stone. I imagine it must have been long since removed, for, on a late research, I vainly essayed to find either it or the site on which it stood. We were admitted to its interior by the guardian spirits of the place, a man and woman who had the care of, and, I believe, resided there. We soon entered that chamber of horrors, the Anatomical Museum of Trinity College, Dublin. The picture of it retained by my memory is that of a very lofty and very spacious apartment, the centre of which was cumbered and blocked up in some strange way which left only a margin of walk round the sides of the room; these sides had rows of shelves all round, filled with mysterious-looking glass vases.

My latest piece of reading just then had been a story by Madame de Genlis, in which one of Charlemagne's Paladins had gone on a tour of discovery to some mysterious chamber in search of a vase said to contain the senses of his friend Astolpho, who had gone demented; and which,

having secured, he was taking off, when to his amazement he perceived another vase as duly labelled, which purported to contain his own senses, which he did not know he had lost. I immediately took it for granted that this was the kind of apartment visited by the renowned Roland, and enjoyed the roam through it very much. I merely record this little item to mark how easily the imagination of a child can be tinged by the mental aliment with which it is supplied.

But the great sight of the evening which our conductress had come to see was the skeleton of Jemmy O'Brien the informer dancing with that of an Irish giant; yes, suspended by the necks, there dangled from the ceiling of that apartment two skeletons, one a third part, or more, longer than the other. The rope by which they were fastened descended from their necks in a gradual slope to within three or four feet of the floor of the room at opposite ends. By some mechanical contrivance, or perhaps a simple pulling of the rope by the man in charge, the fleshless forms immediately commenced to sway about above us with an easy undulating kind of motion, as if dancing to slow music. I could not convey an idea of the solemn grace with which these evolutions were performed; those of the Irish giant attracted most the attention of the juveniles. In scriptural lessons they had learned that a giant named Goliath had been killed by a boy called David; and in the juvenile literature of the day giants figured largely, and if not the most amiable, were certainly the most striking characters of the current stories. Of Jemmy O'Brien they never heard before that eventful evening; and even then nothing, except that "he was an informer," and "that was his skiliton dancin' up there." I would like much to learn the antecedents of that remnant of an Irish giant; also if it is still above its parent earth, or has returned to the dust from whence it came.

It was many years after this visit, when I was mentioning to an aged relative my surprise that so steady a woman as the servant who brought us would lead children to a place so likely to produce a nervous shock, I was informed that her husband had been "done to death" by some of O'Brien's *informations* in one of the insurrectionary periods

gone by. Hence, when she was apprised through her acquaintance that the skeleton of her ancient enemy occasionally performed the evolutions here recorded, she was seized with a morbid desire to witness them, and gladly availed herself of the afforded opportunity without consulting the friends of her young charge, on the fitness of the sight for them. With this ray of light on the subject, I could not avoid thinking how painful to the poor woman, who held such a hidden sorrow in her heart, must have been the glee of her young companions.

I never chanced to meet with more than one person who had seen Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Pamela, and hers was but a passing glance from a street-corner during a period of excitement, when, like O'Connell on stirring occasions in later times, the patriot could not move through the streets without being gazed at and followed by admiring crowds.

On this occasion, Lord Edward was seated in a very high phaeton, with the beautiful Pamela beside him. He held the reins, and was driving at a very dashing pace through College Green and Dame Street in the direction of the Castle; and having only just brought her home as his bride from France, Pamela shared with him the plaudits of the people. With respect to the lady, I could only elicit from my informant that "she was beautiful," without any particular definition; but Lord Edward was vividly described as a smart, light, dapper-looking man, with boyish features, which beamed with delight at the cheers of the multitude, and the admiration excited by the beauty of Pamela. With respect to the attire of either personage, nothing dwelt on memory, but that Lord Edward "wore a green silk or tabinet kerchief round his neck, tied with very large bows, and very conspicuous-looking."

Oliver Bond was a very comely, portly-looking man, noted for having very handsome legs, of which he was thought to be a trifle vain, and he always wore silk stockings, which displayed them to the best advantage. But it would scarcely be fair to infer from the above souvenir that handsome legs and silk stockings were scarce about

the period of 1798. Clonskeagh Castle, the first demesne residence beyond Clonskeagh Bridge to the right, now occupied by David Thompson, Esq., J.P., was, at the period of the rebellion, the residence of Mr Jackson, the father-in-law of Oliver Bond; their tombs are side by side in the churchyard of St Michan's, Church Street, Dublin, —the inscription on Bond's being simply, "An honest man is the noblest work of God." Clonskeagh Castle was, during the reign of terror, searched by Major Sirr, and sacked by his myrmidons, who made so free with the fine wines in the cellar, that they were rushing inebriated through the streets of Dublin, and could not be quieted down for two or three days.

I often saw "the Major," but never until he was far advanced in life, when it was usual for him to pass daily, about one o'clock or so, to his demesne residence at Cullenswood, from his apartments at the Castle of Dublin. He generally went through Dame Street, George Street, Aungier Street, &c., instead of the more fashionable line of College Green, Grafton Street, &c. As I did not see him walking, I could form no idea of his figure. In the car, he was always wrapped up in a large dark blue camlet or cloth cloak. His face was rather bony looking, his colour high; he had a stern, but not repulsive countenance, and should be accounted the remnant of a handsome man. Without knowing who he was, I suspected that he was some remarkable person, and when I at last heard his name, which, strange as the fact may seem, I had often asked in vain, my informant told me also sundry of the *on dits* which were current regarding him—viz., that he never went out without steel armour under his clothes, and purposely wore the cloak to conceal his figure, lest shots might be aimed at him by some avenging hand,— that he could not sleep by night,—that the periods at which I saw him were when he was going to "his country house to take a few hours' sleep in the broad daylight," having accomplished which feat, he always returned to dine in Dublin, and there sought to wile away the night hours in the pleasures of society.

The sundry nods and shakes of head which accompanied

these *on dits* served to convey the idea that this strange mode of life was the result of a troubled conscience. I had at hand no means by which to test these reports, and just give them as a sample of opinions which were afloat in Dublin forty years ago respecting "the Major" in the minds of some who have ceased to exist.

A man who witnessed the occurrence told me that, during the last year of Major Sirr's presidency at the head police-office, some chance business led him to enter just as "the Major" was sentencing to temporary imprisonment an aged weather-beaten forlorn-looking female, who was accused of having been troublesome over night, in consequence of a visit she paid to Sir John Barleycorn. On hearing the sentence, she gave a weird kind of shout, and commenced a long and loud recapitulation of sundry objectionable acts committed by "the Major" in the year 1798. The recital, whilst permitted to last, had a powerful effect on the old man, who placed his hands on his ears, looked helplessly about for a moment, and then shouted to the police, "Take her away! take her away! For H——n's sake take her away!"

Some twelve years ago I visited the large camp field which forms portion of a farm then occupied by the late Mrs E—— B——, of Loughaunstown, near Cabinteely, and now in the possession of her daughter. From the field I proceeded to the little ruined church of Tullagh or Tully Beg, which overlooks it, and, after reading the inscription on a large, well-preserved, flat gravestone at the upper end, belonging to a family of the name of Walsh, heard the traditional particulars which follow respecting a former tenant of that tomb.

A young girl, a member of the Walsh family, who, though moving in the middle sphere of life, was, most probably, from the burial-place selected, a descendant of the ancient branch of the "Walshes of Carrickmayne," (now Carrickmines,) died some years previous to the memorable era of 1798. When summoned to the tomb, she was in the bloom of youthful beauty, and had a reputation for such rare sanctity, that her friends considered her a saint, and departed from the precincts of

her grave, having the darkness of their sorrow for her loss brightened by the hope of her salvation.

The course of some years again brought to the lonely ruined church a funeral train, bearing to that grave the chill form of another member of the Walsh family. The covering stone was removed, and the grave-digger plied his dreary task until his spade struck on the lid of the coffin of Miss Walsh. When the earth was cleared away, it was discovered that his sturdy strokes had shattered the roof of her frail resting-place. When the loose boards were removed a strange sight was revealed to the awe-stricken beholders. "Decay's effacing fingers" had not touched the features of the fair girl who had been so long a denizen of the tomb; they still wore the look of calm unspotted beauty and innocence which had been their character in life, and the bystanders murmured in low tones, "She must be a saint."

When the emotion of the grouped people had somewhat subsided, the boards were reverently replaced, the new claimant for the grave deposited, the clay, with perhaps a lighter touch than usual, flung over both coffins, the tombstone was replaced, and the funeral train departed, leaving to her quiet sleep

"The loveliest corpse amongst the dead."

The marvel reached the neighbouring hamlets, and the villagers would frequently visit and occasionally point out to strangers what they fondly called "The Saint's Grave."

But that grave was doomed to be desecrated. The memorable year of 1798 brought a crowd of British troops, under orders from Lord Carhampton, to bivouac in the adjoining celebrated Camp Field, in which the army of King James II. had once encamped, and had remained for several days after the battle of the Boyne.

The tradition of the unspoiled beauty of the fair sleeper in the tomb within the old church which overlooked their camping place, reached the ears of the soldiers, and awakened such an unreverent curiosity, that one night when the watch-fires were blazing high, and the maddening glass was circulating freely in the tents of the officers, a godless band of them rushed forth exclaiming that "they would bring

the young beauty down from her cold tomb to grace their revels."

It is the traditional belief of the neighbourhood that they kept their word, and dug up, and brought to the scene of their orgies, the form which death had spared. I was naturally anxious to learn the conclusion of this strange tale, but its narrator not being the "oldest inhabitant," I could only further glean from her that the form of Miss Walsh was never seen more.*

I feel regret that I did not copy the inscription on the tombstone, as it most probably held the dates of the respective deaths of the members of the family, and thus told how long the body of Miss Walsh had lain in the grave before the secret of its preservation was discovered.

There was a respectable Protestant family in Dublin named Clements, consisting of several brothers, of whom two served as yeomen, and two joined the rebel ranks as United Irishmen. A suspected croppy, while undergoing severe flogging in Beresford's Riding School, in presence of a strong detachment of military and yeomanry, confessed that "two young men named Clements had been sworn in as rebels." The two brothers, who were present in the capacity of yeomanry, took no action in the matter; but a jeweller, named Neville, who lived in Stafford Street, and who was also on the spot with his corps, left the riding school on some pretext, and gave warning to the young men who were implicated, just in time to save them from arrest. The Earl and Countess of Moira, who resided on Usher's Island, had popular sympathies; in the hurry of the dilemma Lady Moira was appealed to for protection: she opened her house to receive the young Clements, and they remained under her generous roof until the troubled season had passed over. This anecdote is given on the authority of Mr G——n, a well-known and esteemed solicitor of

* We have heard it traditionally stated that the soldiers converted Miss Walsh's corpse into a target for ball practice. The military, including Captain Armstrong, who betrayed the Sheares, were encamped here in 1798; and it was part of Armstrong's proposal to Sheares to gain over the soldiers, and betray the camp at Loughaunstown to the rebel forces.—W. J. F.

Dublin, whose mother was the sister of the brothers Clements. Moira House, the scene of so much stirring incident in days gone by, is now an institution for mendicants; but it is reduced in height, the top story having been removed.

THE REBELLION IN KILDARE.

We are indebted to the Rev. John O'Hanlon, the able biographer of Archbishops O'Toole and O'Morghair, for the following traditional reminiscence of his grandfather's connexion with the rebellion in Kildare:—

"In 1798, soon after the general rising, a comfortable grazier named Denis Downey, who held a considerable tract of land, on which stood the Gray Abbey ruins, near the town of Kildare, had been induced by a relative to take up arms and join the insurgent ranks. Having been engaged in some of the desultory affairs previous to the Curragh massacre, and his helpless wife, with two small children, having been daily exposed to insults, and the rapacity of the military force, during his absence from home, it was at length found necessary to abandon the farm-stead. His wife and her infant charge sought a temporary place of refuge in Derryoughter, near the river Barrow. Here her aged father and mother resided. The insurgent husband found means for communicating to her his intentions of surrendering, with others, at the Gibbet Rath on the 3d of June. It is a fact, well remembered and handed down by tradition amongst the townspeople of Kildare, that on the very day before, several of Lord Roden's foxhunters, in a riotous and drunken brawl, appeared in the streets, carrying articles of apparel on the top of their fixed bayonets, and swearing most vehemently, 'We are the boys who will slaughter the croppies to-morrow at the Curragh!' This announcement deterred many rebels from proceeding to the spot, and proved instrumental, no doubt, in saving their lives. Amongst the unnotified, however, Downey, in hopes of obtaining pardon, and mounted on a fine horse, went to the fatal trysting place. Having surrendered his arms, and

an indiscriminate slaughter of the rebels having commenced, he at once got on horseback, and was endeavouring to escape, when he observed a near relative running away on foot. The horseman stopped for a moment, but when stooping for the purpose of mounting his friend behind, a bullet brought Downey to the ground, when his horse galloped wildly forward towards Derryoughter, where it had been previously stabled. Meantime, Mrs Downey, whose mind had been filled with alarm and anxiety to learn the state of her husband, remained up nearly the whole of that night, immediately preceding the 3d of June. Towards morning, wearied and careworn, she had been induced to take a brief rest. The most strange event of all then occurred, as afterwards frequently certified by herself and those with whom she at that time resided. About the very hour when the massacre took place on the Gibbet Rath, she started from a troubled sleep, during which she had a frightful dream or vision of her husband weltering in his blood. Her instant screams drew all the family to her bedside. In vain did the aged father represent to her, that such a dream was only the result of her disordered fancies, and that better news might soon be expected. She wept bitterly and in utter despair of ever seeing her husband alive. The old man, taking his walking stick, turned down a retired road branching from his house towards the more public thoroughfare, leading from the Curragh. Almost the first object he encountered on the way was Downey's horse covered with foam and galloping furiously, without any rider, yet bridled and saddled. This unwonted sight furnished a sad presentiment of his son-in-law's fate. Soon again he observed numbers of country people running along the high road in a state of wild excitement. The old man asked some of them what news from the Curragh. 'Bad news! bad news!' they exclaimed, 'our friends were all slaughtered on the Curragh to-day!' This heartrending intelligence was afterwards conveyed to his unhappy daughter. With all the energy of despair, Mrs Downey insisted on having one of the common farm cars prepared. In this she proceeded to the scene of this diabolical massacre. She afterwards stated, that on the blood-stained plain, she turned over at least two hundred dead bodies before she

recognised that of her husband. This latter she deposited in the car, covering the corpse with straw and a quilt. Thus placing it beside her, the forlorn widow escaped without molestation to the house of a relative of her husband, living near the old burial-place, named Dunmurry, near the Red Hills of Kildare. Preparations were made for the interment. That very night, however, a rumour went abroad, that the military were searching every house throughout the district. Wherever a rebel corpse was found, it was reported that the house containing it would be consigned to the flames. Hastily acting on such information, a grave was dug in an adjoining family burial-place of Dunmurry, whilst the body of Denis Downey was wrapped in a shroud and covered with sheets, for time would not allow of a coffin being made. In this manner the remains were consigned to their last resting-place, and covered with earth. The poor woman soon returned to find her former comfortable home a perfect wreck. For nights in succession, with a servant maid, she was obliged to rise from bed and allow the ruffian soldiery to despoil her of almost every remnant of property. Desponding and broken-hearted in her unprotected situation, and happily wishing a retirement from the scenes of former happiness, the farm was afterwards sold to a purchaser, and the desolate widow, with her small infant charge, removed to the neighbouring town of Monasterevan. Rarely could she be induced, in after years, to recur to this earlier period of her life, without tears moistening her eyes and stealing down her cheeks; nor could she ever regard a soldier without feelings of deep aversion. The foregoing narrative furnishes a dark illustration of baneful events, connected with the Irish Rebellion of 1798. 'It is no isolated episode,' adds Mr O'Hanlon; 'for many other family afflictions, equally deplorable and tragic in results, must have chequered the lot in life of thousands who became victims during this sad period of civil commotion and disorder.'"

PROJECTED REBELLION IN CORK—SECRET SERVICES OF FATHER BARRY.

(P. 132, *ante.*)

The appendix to the new edition of the first volume of "The Lives and Times of the United Irishmen" displays, under the head "Secret Service Money Revelations from Original Accounts and Receipts for Pensions," a curious selection from these documents, to each of which, with some few exceptions, Dr Madden supplies interesting details regarding the circumstances under which the pension was earned. At page 395 appears a receipt from the late Rev. Thomas Barry, P.P. of Mallow, who enjoyed a secret stipend of £100 a year; and as no explanatory statement is volunteered, it perhaps becomes our duty to supply the omission, while furnishing at the same time a note to some preceding remarks of our own.

The following letter, addressed to the Very Rev. Dr Russell, Roman Catholic Dean of Cloyne, by the Rev. T. Murphy, of Mallow, containing the result of some inquiries instituted at our suggestion among the oldest inhabitants of that town, will be read with interest:—

"Mallow, *October* 2, 1865.

"Very Rev. and Dear Sir,—After many inquiries about the subject matter of your kind letter of Sept. 9, I thought it well to await the return of an old inhabitant who was absent from Mallow until yesterday.

"The following is the substance of his account of the *émeute*, which I believe to be the most authentic. Shortly after the insurrection of '98, the Royal Meath Militia were stationed in Mallow. They had conspired with the disaffected to blow up the Protestant Church, when the yeomanry troops were at service on a certain Sunday. Abundant materials were at hand, as Mallow contained several parks of artillery at the time in a field near the Protestant Church, and hence called Cannon Field to this day.

"On the Saturday preceding, two of the wives of the militia, who lodged at one Canty's, at Ballydaheen, were

noticed by Canty's wife stitching or sewing the extremities of their petticoats together, and Mrs Canty (wife of Canty, a cooper) expressed her astonishment. The soldiers' wives were equally surprised, and asked her did she not hear of the *rising* about to occur next day. An expression of more unbounded surprise was the response. The poor Meath women expected they could fill more than their pockets. Canty (whose son still lives in Ballydaheen) communicated the news to his gossip, Lover, (a convert.) Lover went to confession on that Saturday, and Father Barry refused to absolve him except he disclosed the case *extra tribunal*. His wishes were complied with, and both Lover and Father Barry went forthwith to General Erskine, (*sic ?*) who lived on Spa Walk. As soon as the plot was revealed, Sergeant Beatty with nineteen men on guard for that night, (all implicated,) aware of the treachery, immediately decamped. The yeomen pursued them in their flight to the Galtees, and when one of Beatty's men could no longer continue the retreat, his wish of dying at the hands of Beatty was complied with. Beatty turned round and shot him! The body of this poor fellow was brought back to Mallow next day, and lies interred near the Protestant church, and Sergeant Beatty himself (God be merciful to him!) was taken finally in Dublin, and hanged. Lover had four sons. They all emigrated after arriving at manhood. I am sorry to say *one* of them became a priest and died a short time since in Boston.

"The father received a pension of £50 a year for life, and Father Barry was in receipt of £100 a year until 1813,* when a dispute arose between him and the Protestant minister of Mallow, about the interment of some Protestant who became a convert on his death-bed. Father Barry insisted on reading the service in the Protestant churchyard, was reported to Government for not persevering in proofs of loyalty, deprived of his pension, and died, and is buried in our Catholic cemetery adjoining the

* The pension was finally restored to him, as his receipts prove. In the Secret Service Money Book, now held by Charles Haliday, Esq., and from which Dr Madden has quoted the salient points, we find Father Barry's name frequently figuring as a recipient of various gratuities exclusive of his pension.—W. J. F.

church. The only prayer I ever heard offered for him was, 'God forgive him!' Yours very sincerely,

"T. MURPHY.

"To the Very Rev. Dean Russell."

Dean Russell, in enclosing his correspondent's letter to us for publication, corrects an error into which the Rev. Mr Murphy fell, in stating that Lover received £50 a year in recognition of his timely information. A previous letter from the Dean observes:—

"Protestant gratitude, unfortunately for Mr Barry's character, obtained for him £100 a year, but poor Lover never received a farthing. Having been reduced to great poverty, a petition was sent to Government, signed by twenty-five gentlemen, stating his services. The answer was, they knew nothing of him; but the rebellion was then smothered in the blood of the people."

The Dean adds, that this and other information recently reached him from clergymen who were born in Mallow or its vicinity.

It would be difficult to find a pastor who presented a more venerable and paternal aspect than the late Father Thomas Barry of Mallow. His flowing white hair and thorough benevolence of expression impressed most favourably all who came in contact with him, and commanded their entire confidence. The late eminent and lamented Daniel O'Connell, on being shown one of Father Barry's receipts for "blood money," as it was then somewhat erroneously presumed to have been, started, and, to quote the words of our informant, who still holds his receipts, "became as white as a sheet!" For thirty years O'Connell had been on terms of close intimacy with Father Barry, and reposed unbounded confidence in his counsel. In the *Dublin Evening Post* of the day an obituary notice appears of Father Barry, who died January 18, 1828. The singular fact is mentioned, that the priest's pall was borne by six Protestants. Having directed the attention of Dean Russell to this article, he writes: "The statement that Mr Barry's coffin was borne to the grave by six Protestants, can hardly be correct, as nothing was known of the pension he received till some time after his death. He was buried

in the same respectful way in which Catholic clergymen are usually buried." Shortly after the date of this letter, poor Dean Russell was himself consigned to the grave.

POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF BROTHER LUKE CULLEN—CROPPY BIDDY.

In the first edition of the *Sham Squire* it was stated, at page 302, that "Mr. Luke Cullen, a Monk of the Monastery of Mount Saint Joseph's, Clondalkin, died suddenly, in January, 1858, leaving behind him an immense collection of MSS. illustrative of the histories of '98 and 1803." From these voluminous papers, which have since been obligingly placed at our disposal by the Prior, we select, as relevant to the present work, Mr. Cullen's quaint account of "Croppy Biddy," the female informer.

There are different grades of the Informer, as in the case of other professions. There is the swell Informer, like Reynolds, whose fees are thousands, and who measures his value by the coffins of his victims; there is the starched Informer, in wig and gown, who stags *sub rosa* for pay, yet holds his rank as a gentleman, and passes for a man of spotless honour; then there is the industrious, hard-working Informer, like Jemmy O'Brien, who makes no disguise of his craft, and is ever ready to grasp "the Evangelists" in his horny hand, and press them to his often perjured lips, in the discharge of the business by which he earns his daily bread. Some illustrations of the latter class have been traced out in very ample detail by the monk to whom we have referred. After pursuing, with a searching pen, the hidden lives of Halpin, Morgan, and other spies of minor mark, the old Carmelite introduces us to

"THE LIFE AND PERJURIES OF CROPPY BIDDY.

"This woman, who acquired much notoriety during the insurrection of 1798, and for some time after that period, was born in Carnew, in the County Wicklow, about the year 1779, and was in her nineteenth year when the rebellion broke out. Her father followed the humble profession of a thatcher, and was generally from home. Her mother

paid no attention whatever to the education or morals of her daughter. Let me at once apologize for being obliged to allude to immorality. But in history we can leave nothing to the imagination—truth, however repugnant, must be honestly told. And in this case, that posterity may know even the vilest of the many instruments that were used to aid the blightful Legislative Union of our country.

"At ten or eleven years of age this wayward and abandoned girl was sure to be found among rude little boys at their sports, particularly riding the asses of tinkers, when any of them would sojourn in the outlets of Carnew; or at a neighbouring forge, where horses were usually brought to be shod; and if she could get up on one of them, or procure any person to lift her up, she was sure to sit astride and gallop the animal up and down the street. She had an extraordinary passion for horse-riding, and at sixteen years of age she could manage the quadruped at his full speed. And in the year 1798 she mostly rode with the rebel cavalry—a buxom *vivandiere* on horseback. Her lack of morals and indecencies are too disgusting to follow, but it will be sufficient to say, that this pampered informer of the County Wicklow, at thirteen years of age, was an avowed and proclaimed harlot, steeped in every crime that her age would admit of; and her precocity to vice, as it was to maturity, was singular. On her own oath, she attended night meetings at seventeen years of age, where a great number of United Irishmen assembled, about two miles from the residence of her father. After the rebellion broke out, she joined the rebel army, and soon obtained a horse, and was foremost in all the deeds of iniquity during the time the people held out in arms. But her intoxications and public debaucheries, were then by far the worst of this virago's shameless life. After the remnant of the popular army, which had reached the Wicklow mountains, were dispersed, she continued for some time with Holt. On her return home from the battle-field, she continued to speak at random of everything she saw or heard, and the more wicked the deed the more delight she took in the recital, and with a brutal pleasure exaggerating the atrocity. In a short time she was picked up by the ultra-

loyalists, who liked to have her drinking in the public-houses with them, getting her to tell of the deeds she saw in civil war. It was only in the latter end of August she left the outlaw camp; and on the 16th of September she became the ward of Captain Wainright, the agent of Lord Fitzwilliam, the other magistrates of the county concurring in the project to have her for a general informer. She was then sent to Rathdrum, to be put under the training of a little vindictive and crafty attorney, named Tom King, and some old bailiffs.

"She was now dressed like a lady, with habit and skirt, hat and feather, and a prancing palfrey was placed at her disposal. In her excursions through the country, where she was often engaged in search of denounced men, or outlawed rebels, she presided at the head of a military party, which, it may be said, she actually commanded, for if they would not do as she wished, she swore that she would return to the garrison and not guide them any further. On one day she rode with a strong party to Ballymaurin, about three miles from Rathdrum, where two brothers, Byrne, were digging their own potatoes. Those men had been out fighting, but had returned home, like great numbers of others, and availed themselves of the Amnesty Act. She had some dislike to them; she pointed them out to her guards, and they were shot without more ado. Historic writers should be cautious in taking details from the papers of those days. The poor fellows that were shot, were called the 'Blacks,' by nickname. After some excursions of a similar kind, and some swearing of what was called a light nature, such as having men transported, or imprisoned for a considerable time, she was thought duly qualified to come forward to prosecute to the death. Now, gentle reader, you will be kind enough to excuse me for even alluding to the immorality of this abandoned person, who was brought up without the slightest particle of education, or more regard to morals than the brute that browsed in the field; and in regard to her knowledge of Christian truths, she was an infidel. But she could ride off, and spend her nights and days on the crowded field and camp of disorderly insurrection. *She* who, in a public court, could swear that she took delight in going to see an ill-fated man sent

to eternity by that terrible death of piking. And now, so far as dress and money went, she was raised to the condition of a person in affluence. Mark the general contrast; she mounted a prancing charger, attired in a lady's riding-dress, vieing with, and even outdoing, the vilest soldier, in unheard-of blasphemous language. Every sentence that she spoke was sacrilegiously sealed with some person of the Blessed Trinity. To see her as she rode off at the head of a troop of dragoons or local cavalry (for she was indulged in her romantic notions), from the Flannel-hall of Rathdrum, in the above attire, with a cigar held firm between her teeth, and the curling wreaths of the smoke of that plant ascending from her mouth, and fanned around her face by the bending plume of ostrich feathers that fell over the front of her costly beaver!

"Now, good reader, you shall have a specimen of her veracity, and how far she could be depended on even on her oath. Mr. Wainright and the other magistrates and gentry of the county, had as ample knowledge of her depravity as they had of the light of the meridian sun.

"She was now requested to come forward at the prosecution of some men whose lives were at stake. She accepted the invitation, and would have gone without one. Her trainers expected that she would make a good display, before her appearance as a leader on the stage of that terrible drama that she was now rehearsing for. The murder of one Inman was laid to the charge of those men, and Biddy promised to swear it against them. To this she was encouraged by some persons who had an old and implacable ill-will against them. She was at this time going on swearing in every case, and to every thing that she thought would please the Orange party, who supplied her with money and whiskey. It was a great temptation to her, who was reared in poverty and wretchedness, now to have fine clothes, and plenty of money, and soldiers at her command, with a thousand promises of their continuance.

"The trial of the men for the pretended murder of Wm. Inman came on. The deceased had a brother who was of a very independent turn of mind. He would not join a yeomanry corps because he knew they were raised as auxiliaries to suppress the voice of freedom, and to keep the

Catholics in their political and religious state of degradation. He had a very strong affection for his brother from youth. And strange, he was not made acquainted with the approaching trial, or that there was an intention to prosecute any one for his brother until the day previous to the trial; nor was he then summoned or required to attend the trial—the time as well as the decisions of those courts, were arbitrary. It was merely by accident that he then became aware of this cushioned trial, and of the persons who were prompting the prosecutor, and providing evidence to sustain it. Knowing well that it was through private malice, of an old date, that the prosecution was urged on; and knowing also that his brother fell in battle—information derived from those who were with him when he fell—'No,' he exclaimed, 'I know of my brother's death, from the men that were in battle-line with him when he died, fighting manfully at Ballyellis, on the 30th June.* He was not murdered, and I will go forward to prove it; and that wanton, reckless, and willingly-perjured strumpet shall not swear away the men's lives!' He was fully sensible that her audacious perjuries would be hailed as gospel truths—'No,' he said, 'I will go and free them.' He was a man of sterling soul, honest and resolved. He started next morning for Rathdrum, a distance of near twenty miles. When he arrived there he forced himself into the court—the trial was going on—he announced himself as the brother of Wm. Inman, and that he had something particular to communicate with regard to his brother. He was soon admitted to the witness-table; Croppy Biddy, that female hyena, was now on it, giving her evidence, and describing with minute exactness the circumstances attending the murder of Wm. Inman, so that all who heard her thought that she was looking attentively on. It might be said in any court in the world, save Ireland, that she had now ascended the zenith of her perjuries. But this was only a preparation for another act in the long and bloody drama of Ireland. When her testimony was given, Inman appealed to the President of the Court-martial to allow him to disclose

* Sir Richard Musgrave's History of the Rebellion, at the 9th part of his nineteenth appendix, page 112.

what he knew with regard to the death of his brother. The request was immediately granted, and even hailed, expecting that it would make the conviction doubly sure. 'Sir,' he said, addressing the President, 'with your permission I would, in the first place, ask that woman—(meaning the last witness)—a few questions.'—'By all means,' said the President. He turned to her and said—'You saw my brother, Wm. Inman, murdered by the prisoners?' 'Certainly,' was the quick and pert reply. 'What kind of dress had my brother on at the time?' 'He had his regimentals,' was the answer. 'What had he on his head?' 'His helmet—what else would he have on?—I never saw him without it.' After a few more questions, he turned to the Court, and, addressing it said—'There is not one word of truth in what that woman has sworn, on my oath. On the morning of the day on which my brother fell, I rode with him for some distance as he was going to join his corps, before going to battle. He complained of a violent headache, to which he was subject, and the weight of the helmet increased it. I gave him my hat and took his helmet. He fell that day in fair and open fight, and at that instant had my hat on. His comrades who were in battle-line then with him, who saw him fall, and then raised him up, assured me of the fact, and, had we received any notice of this trial, they would be here with me; but they are on the road, and will be soon here. I am also well informed that the prisoners were not within some three or four miles of my brother when he fell, and this can be proved by as good loyalists as any under his Majesty.' The Court and people were astonished at this unusual evidence. The prisoners were acquitted, not amid acclamations, for no one dare presume to show the slightest symptoms of exultation in the triumph of justice in those intolerant times. The Wicklow Terrorists were crest-fallen at the breaking down of their favourite witness. It was necessary to protect the character of this woman for another feat that was now only in embryo; she was silently rebuked for her failure, and levity, and pertness; that is, there was less attention paid to her by the squireen J. P.'s and others of that tyrant-ridden county; yet she was looked upon in those days of swearing as a person of promise.

She was young, and under judicious teachers had time enough to learn. Her unblushing audacity was firm and boundless. Drunk or sober, her pert and ready replies to all questions helped to restore her to that portion of favour which only seemed to be lost to her.

"All this time she was under the apparent tuition of a bailiff named Tom Philips, from whom I had this incident and much more of her history, but Tom King, the attorney, gave her the principal lessons. Philips was too much of the man, in its physical sense—no man possessed a greater share of personal courage—and such individuals rarely stoop to meanness. It was more on account of his courage than for his instruction that she was placed under his protection; the little attorney at Kingston was, I may say, her sole preceptor. Her public intoxications and debaucheries, her smoking and swearing with the soldiers and others, had now their full swing, and of this scandalous conduct, in his pampered and suborned informer, Tom King was perfectly cognizant, and fully sensible, from her late failure, that no credit could be attached to her informations, yet he kept her on.

"The Orange gentry of Wicklow were now making private arrangements for one of the most murderous legal deaths that ever disgraced human nature.

"The O'Byrnes of that lovely county, since the first landing of the Saxon, had been objects of hate and spoliation. There was one young branch of that fine stock which the upstart squireens of that county feared and hated. They had now the semblance of legality in their courts-martial to screen their vile deeds. Those courts were composed of beardless and ignorant youths* and fanatic Orangemen; and therefore William Byrne, Esq., of Ballymanus, a member of the most ancient and respectable family of the county, was to be brought before them, to be consigned to an ignominious death. But the breaking down of this wretched witness was a stumbling block to his persecutors. As the trial came on, King hit on a happy expedient for her protection; that was, to have it sworn, if

* No competitive examination being then necessary, illiterate coxcombs abounded in the army.

the objection should be urged, that the men accused of the murder of Wm. Inman were acquitted in virtue of the Amnesty Act, the provisions of which they came under, and not in consequence of Bid Dolan's false swearing. This was a subterfuge such as a low attorney would suggest, but to willingly swear to it was the essence of depravity. Notwithstanding her life of public infamy, her public conviction of perjury, when she knew all the parties, and when she was, I might say, a volunteer witness, the magistracy of Wicklow, to their shame, had the unblushing effrontery to bring her, a suborned perjurer, as a witness against the life of William Byrne. It was a frequent boast of theirs that they would keep the court clear; that is, they would take steps to prevent Mr. Byrne's evidence from coming forward.

"On the 24th of June, 1799, that young gentleman was brought up before 18 or 20 witnesses, all of whom were insatiable for blood or money, and who swore at random, and not unfrequently contradicted each other.

"But Croppy Biddy was the person on whom the prosecutors rested their hopes. The giggling and loud laugh, the levity and whole demeanour of that libidinous wretch, was the most disgusting display that, perhaps, any witness was ever before allowed to indulge in, where the life of a high and honourable gentleman was concerned. Her first plunge on the green cloth this day was perjury, and all her assertions, that were of any moment, to the end of the trial, were of the same dreadful description. In her evidence she swore that it was on Friday that Mr. Byrne joined the insurgent camp on Gorey Hill. This was false; it was on Saturday. She swore that Mr. Byrne had the command of the party that put one Langrel to death in Gorey church-yard. This was also false. She added that she went with interest to see Langrel piked; this was correct, but it was a home proof of the hardened depravity of the witness. Mr. Byrne had gone, some time before the death of Langrel, on a visit to a Mr. Webster's, some distance from Gorey, and was not in any way connected with the death of that man. My informant, who was a rebel captain in Ballymanus division, says—'I was accidentally by; I did not know one of the men that were sent to execute him; but none of them

belonged to the Ballymanus division, for being one of the captains, I should have known them.' Mr. Byrne (Garret) of Ballymanus was in Dublin from the time that his mansion was sacked, on the 8th of May, 1798, by the Tinehely yeomen, until the day or two before the Battle of Vinegar Hill, when he succeeded in getting out of town, but was too late to be at any of the following encampments :— Mount Pleasant, Kilcavin, Comgrua, or Vinegar Hill, and yet she swore that Mr. Garret Byrne was at each of them ; and that William Byrne and Captain Esmond Kyan had some dispute, and that Mr. Byrne said he would exchange a shot with him. This was random swearing ; but that part of the oath that says Captain Esmond Kyan was then on Vinegar Hill was a willing perjury, for that gentleman was at the same instant of time in the town of Wexford, eleven miles distant. And Lieutenant Hogg, of the Antrim Militia, who was then a prisoner with the popular army in Wexford, swore, on the trial of Mr. Byrne, that he saw Esmond Kyan in the jail of Wexford, at five o'clock on the morning alluded to. The battle had then commenced.

" She on being asked, in Mr. Wm. Manning's shop, in Rathdrum, by a young lad who was serving his apprenticeship there, if she was not to go Mr. Byrne's trial? 'Yes,' she said, 'for they told me that I should not get my liberty if I would not go and swear against him.' She was instantly cautioned by her guardian, Philips, my informant ; but in two days after she swore, in open court, that she never uttered the sentence.

" She was in Wicklow at the time of Mr. Byrne's execution, and went out to see it with a swarm of soldiers and the Orangemen of the town ; her conduct here was of the most revolting description. After this I am not aware that she was called on to swear any more. Mr. Byrne was in his silent tomb, and there was no more wanting to the squireen magistrates of that county. How she had been remunerated for her perjuries I cannot tell, but I find the following items in the Secret Service Money published by Dr. Madden.

" ' 18th March, Mr. Archer, High Sheriff of the County Wicklow, £100.

" ' Ditto, 27th April, 1801, £70.

"'16th Sept., 1801, Tom King, of Rathdrum, attorney, by order of Lord Cornwallis (the Lord Lieutenant), £300. And to Bridget Dolan, per Captain Wainright, £22 15s.'

"This latter seems to be her fixed yearly salary, for it did not appear by her manner of living that she had much more, and this was little enough to support her and a pair of bull-dogs that she kept for her protection. And, notwithstanding that she was always attended by those grim and faithful guardians whenever she walked out, the boys, if they could with any degree of apparent security, would relinquish their sports to have a fling of a stone at her, with the shout, 'Ha, Croppy Biddy!' For this they were often brought before the magistrates; and, so powerful a monitor is conscience on the recollection of guilt, that sooner than stir up the past, the rude lads were generally let off with a magisterial admonition.

"She happened to have one child that lived—it was a daughter; but she never had the honour of a husband's protection. As soon as her swearing was over, and in which she seemed to have taken a particular delight, and after being restored to the Orange protection of her friends in Carnew, to live on the wages of perjury and prostitution, and the price of innocent blood, her manner became utterly changed; the florid cheek became quite pale, her natural and impudent levity had flown, and that insensibility to virtue seemed to be now under the severe gnawing of a corroding conscience. She was sour, reserved, and morose; when going out, and at every step she seemed to apprehend an assault. She lived for many years with the finger of scorn publicly pointed at her wherever she moved. It was surmised by her neighbours that the Government had withdrawn the salary from her, and that she was left in her declining days to be supported from the poor-box in the Protestant Church, or some scanty support from her Orange favourites."

THE REBELLION IN ANTRIM;

A SENSATION STORY—MR. DICKEY'S NARRATIVE.

READERS of MacScimmin's "History of Carrickfergus"* will remember the name of James Dickey, a rebel general, who held a chief share in the command of the United Irishmen of Ulster. Here it was, in the ranks of the Dissenters, that this formidable organization originally took root, and Dickey, as well as the great bulk of the men whom he led, belonged to the Presbyterian Church.

From one of the representatives of this remarkable person, Mr. Adam Dickey, of Cullybackey, County Antrim, we have received some not uninteresting communications since the publication of the "Sham Squire." In June last he called upon us and told a tale which opens another glimpse of the Romance of Irish Rebellion.† After the discomfiture of the insurgent forces of Ulster, and while £400 lay on General Dickey's head, he continued for a considerable time to elude discovery by assuming different disguises and

*MacScimmin wrote with ease, but spoke with difficulty. The late distinguished Celtic scholar, John O'Donovan, M.R.I.A., informed us that on his first arrival at Carrickfergus, he stopped one of the first men he met, and inquired for its historian, MacScimmin. "You're t-t-t-t-t-t-t-talking to him," replied the man after a stuttering prolongation of the phrase we have but feebly sketched. "I'm on the p-p-p-p-petty ju-u-u-ry, but if you'll wait an hour or two, I'll then c-c-c-come and t-t-t-talk to you."

† Referring to the previous glimpses of the Romance of Irish History obtained in the earlier editions of the "Sham Squire," Michael Banim, Esq., the survivor of the "O'Hara Family," and author of, perhaps, the most powerful of Irish fictions, "Crohoore of the Bill-Hook," thus writes in an unpublished letter:—"The 'Sham Squire' has startled me. It is a revelation of the times it refers to for which I was not previously prepared, which imagination dare not invent, and which, if found in a work of fiction, would be discredited and, perhaps, cried down as an overstrain on probability. When I have read it fully through, and pondered over it, I will write my matured impression of the book—of its importance as a delineation of habits and manners, and of its still higher importance in an historical point of view." This he has done, vide p. 372.

resorting to ingenious stratagems. He was built up in a turf clamp, almost dead from starvation and debility, when one day, to his delight, he recognized, passing in close proximity, an old acquaintance, named Dillon, who was like himself, in the profession of the law. The General made himself known to Dillon, who expressed the utmost commisseration for the melancholy plight in which he found his friend, and forced upon him some silver to purchase necessaries. In the course of half an hour a detachment of the King's troops appeared, surrounded the turf clamp, and dislodged Dickey from his concealment. He was immediately tried at the drum-head and hung; and five hundred pounds, the price of his blood, was promptly claimed by a hidden Hand.

Mr. Adam Dickey, inferring, from a perusal of the "Sham Squire," that we had access to some documents and receipts illustrative of the disbursement of Secret Service Money, called upon us, as already mentioned, and inquired whether we had seen any entry of the reward paid for the discovery of General Dickey in August, 1798, and if so, who was its recipient? Unfortunately, however, the receipts for Secret Service Money, and the other documents therewith connected are, owing to the circumstance described at p. 263 *ante*, scattered and incomplete; and although a payment of £100 is recorded on March 2, 1804, in the handwriting of Mr. Cooke, to a person whose name seems illegibly written "Dilton," and may be intended for Dillon, yet it does not conclusively appear that he is identical with the reputed betrayer of General Dickey.*

Mr. Adam Dickey, in his conversation with us, remarked that it has always been the belief in his family that Mr. Dillon was the informer. But he was himself, he added, unaware of this impression when,

* Part of a correspondence with a spy who signs himself "John Dillon," is preserved among Major Sirr's MSS. in Trinity College, Dublin. It is dated "Gormanstown, March 31, 1803," where the spy was sent, probably with a view, among other things, of "setting" the youthful Lord Gormanston, a leading member of the suspected Faith. Particulars are given of the progress of disaffection northwards, the result of the writer's espionage. The Dublin Directory for 1798, in its list of attorneys, includes the name of "John Dillon," p. 131.

in the year 1827, he obtained an interview with Dillon, in reference to an advertisement which appeared from him offering money to lend on unexceptionable security. James Dickey's property had passed under the axe of attainder, and some of his descendants, owing to costly litigation, were obliged to borrow. Adam Dickey found the attorney, Dillon, in his study—an old bent man, who, the moment he learned his name, gazed upon him with melancholy interest. He promised to do what he could in furtherance of his visiter's object. The latter having called again in a few weeks to complete the mortgage, he found that costs out of pocket, to the extent of £40, had been incurred—chiefly the result of searches made in the Registry of Deeds Office. "I forgive those costs," said Dillon, again bestowing a look sadly expressive of interest upon Adam Dickey, "I have known members of your family well, and it affords me singular pleasure to have an opportunity of doing you a substantial service." The old man spoke cautiously—he did not use the word "restitution." He, however, seemed visibly affected, especially when expressions of gratitude fell from Adam Dickey's lips; he cast a lingering look after his youthful client; Dickey was requested to call again, and having done so, he learned, to his dismay, that Mr. Dillon, soon after the interview in question, had been found in the midst of an enormous pool of blood—the result of suicide committed in his own study!

Adam Dickey apprised his father of the catastrophe, who simply said—"It would have been well for James Dickey if Dillon had put a period to his existence nine-and-twenty years sooner." This was the first intimation Adam Dickey had received of the family suspicion, that Dillon had betrayed his friend, and the idea, coupled with the circumstances which had recently come within his own knowledge, moved him deeply; and the retrospect to this day, evokes conflicting emotions.

Mr. Adam Dickey, in the course of his correspondence and interviews with us, frequently asserts that the History of the Rebellion in Ulster has never been written. Even the northern newspapers of the day furnish no information, inasmuch as all reports of the progress of the insurrection,

were suppressed by order of Lord Castlereagh and his colleagues. The office of the only independent journal, "*The Northern Star*," was twice wrecked by a military force; and during the year of the Rebellion, the paper did not exist.

"Dickson's narrative" he considers wholly unreliable. It was written after the Rebellion, with a view to improve the writer's perilous position with the Government. MacScimmin, who published some notices of the northern revolt in his "History of Carrickfergus," was himself an Orangeman, and his peculiar bias warped the facts he undertook to handle. Mr. Dickey knew him well, possessed much of his confidence, and he says that the Historian was constantly in fear of being murdered! MacScimmin confessed that, owing to his peculiar position and oath, he could not afford to tell the truth frankly.

Those Northerns who were implicated in the conspiracy of '98, included a large share of the higher ranks of society. Mr. Dickey says that he possesses a complete list of all the gentry who were United Irishmen, which displays among other influential names, that of Alexander Stewart, a first cousin of Lord Castlereagh's. The organization of the country had been very indefatigably carried on to a certain point. Mr. Dickey's father, on visiting his stables in the morning, was often surprised to find his horses appear jaded and unrefreshed. The secret at last leaked out, that Russell and Teeling regularly used them during the night, in organizing the country and rapidly inspecting the progress of and preparations for their projected enterprise. Russell, strange to say, was a magistrate, and, what is not strange, a very popular one. If the people had any cause of complaint to make against persons who had done them injury, the invariable threat was "I'll Russell him."* He was the uncle of Mr. Hamilton, of the Irish Bar, a colleague in Emmet's movement.

Referring to MacGuickan, described at p. 272, we are apprised, by Mr. Dickey, that the attorney having attended a meeting of United Irishmen, seemingly as one of the

* The late venerable R. C. Bishop of Down and Connor, Dr. Denvir, was intimately associated with Russell in early life, as he personally assured the author. For allusions to Russell see p. 279.

staunchest of themselves, he informed on all who were present unless General Dickey and one other to whom he bore a friendly feeling. Dickey and MacGuickan were both attorneys. Possibly a sense of professional *esprit de corps* in this case, actuated the usually unscrupulous MacGuickan.

Among the unpublished papers to which we have been given access, belonging to the late General Nugent, who was commander in Ulster during the troubles, we found the following information demonstrative of the connection of Presbyterians with the conspiracy, and the manner in which men's lives were jeopardized by the local spies. Having forwarded this document to Mr. Dickey, to see if he could recognize any of the names, he replied in a very communicative letter. Some of the details may seem trivial, but, for the reason elsewhere given, every authentic fact connected with the Rebellion in Ulster is worth preservation.

"I return the examination of Sam. Hume; I will inform you of any others you may forward to me.

"The scene is laid where I was born, I know every name, field, and house, and part is on my family's property. The name, Hume (or Wham, as our Scottish patois hath it), is a very rare and low name thereabouts, until the advent of our late M.P., the heir of Lord Macartney, of Chinese fame, who, however, disguised it under that cognomen. The most respectable and worthy of note before, was Johnny Wham, the bellman in Ballymena, from that part, who perched himself in the market-house steeple above his bell, and on 7th June, '98, and following days called out, as the bodies of United Irishmen appeared:—'More friends fur Clough,' Cullybackey, or 'elsewhere.' This Sam. was probably his son or nephew, as he has 'junior' at his name; doing a bit of pretended loyalty for his landlord, to show the Government, through General Nugent, the great necessity that existed for him to receive the pay, &c., as a Captain of his Yeomanry Corps, which signalized him and themselves by *running away* at the battle of Antrim, when they saw Colonel Lumley, Captain Gamble, and other officers, and some 96 dragoons fall at the charge, from the rebel fire at the church-yard wall. Mr. Stewart Moore and his corps never halted their troop horses till stopped

by intercepting parties of rebels, and finally, by the sea at Dunseverie, some 16 miles Irish, from the scene of action, they riding not straight there, but by all imaginable bye-roads, to evade the rebels, and telling they were fired at from imaginary garrisons in the bleach-greens they passed in their flight. On the part of *the men* this was not *all* from cowardice, but because most of them were favourable to the *cause* of the rebels. Several of these yeomanry and runaways were taken prisoners by the rebels advancing on Ballymena, which they took under James Dickey;* Mr. Stewart Moore being one. Mr. Stewart Moore was also a magistrate and gentleman of family, and Scottish and Presbyterian descent, of good estate, and amiable disposition. He it was who struck the Bible and hand when the 'Popery oath' was put to my grandfather at the election, at which Mr. Stewart Moore was assessor, and though on the opposite interest, could not understand, and would *not allow* the insult to be offered to my grandfather, who was a personal friend of his, as well as from some family alliances.

"Partisan Magistrates kept such fellows as Hume to concoct stories after, and even before '98. On these lies, they burned houses, flogged, half-hanged, imprisoned and maltreated men, and especially women and girls, to goad the people into insurrection, *unarmed* and helpless, of which I could adduce many instances. The date of this examination is 1800, two years after the people were suppressed in blood and torture.

"Doctor Patrick was the son of a small farmer, near

* In a subsequent letter Mr. Dickey writes:—In my last I think there is confusion in the sentence about James Stewart Moore's yeomanry, meeting "a body of rebels," under *James Dickey*, and marching on Ballymena, which they took. In their flight, they fell in with the videttes and skirmishers of James Dickey's (the General) regiment, and the men of Randalstown and others, they having taken that town, and were marching. Captain Ellis, Jones of Moneyglass, and the yeoman prisoners they had secured there, and this was the nucleus of the "Army of the Republic." Ballymena *was taken*, when they got there, by other regiments, and officers, and the garrison prisoners (whose names and acts I could give). Among them was my uncle, Adam Dickey, and his division, with their officers; also my grandfather's, and his brother's old Cullybackey Volunteers, and the inhabitants around almost to a man."

Cairncastle, in Co. Antrim. The 'Doctor' was one of *my earliest* acquaintances, from his being the accoucheur who attended my mother at my birth, a friendship that lasted to the last day of his life. Being well-known to be in the secrets of the United Irishmen, this 'informer' had only to *say* Patrick was a *Colonel*—which he *never was*. The Doctor was a very peaceable and *timid* man, honest and truthful, and deservedly trusted. He was one of the 'Committee of Public Safety,' which sat in Ballymena, and professed to give all the orders which James Dickey, their General, foolishly executed, like a zealous, impulsive man as he was. But the Doctor was a man of peace, and *never* an officer. He took care to cultivate friends on the opposite side, and took Major M'Cleverty into his house, who was made prisoner, and slightly wounded in the head, of which he (M'Cleverty) made the most. Doctor Patrick was a Presbyterian of Scotch origin, and remained a reformer till his death, about 1863. I was a great favourite of his—he liked my views. You will observe, in this information, that the term 'Defender,' and Defenderism is employed—*never United Irishman*. The Catholics in '98, as *a body, stood aloof*, only a few here and there joining in opposition to the priests. They also became yeomanry. But mark what they got for their loyalty. They were flogged, hunted, and driven out, as bad, and even in some places *worse* than the Presbyterian rebels, hence 'Defender' is used here to imply they were Catholics, or associated with Catholics, whom the authorities and their tools in the North laid all the blame of the rebellion upon, to raise up the Orange lodges lately instituted, to divide and distract the United Irishmen. Doctor Thompson was a man I knew also when a boy, he was a United Irishman, but never a Defender, and not *after* '98, also a Presbyterian. The Boyds, respectable farmers of the Forthtown, were old volunteers in the Clough corps, raised by Rev. Mr. Douglas, Presbyterian Minister, whose wife was sister of my grand-uncle, Campbell of Ballygarvie, and his brothers, the Colonel Hugh and Captain Robert Campbells, of the Dungannon Meeting, Commanding the 'Glorious Memory Battalion,' and Ballygarvie Volunteers. Dungal, part of it, was then the property of my grandmother,

widow of William McNaughten, Esq., of Ballyreagh, Oldstone, Co. Antrim, and the Boyds were her tenants, Presbyterians; and all that country United Irishmen, and in rebellion with their minister who succeeded him. Glenravel was also the property of my mother. It was inhabited by Catholics not in the rebellion, hence this spy points out Daffin and M'Canbridge, both Catholics. The ancestor of the former was placed on our lands for a remarkable act of honesty. None of them *were ever* Captains or officers in any. There were no arms in the country in 1800, or *for long* before. Mitchel is one of their stranger spies from Tyrone, and this villain is dubbed a 'Lieutenant-Colonel!!!' of Defenders!!! 'They won't discover where the arms are concealed,' he says, 'till they are forced to do so;' this was to keep up the yeomanry floggings, pitch-cappings, and half-hangings. The Moores were Presbyterians, and all the inhabitants, like my own father's family, who owned *nearly it all*, were United Irishmen, and in arms with my family in the rebellion. He says, he 'knows *many* persons who have concealed arms, but cannot at present recollect their names.' Wilson and the other names are all very common people, and only put in for that reason, and their being numerous. They flogged such fellows, and traitors of all kinds, after '98, but there were *no* arms, nor organization of any kind amongst the oppressed people, who were only too glad to get living at peace from the military, and a tyrant magistracy, and yeomanry, and informers."

SAML. HUME'S EXAMINATION—COUNTY OF ANTRIM.

The information of Samuel Hume, junior, of Moneyduff, taken on oath before me, James Stewart Moore, Esq., a magistrate of said county, saith that Doctor Patrick of Ballymena, is a Colonel of Defenders, and that he gave materials to make gunpowder on or about the month of February, 1799, to the Boyds of Dungal, in the Forthtown, and that James Thompson of Ballymena, apothecary, did also give a sum to sift gunpowder to the aforesaid Boyds, and that the said Thompson is an officer of superior rank to a Colonel among the Defenders. Informant saith that John Hanna, near Dundermot Bridge, did receive a

considerable quantity of gunpowder from the aforesaid Boyds, which informant has reason to believe was part of the powder manufactured by the said Boyds. Informant says that he knows James Daffin, of Glenravel, to be a Captain of the Defenders, and that he has heard the said Daffin often say that he was present when a vast number of arms were concealed in Glenravel, between four and five hundred stand of arms was the number that the said Daffin mentioned, and that M'Canbridge the cooper, of Glenravel, whose brother was transported about six months ago, for being a flogger, has in his possession a quantity of ball cartridges, and knows where a number of arms are concealed. Informant further saith, that account of the oaths and obligations those persons have taken never to discover where arms are concealed, and the most dreadful and terrible threats that have been made against any person who will discover the same, that informant verily believes they will never make any discovery until they are forced to do so. Patrick Mitchel, formerly of the county of Tyrone, but for some time past has been travelling this county for the purpose of encouraging Defenderism, is a Lieutenant-Colonel of Defenders; John Moore of Cullybackey, is a Captain, and informant saith, that he and the aforesaid Mitchel were often concerned in taking up arms, and that they sent summonses to a number of Defenders the day after the middle muster in Ballymena, which was about the 19th of December past, ordering them to meet at the house of William Craiges, who lives near the Cloghey mill, and that twenty-six men did attend the next night at the house of said Craiges for the purpose of disarming a number of Rasharkin yeomanry, but on account of the snow they thought it prudent to put it off to another time lest they should be traced. Informant saith that said William Craiges was the man appointed to command the party that disarmed a number of the Rasharkin yeomanry, on or about the 13th of January, inst., and that said Craiges knows where the arms were concealed. Informant saith, that the committee of Defenders frequently meet at the house of John Moor, innkeeper, Ballymena, on Saturday, the market-day, and sometimes have papers along with them, but do not often bring papers, and that

Robert Wilson, stocking weaver, of Ballymena, is a messenger, and is employed by the committee, for the purpose of bringing and conveying intelligence. Informant saith that Robert M'Craken of Drimall, Ahaghil, is a Captain of Defenders, and that informant has heard from some of the Defenders captains, that the Defenders are a more numerous and better organized, in the Counties of Down and Derry, than what they are in Antrim, and that the principal leaders in the Counties of Down and Derry are much dissatisfied at some of the Defenders in Antrim for creating a disturbance. Informant saith that Adam ————* of Ballyhoylin, was an associate of them, and said Patrick Mitchel who was president at a Defenders' meeting held at the house of Robertson of Ballyhoylin, in the month of February, and that said Calwell did attend that meeting. Informant saith, Calwell knows where twenty-six are concealed, and informant saith that he has heard and believes that Robert Crawford who lives near the Cloghwater was the man who flogged Alexander Gartlin the sub-constable, of Cloghmills, in the beginning of last summer. Informant saith that he knows many persons who have concealed arms, but cannot at present recollect all their names.

"Sworn before me, January the 26th, 1800.

"(Signed) JAMES ST. MOORE.
"(Signed) SAMUEL HUME."

Our correspondent alludes to the floggings, torturings, burnings, and half-hangings which at last goaded the people into resistance. This vile policy seems now-adays incredible; but that it was sedulously planned by Statesmen is, unhappily, too true. In addition to the evidence supplied at p. 107, it may be observed that Lord Castlereagh himself confessed, on the examination of Dr. McNevin, that "means were taken to make the United Irish system explode;" and in Parliament he tried to vindicate the use of torture, adding that it would be unmanly to deny what notoriously existed. Moreover, the report of the Secret Committee records—"It appears, from a variety of evidence laid before your committee, that the Rebellion would

* Word illegible.

not have broken out so soon as it did, had it not been for the well-timed measures adopted by Government !" &c.

Discontent had been ripened into rage, and rage was at last extinguished in its own hot blood. The scheme was to wring from Ireland, when prostrate from exhaustion and loss of blood, her most valuable gem—a domestic Legislature.

But to re-open General Nugent's portfolio and unfold the knotted bonds of blood, which, like layers of red tape, bind his correspondence. If the Crawfords, the Blackwoods, the Wards, the Kennedys, the Ecclins, and the Hutchisons preserved their patience, and refused to be goaded into resistance and revolt, it assuredly was not the fault of General Nugent, or his hopeful pupil in insolent oppression, Colonel Atherton. Luckily the green fields of Crawfordsbourn were not ripped up by the axe of attainder; and constitutional patriotism continued to bloom on their shamrocked sward.

"COLONEL ATHERTON TO GENERAL NUGENT.

"Newtownards, 20th June, 1798, half-past eleven.

"DEAR SIR,—I have had tolerable success to-day in apprehending the persons mentioned in the memorandum. The list is as follows. [Twenty-seven names here occur.] We have burned Johnstone's house at Crawford's-Bourn-Mills, at Bangor, destroyed the furniture of Pat. Aguew, James Francis, and Gibbison, and Campbell's, not finished yet, at Ballyholme; burned the house of Johnston at the Demesnes near Bangor; the houses of Jas. Richardson and John Scott at Ballymaconnell-Mills; burned the house of M'Connell, miller, and James Martin, a Captain and a friend of M'Cullock's, hanged at Ballinahinch. Groomsport, reserved. Cotton, the same.

"We have also the following prisoners, on the information of different people. [Here follows a list.]

"We hope you will think we have done tolerably well. To-morrow we go to Portaferry, or rather to its neighbourhood. Ought we not to punish the gentlemen of the country who have never assisted the well-disposed people, yeomanry, &c.? For my own part, a gentleman of any kind, but more particularly a magistrate, who deserts his post at such a period, ought to be —— I will not say what

"Mr. Ecclin, of Ecclinville; Rev. Hutcheson, Donaghadee; Mr. Arbuckle, Collector of Donaghadee, an official man; Mr. Ker, Portavo; Mr. Ward of Bangor, is now, and only now, to be found.

"List of inactive magistrates, or rather friends to the United Irishmen:—Sir John Blackwood; John Crawford, of Crawford's-Bourn; John Kennedy, Cultra, &c. But, among others, Rev. H. Montgomery, of Rosemount, who is no friend to Government, or to its measures, and whom I strongly suspect. I have got his bailiff.

"Believe me, dear sir, with the greatest respect and esteem, your most faithful servant.

"Q. Q. ATHERTON."

If the fair form of Erin found her quivering flesh scourged by the unfilial hands of a Hepenstall or a Leslie, England sent superior muscle to this cruel labour in the person of Lake, Atherton, and Nugent.

That the sketch given by Mr. Dickey, in his letter to the author, is no traditional exaggeration, we further know, on the authority of General Nugent himself. Having issued a proclamation in June, calling upon the insurgents to lay down their arms, which they had been goaded into using more in self-defence than with any other object, he writes: "Should the above injunctions not be complied with, Major-General Nugent will proceed to set fire to and totally destroy the towns of Killaleagh, Ballynahinch, Saintfield, Killinchy, and every cottage and farm-house in the vicinity of these places, and put every one to the sword who may be found in arms: it behoves all well-affected persons to exert themselves to have these terms complied with, as it is the only opportunity there will be of rescuing themselves and properties from the indiscriminate vengeance of an army necessarily let loose upon them!"

This proclamation was promptly answered by a broad-sheet, which was found simultaneously posted on the chapel doors and dead walls of Antrim; but the popular manifesto was, in most instances, torn down before it had time to dry:—

"Irishmen"—it began—"our best citizens are entombed in bastiles, or hurried on board tenders—our wives and our

children are become the daily victims of a licentious foreign soldiery! Ulster—one of your fairest provinces, containing one-third of the population of the land—Ulster, hitherto the pride and strength of Ireland, is proclaimed and put under the ban of martial law! The Government of the country has sentenced us to military execution without trial, and the Legislature has sanctioned this illegal act without inquiry.

"We are united in an organized system—not to promote murder, but peace—not to destroy persons and property, but to save both from destruction. Lastly, beloved countrymen, we are solemnly pledged to co-operate with you in every temperate and rational measure for obtaining the freedom of our country, by a full and adequate representation of all the people of Ireland, without regard to religious distinctions. These are the crimes of Ulster—they are the common crimes of Ireland. Our intentions have been, and still are, to obtain the great objects of our pursuit, through the means of calm discussion and their own unquestionable justice. The common enemy knows that these are the most powerful and irresistible weapons. It is therefore that they have practised on us a system of reiterated aggression, unparalleled in the history of civilized nations, for the purpose of goading us into insurrection, or driving us to despair."

Mr. Dickey corrects a misprint, in the *Sham Squire*, in which Donegore Moat is designated "Donegal Moat" (see p. 271). "There were no meetings for insurrectionary purposes," writes Mr. Dickey, "on Donegore Moat in Dec., 1798. This letter is only to show Leslie's great vigilance."

"Donegore Hill is the S. end of a chain of hills running N. and S. in centre of the country, and is one of its most defensible positions, or camps, as selected by the officers of the United Irish Directory, and I believe Wolfe Tone and Teeling. It is bounded by the valley and river of the Sixmile water on E. and S., and is otherwise very defensible for troops, with artillery or rifles, but *not* for the poor creatures, not *one-half* of whom even had *the utterly useless pike*, which the hired informers still would urge them to believe a military weapon. It was chosen as the main camp, and in '98 the rebels after taking the towns, were to

occupy it, and they did, to be deceived by the lying promises of 'Rents being brought back to 3s. and 4s. per acre, Irish, by the landlords—no paper money—provisions not to be sent to England, nor cattle to Scotland—tythes and the English Church to be abolished.' All this, and *more*, it was promised, should *be settled*, if they would lay *down their arms* and go home, by some of their *aristocratic* prisoners, and *believed* by the common herd, who suffered so much after for their credulity. This camp overawed Antrim, Carrickfergus, and frightened Belfast, while a dozen men were on it.

"Donegore Moat is an old Irish artificial mound, or court of the Brehons, or highest chiefs; though to me it appears to contain ruins or inner chambers (probably like the Moat of Grange), and the hollow sound of stamping on it with the feet, seems to confirm the idea. It stands on a spur of the S.S.W. face, and with its trenches, flanks parts of two sides of the hill. It was like some others, a favourite place of meeting of the United Irishmen before '98, from the lonely situation; and the witches and supernatural things expected to be seen there, kept women and children away. Another great reason of device was the level flat close to the mount, within the inner fosse and ramparts of these old moats for assemblys of the people. They were good exercising places, out of view, easily defended, and the watchman on the mount could see for miles in all directions. Some farmer wretch has dug down much of its height of late, and tilled it over; and as they are changing the *ancient names* on the Ordnance Survey, and maps of the Landed Estates Court, mayhap to denationalize the Irish of Ireland, I suppose they will call it 'Mount Pleasant' soon. The last twenty years has produced names on the Ordnance maps of this country new to its inhabitants.

"D. Leslie, whose letter appears in the *Sham Squire*, p. 271, was Colonel of the Monaghan militia, a regiment chiefly composed of the scum of the lowest class of Roman Catholics, who were no doubt ordered by Castlereagh or Clare to do the *murdering* of the country people, and others at Antrim, and on the way there, to create a horror (which they did) amongst the United Irishmen to that religion, amongst the common Presbyterian rebels. The

openly instigated cruelty and dastardly murders of this regiment is still remembered, and I could give many names and anecdotes of their victims there, and in Belfast.

"The name printed as 'Dulry,' in the *Sham Squire*, p. 271, should obviously be "Dicky" and one of the transition stages of my own name towards Saxonization. So spelled in 1596 and 1660 *in common* with 'Dické,' by my own ancestors in deeds and documents. Dickie since 1760 is spelled Dickey.*

"With reference to General Nugent's papers in the *Sham Squire*, p. 271, it must have been James Dickey, the general, who lived in that neighbourhood, for whom these pikes were said to be made, though fourteen was a small affair for him, when nearly 2,000 were manufactured in one evening, that night, and next morning, and were *in action* at twelve and one the same day, for and under the auspices of a near relative of mine, and namesake in '98. This was on the night before the rebellion began. It is an historic fact, adds Mr. Dickey, but singularly little known, that all the towns and villages in the County Antrim were taken by the rebels, except Belfast, in 1798."

Mr. Dickey after again expressing a hope that we may be able to discover, on documental authority, the recipient of the reward for the apprehension of General Dickey, applies the same remark to the following names. It may possibly be in some reader's power to furnish the information he desires.

Thomas Archer executed and hung in chains at Ballymena.

Doctor W. Linn or Lynn, executed by court-martial, 1798, at Randalstown.

* "Previously the priests latinized us in Charters as De Dyk and De Dic. Being on the border we were being constantly killed off by the English, and held as feudal tenants for its defence, till 1607-8, when James 1st seized our lands to please the English, and gave us property (of some other plundered person) in Antrim, and Derry much against our will. At the battle of Flodden my ancestor took the standard of a Lord Constable, and is mentioned by the English poet who celebrates it as 'McDawkey with his servaunds Boulde,' &c., and the Saxon 'son' was sometimes affixed to our names making us from son of D into Diekiesoun from whom one Sept of the name. So we are growing Saxon by *degrees* you see."

Roderick or Roddy, or Royce McCurley (McGorley, or McSorley).

The system of hanging in chains noticed by Mr. Dickey, was not unfrequent in the North of Ireland during the Rebellion and subsequently. The late Dr. Henry Fulton, a native of Fermanagh, informed us that on one occasion when John Toler, Lord Norbury, and Leonard MacNally, were travelling together through a northern county, they passed one of these revolting exhibitions. The Chief knew MacNally to be a rogue, and often playfully expressed as much to him. "Ah! said he, with a jocular grimace as he poked MacNally in the side, "If Jack had his due." "By Jove if he had my Lord, I'd be travelling alone," was the witty rejoinder. An impromptu epitaph on a wretched man hung in chains, said :—

"He rests in peace,
When the wind doth cease."

THE REBELLION IN LOUTH.

DR. CONLAN, THE INFORMER.

Among the many blood-stained betrayers who have obtained niches in our Chamber of Horrors, no glimpse has hitherto been obtained of Dr. Conlan, a "United Irishman," and physician of Dundalk, whose treachery brought to the scaffold two of his associates, namely, Mr. Hoey, grandfather of J. Cashel Hoey, now of the English bar, and editor of one of the quarterly reviews; and Anthony Marmion, father of the author of the *Maritime Ports of Ireland*. Dr. Conlan, with the same fatal object, waited upon an old friend and colleague, Dr. Dromgoole, but the latter, with rare tact, evaded the kiss of peace with which a brother physician sought to deliver him into the jaws of death. Dr. Dromgoole, who was at that time a practitioner in Newry, came on business to Dundalk, and, of course, went to visit the rooms of the United Irishmen. He was then introduced to Conlan; but the sheep's clothing was too scanty to conceal the propensities of the wolf. The Doctor immediately pronounced a verdict on the integrity of

Conlan, which subsequent events proved, unfortunately, to have been too true. Nor was Dromgoole the only one to whom the cloven hoof of the betrayer was revealed. Mr. John Warren, father of the present John Warren, wool-merchant, went to the society rooms to be sworn in as a United Irishman; on entering he found none present but Conlan, who was intently reading some manuscripts, which he carefully concealed on Warren's approach. The latter, moved by that instinct which so often warns of impending danger, was met on the landing by Father Quigley, or O'Coigley, to whom he told his unwillingness to become a member while Conlan should be present. "Oh, John," said the Priest, "the Doctor is as true to the cause as the needle is to the pole." "Well, sir," replied the other, "that's an opinion which forthcoming events will either strengthen or destroy." Of the truth of this remark the unfortunate clergyman had a sad experience. Father Quigley proceeded to England *en route* for France, but the bloodhounds scented him out. He was arrested at Margate, identified by a cabinet-maker from Dundalk, named Hatch, and hanged as an Irish rebel.

The details, so industriously gathered by our Correspondent, may to some readers appear too full; but their very circumstantiality gives to them an interest, authenticity, and authority which they might not otherwise to the same extent possess, and they are further acceptable to the historic student for two reasons, namely, that, as stated by Mr. Dickey, all details of the Rebellion in the North met the fate of suppression. Secondly, that Messrs. D'Alton and O'Flanagan, in their otherwise exhaustive *History of Dundalk*, confine their narrative of the incidents of Rebellion in that town to an extract (p. 205), from Dr. Madden's "*United Irishmen*," descriptive of Napper Tandy's visit to Dundalk in 1798. We have no desire to include among the suppressors of history two such frank historians as Messrs. D'Alton and O'Flanagan; the inference is that they failed to obtain access to the peculiar sources of information opened to our Dundalk correspondent, Mr. Mathews. As introductory to the following narrative, it may be interesting to premise that the Dromgooles belonged originally to Drogheda, where they resided in princely state in

Dromgoole Castle, a portion of which has survived the wreck of ages, and is still to be seen as an evidence of the massive grandeur of the old Irish mansion in feudal days. When Cromwell made his incursions northwards, he met with a stern resistence in Drogheda from the founder of Dromgoole Castle. Numbers at last overpowered the Irish chieftain, and he was taken out and hanged from the spikes of his own gate, which tradition tells were tipt with silver, and Cromwell drew up his plan of Dundalk comfortably seated in the drawingroom of Dromgoole Castle, while life was fast ebbing in its princely proprietor without. Of this family there were seven sons, who, during the sack of Drogheda, fled for the safety which their native town could not afford. Some went south and some northward. The historic records of the time appear to have lost sight of this ancient sept until the wars between William and James, when one of them is again found living in stately grandeur in Bellingan Castle, with an income of £5,000 a-year, which, considering the value of money at that time, must have been enormous. But here again was experienced those reverses of fortune which seemed incidental to the family. He was dispossessed by the Williamites, and his fine property was parcelled out amongst the sycophants and adventurers who followed the fortunes of William. His immediate successor in Bellingan Castle was a man named Tipping, a lineal descendant of whom is still in possession. Immediately after the Battle of the Boyne another member of the Dromgoole family settled as a bleacher of linen on the banks of the Ban, at Bellevarlie, possessing an estate of several hundred acres of land. He married a Miss Crawley, daughter of Baron Crawley, by whom he had four sons; one of these succeeded his father in the estate, and married a Miss O'Neill, the other three having studied at Saint Omer's, became physicians, the only profession then open to a Catholic. One married a Miss Magennis of Ulster, the other married a Miss M'Neill, the third never married, but lived to become a most distinguished orator in popular politics. The Doctor Dromgoole alluded to above in connection with Conlan, was son of John Dromgoole, who remained at Bellevarlie, and nephew to the Dromgoole of Veto celebrity. Readers of Wyse's *History of the Catholic Association*, will

remember the spirited sketch given of him as one of the pillars of the earlier Catholic Board.

Dr. Conlan's correspondence with Major Sirr, preserved among the papers of the latter in Trinity College, Dublin, reveal that the phlebotomising Doctor was also in hot scent after the hotter blood of Nicholas Markey, a non-commissioned officer in Sir P. Bellew's Barmeath Corps of Yeomanry.

Mr. John Mathews, of Dundalk, has been so kind as to put himself in personal communication with the representatives of the parties referred to, and an elaborate detail, gathered from the most authentic sources, is the result:

DUNDALK IN '98.

"The peaceful and picturesque town of Dundalk, which had once been the seat of royalty and learning, appears to have lost its faith in the 'divine right of kings,' and to have partaken in the general disaffection which prevailed throughout Ireland in '98, and made that year a history of treachery and bloodshed, with no other alternations than those diabolical scenes which invariably result from the delegation of power to minions, sycophants, and adventurers. On the 24th of June, a meeting of the insurgents, convened by the authority of the Dublin Directory of United Irishmen, was held at a place called the Fishpond, at the rere of Lisnawilly, now the residence of Patrick James Byrne, Esq., Clerk of the Crown.*

"Amongst the many who attended this Meeting there were two men from Dundalk, whose escape from the fangs of the informer seems somewhat singular; these were John Warren (alluded to above) and Arthur M'Kone (father of Canon M'Kone, P.P. of Termonfeckin). When they reached

* Mr. Mathews, in the private letter which enclosed these details, wrote, March 17th, 1869:—"Mr. Byrne, of Lisnawilly, is a high authority on the unpublished history of the county." Two days later, Mr. Byrne was dead! If we needed any justification for the details thus gathered, it is to be found in significant facts like these. *The Court Circular*, noticing another book of ours, observes: "Its facts are derived from personal conversations with aged persons who had themselves participated in the scenes. It was well that these facts should be rescued from the oblivion into which the hand of death was fast drawing them."

the Fishpond, M'Kone stuck the head of his pike in the pond, and with one bound cleared the banks, exclaiming, 'John, I'm first on the ground.'

"The meeting was a very large one—Louth, Meath, Cavan, Monaghan, and Armagh were well represented, as the object was both important and hazardous, viz.:—to take possession of the military barracks in Dundalk. The route was to be a direct passage through Lord Roden's demesne, entering the town by O'Hare's gateway, now owned by Mr. M'Donald, a baker. At this post a man stood to direct strangers to the various points of attack. A signal was to have been given by the outlying sentry, who, it is said, was in the confidence of some of the leading insurgents; be this as it may, the signal did not reach the meeting from some cause hitherto unknown, and likely to remain so now. A large body of men from Philipstown and Belrobbin was to have led the van, but their leaders did not come forward. About midnight, a thunder-storm broke forth, the like of which has not since been known. The peals of thunder were so loud as to render it impossible to hear those standing close by shouting in your ear, while the country round, far as the eye could reach, seemed as if lighted up by some immense conflagration, so vivid and incessant were the flashes of lightning. A bystander declared that hundreds of them fled homewards, believing the world to have been at an end; some sought shelter under the little bridge at Myer's-cross; while others were so paralysed with fear that they were unable to move, but resigned themselves to the fate which seemed inevitable. The rain then descended in torrents until daybreak, when the remainder of the insurgents crept from their places of shelter, and went home; and thus ended the meeting at the Fishpond, the largest one ever held in Louth for revolutionary purposes.

"M'Kone, Warren, and the late James M'Alister, of Cambrickville, were hotly pursued, but a sergeant in the Yeomanry, named Blake, a Protestant, extended the hand of friendship to them. He kept them concealed in an old cellar for nearly a week, and at the risk of his life, had them conveyed in a lime boat from Sir John Macneill's *(sic.)*. They were landed in Cheshire, where they remained until the times became more settled, when they got their

pardon, and returned to thank their generous protector for having saved their lives at the imminent risk of his own.'

"Another very important meeting took place at the Scotchgreen, about two miles from Dundalk, so called from a family of Scotchmen who settled there as manufacturers and bleachers of linen. These were supplied with the prepared material by a number of weavers who were located in Parliament-square, now the cavalry barracks, but deriving its former name from a grant given by the Irish Parliament. This meeting, which gave a decided turn to the whole current of events which subsequently followed, was held in Union Lodge, the residence of the unfortunate Teeling. From the commanding position of Dundalk, possession of it was considered worth fighting for. A large number of the leaders of the Irish rebellion were present, among whom were Mr. Teeling, Mr. Turner, of Turner's Glen, Newry, Mr. N. Markey and Mr. Thomas Markey, both of the Seaside, Dundalk, Mr. Anthony M'Cann, of Corderry, commonly called 'Croppy M'Cann;' and Mr. John Byrne, of Castletown, a very extensive merchant (one of the Byrnes of Mullinahack*), and a number of the Directory from Dublin. But the spy—for the culture of which Ireland is unfortunately pre-eminent—began the work of deceit and destruction. Information was sent to the authorities, and the military immediately ordered out. The officers stopped for refreshment at Dransfield's (now Arthur's) Hotel, where the intended encounter was unreservedly talked over. The refreshments were served up by a man named Terence Flanagan, who hearing the conversation, sent a messenger across the demesne to anticipate the arrival of the soldiery, and to give the messenger a good start, Flanagan endeavoured to detain the officers as long as possible, by making many blunders and mistakes in bringing up the articles called for In the meantime, the messenger made the best of his way, but being feeble, he was about to give up the race, when he met a man named Roddy, a gardener, who volunteered

* For details of the extraordinary romance with which is interwoven, the career of the Byrnes of Mullinahack, see "*Curious Family History, or Ireland Before the Union, a Sequel to the Sham Squire*," pp. 168-200.

to deliver the message, and did so. But the warning was there already. The Rev. James Eastwood, of Castletown,—uncle to the late James Eastwood, for the attempted murder of whom the two men were hung in Dundalk in 1852—hearing from headquarters of the intended expedition, sent a man named Haughey, in all haste, with a note to put into Mr. Byrne's own hand. When Haughey arrived at the Lodge, there were ten of the gentlemen outside—Byrne, Markey, Teeling and Turner, the other six were strangers. When Byrne read the note, he turned round, and said:—'Gentlemen, it's all up—there are informers among us—the red-coats will be here in five minutes!' 'We'll fight to the last,' replied Teeling and Turner in one voice. So sudden was the invasion of the soldiery that Teeling and Turner had only time to conceal themselves at the bottom of the garden. The others escaped in different directions. As soon as the soldiers entered the Lodge, the officer in command exclaimed—'Ah, here's the nest, but the birds have flown!' The extensive premises of Mr. Byrne were then set fire to, both in Salttown and Castletown, and totally destroyed. It is said that these premises were largely insured, and they having been burnt by direction of Jonathan Seaver, who held a captaincy in the Louth Yeomanry, that gentleman's estates were put under a mortgage. Of the many individuals who were thus unceremoniously routed, few of them ever met again. Byrne, who had a friend in the Austrian service, named Colonel Begg, also obtained a commission in it, and fought at the battle of Marengo, where he got a gun-shot wound in the hip, which lamed him for life. Turner went to the Isle of Man, and having quarrelled there with a gentleman named Boyce, uncle in marriage to the late Mr. Eastwood, of Castletown, agreed that the dispute should be settled by an appeal to arms. The two belligerents, with their friends, repaired to the spot of honour, and as Turner was preparing for the struggle, his adversary shot him through the head; and thus terminated the career of a man, whose only regret was, that his life was not lost in the service of his country. Poor Teeling's fate is too well-known. He was hanged, his rankest offence seemingly being that he would not lament the death of an enemy to Ireland. On

his tomb might in justice to his memory be inscribed—'*Patriæ infelici fidelis.*'

"M'Cann and Markey fled to France, where they remained until the expedition to Ireland, which sailed from Brest on the 16th December. They were in the Admiral's vessel, which was separated from the rest of the squadron by adverse winds, and landed again in France. Markey entered the French army, and died at Fontainbleau, having attained the rank of Colonel. M'Cann settled in Hamburgh, where he became a prince merchant and a popular man. After he had been in his adopted home for some time, he longed to visit his native land, and eventually carried out his wish. He landed at Dundalk in the garb of a peasant, but the disguise was not sufficient to secure him from the keen scent of the bloodhounds. He went to the residence of Mr. Philip Boylan, his brother-in-law, and that night the soldiers surrounded the house. M'Cann's sister, by an extraordinary stratagem, kept the fugitive patriot carefully concealed until morning, when, under the shelter which the grey dawn of approaching day afforded, he quitted for ever the land he loved so fondly, and served not wisely but too well. It was at this time the Poet Campbell made his Continental tour, and while at Hamburgh, was introduced to the exiled Irishman. In the course of conversation M'Cann told Campbell of his midnight visit to Dundalk, the home of his childhood, which made such an impression on the Poet's mind, that shortly afterwards appeared that celebrated lyric, 'The Exile of Erin,' the hero of which was 'Croppy M'Cann.'

"Dr. Conlan, of infamous memory, commenced his work of treachery at this period. Conlan, who was a native of Dundalk, had been Secretary to the United Irishmen, and before suspicion fairly rested on him, he had endeavoured to insinuate himself into the confidence of Dr. Dromgoole, who held an honoured and faithful position in the Society.

"Conlan went down to Newry, ostensibly on business of the Society, but in reality to ensnare his victims in a trap from which he designed they should never escape. When Conlan reached Newry, he went to Dr. Dromgoole's residence. The Doctor was out, but Conlan pleaded hard for

the loan of a horse, saying that Dromgoole would not refuse him anything, at the same time intimating that they were both alike concerned in the interests of their common country. But all was of no use, Mrs. Dromgoole was determined he should receive no footing there. Having come repeatedly to that gentleman's residence, she, with great shrewdness and penetration, conceived an unaccountable prejudice against him, and earnestly besought her husband to have nothing to do with that man. Subsequently to this caution, Conlan called on the Doctor for a letter of introduction to the North. This was when the informer was going to Belfast, where he made a sad havoc, until stopped by the Hon. John Jocelyn, grandfather of the present Lord Mayo, and Neill Coleman of Dundalk, who declared his oath was bad and his word was worse.

"But Dr. Dromgoole, having been already warned, refused it, saying:—'If you bring with you an honest heart, it will be the best recommendation you could possess.' These words, which were uttered with that force of expression peculiar to the Doctor, convinced Conlan that he was not likely to succeed in that quarter; he then pursued other victims.

"Dr. Dromgoole was subsequently balloted into a cavalry corps of yeomen in Newry, and he continued to make his position subservient to the interests of the popular movement. When going out to 'hunt down the rebels,' he would always lead the attack in the wrong direction, and the fugitives not unfrequently received a timely hint of his coming. But the post which he held—that of Captain —— and the expenses attending it, together with a stud of horses, which he was obliged to keep at his own expense, almost destroyed his fortune.

"Two respectable merchants belonging to Dundalk, named John Hoey and Anthony Marmion—one the grandfather of the present John Cashel Hoey, of the English bar; the other, father of the late Anthony Marmion, author of the *Maritime Ports of Ireland*—were arrested on private information, and by order of the authorities conveyed to Drogheda. While playing a game of ball in the prison yard, an order came from Dublin for their immediate execution. They

were forthwith taken in, and hanged by torch-light. Marmion's remains were brought to Dundalk, and waked without a light. The funeral procession was one of the loneliest ever witnessed here, it consisted of the driver of the hearse, Friar McGuirk, and a confidential friend of the family named Patrick Grant—the people were afraid to join in it. A very respectable man, named James Kieran, was arrested for a breach of Martial Law, which was then in active operation. It appears that this young man had only returned from Newry, where he had been purchasing English bills to transmit to his father's London correspondent, and had been reading his night prayers with candle light, previous to retiring to bed. The light was observed by some of the Yeomanry officers who were prowling about in Lord Roden's demesne. His room was burst in, and he was dragged to the guard-room in the Market-square, where he and a clergyman named M'Quillan, committed for a similar offence, were shut up with the worst characters of the town, and subjected to all the indignities which a brutal and ignorant soldiery could invent. But even in this Pandemonium there was found one honest man who had the moral courage to stop such conduct. A man named Gray, a Protestant, was sergeant of the guard, and having come in from patrol, and seeing the excited state of poor Kieran's feelings, who was then only 18 years of age, said he would not stand by and see his neighbour's child treated in such a manner. 'Let the law,' said he, 'such as it is, decide his guilt or his innocence, and deal with him accordingly; but I'll take care that none here shall lay a hand on him.' He then took him and the clergyman from the remainder of the prisoners, and kept them under his own care until morning. From the influence and respectability of Mr. Kieran's family it was expected that a powerful appeal would be made on his behalf; but a man named Shekelton who held a captaincy in the yeomanry, and several of the officers protested, and said they would throw down their arms if Kieran was not flogged. Accordingly a court-martial was held on him the following morning, presided over by Colonel Latouche of the Carlow militia, and he was sentenced to receive 300 lashes. His mother who was almost distracted at hearing

this, ran out, and seeing Lord Roden, and Major Straton, fell on her knees, and begged them in the most touching terms, which a mother's love could express, to spare her child. They told her to rise as all was over. And so it was. Poor Kieran was flogged, and conveyed to hospital. However, he survived the inhuman treatment he received, and lived to become one of the most eminent merchants in Ireland, with a reputation beyond the reach of malice, and a capital of over £100,000.

"Michael Sherley from Castletown, received 500 lashes, and often related that the rats ate the plaster off his back while he lay in the cell. The people of Castletown would have suffered severely, but for the bravery and intrepidity of the Rev. James Eastwood, to whom was deputed the power to pardon all those who gave up their pikes to him. A man named O'Hare from Ballinahatina, known by the *sobriquet* of 'Captain,' was taken off his bed by a party of Welsh Horse, or Ancient Britons, and conveyed to Dundalk; they would not give him time to dress, but put him upon horseback naked, until his servant ran after him with his clothes, and overtook him as he was entering the town. When Mr. Eastwood heard that the Captain was in gaol, he immediately came into Dundalk, and ordered the gaoler to turn out Daniel O'Hare, that he would answer for him. Such was the state of Dundalk, while under the guardianship of the Welsh Horse, Lord Roden's fox-hunters, and Captain Seaver's yeomanry, that the lash and triangle were in daily use. These revolting scenes were generally enacted in the Windmill-yard, where Captain Seaver held his quarters. Some of the yeomen at last became disgusted with the cruelty with which the law dealt with men for the most trifling offences. On one occasion when some unfortunate offender was tied up in the triangle, some of the yeomen were told off to inflict the lashes; they refused, and one of them named Kerr, a Protestant, said he would rather throw down his arms, than butcher any man, and he kept his word. This inhuman and barbarous treatment of an unoffending and industrious people received a very unexpected check—a messenger of peace came with the olive branch. Colonel Campbell, uncle to the late Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde), entered the town with his High-

land Watch, and stopped the *administration of justice* that would be a rebuke to the most barbarous nation in the world. When the Colonel entered the town, there were three men preparing to receive their share of torture, one of them under the triangle, exclaimed :—'Oh, Saviour of the world, have mercy on me.' A bystander replied—'*Call on Seaver of the Bog*, for he's the man to-day.' The Colonel's attention was attracted by the crowds of people passing his hotel windows, and upon going out, he beheld the men under the triangle, when he ordered one of his officers instantly to cut them down; and being told that Captain Seaver had charge of Dundalk, he said that if this barbarous treatment were resorted to again, he would fire the town, adding that such conduct was sufficient to produce a revolt all over the kingdom.

"There is an anecdote related of Colonel Campbell, worthy of record, which truly illustrates the character of the soldier as a gentleman, and the gentleman as a soldier, and it will agreeably relieve the detail of torture and blood through which the reader has had to wade. The Colonel, who was somewhat eccentric, went out for a walk after breakfast one morning, and being anxious to avoid the hollow conventionalities of society, he dressed himself as a servant, and went in the direction of Prospect House, now tenanted by Mr. Russell Patteson. On his way thither, he overtook a travelling tinker, a native of Dundalk, and exchanged the usual civilities of the day, the tinker asked him was he going far that road? 'I'm going up to this gentleman's house before us,' said the disguised Colonel, 'to look for a situation as butler, and if I don't succeed there, I must go further.' 'Ah, my poor fellow,' said the tinker, 'a gentleman's servant is very good as long as he has a master, but when he hasn't, it's a mighty bad trade to tramp with.' After some further conversation they arrived at a public-house known as 'Hole-in-the-wall.' 'Come in here, at all events,' said the tinker, 'I have as much as will stand a treat, and you'll have luck after it.' The Colonel hesitated, saying it was too bad to put a poor man like him to such expense. 'Nonsense,' said the tinker, 'the next village I go to, I'll earn as much as will pay my way.' Accordingly they went in, and had a glass

and a smoke together. 'Now,' said the tinker, 'take this change, and if you don't succeed there, you'll want a glass on the road, for it's d——n lonely to be travelling without one!' The Colonel protested strongly against this needless liberality, but at length he had to yield, and it was then agreed that they should meet there that evening and report progress. They separated, and the Colonel having finished a long walk, returned to the public-house at the appointed hour. In a short time the tinker entered, and conceiving that he saw the flush of success beaming in his companion's face, caught him by the hand saying, as he shook it, 'I'll hold you there was luck in the glass!' 'There was,' said the Colonel, 'I got a good situation.' A warm shake hands congratulated Campbell, and the tinker had another round, and was for having more, when the Colonel said it was better go into town and have something to eat. This was agreed to, and they both marched into Dundalk together, when to the tinker's great surprise, the soldiers presented arms as they passed, and the Colonel handed him into Dransfield's Hotel, where in spite of the physical remonstrances of his humble friend, the Colonel introduced him to his officers, who were then at dinner, as the honestest man he had ever met. Colonel Campbell made his companion sit down to table with him, and after assuring the tinker that he should never know the want of a friend while he lived, handed him his purse, and bade him a cordial good-night. This amusing instance of 'soft solder,' new to the experiences of a tinker, which the latter took delight in relating for years afterwards, has been preserved among the traditions of the time, and was related to the writer of these pages, by a member of the house where the interview between the Colonel and the tinker took place."

SIR T. JUDKIN FITZGERALD.—FURTHER REVELATIONS.

(See p. 217.)

Clonoulty, Cashel, June 6th, 1868.

DEAR SIR,—I have just read your very interesting work, "The Sham Squire," and as I am in possession of a few facts that may further illustrate the doings of the notorious Sir T. Judkin Fitzgerald, during the year of his shriev alty in this county, I feel but too happy in laying them before you. My brother, the Rev. Thomas O'Carroll, late P.P. of Clonoulty, who died in 1865, wrote a short memoir of several of the priests of this Diocese, who died since 1838, the year he began the labours of the mission. The Rev. Roger Hayes, P.P. of Knockavilla, died that year, and from the MS. now before me, I give you the accompanying extract *in extenso*.—Believe me, dear Sir, &c.,

JAMES O'CARROLL, C.C.

William J. Fitzpatrick, Esq.

EXTRACT.

"The Rev. Roger Hayes lived in very intimate relations of friendship with most of the Protestant gentry of his neighbourhood. There was only one among them from whom he experienced any harsh or unkind treatment, namely, the notorious Thomas Fitzgerald, afterwards Baronet, who, though living in the same parish, and therefore having the best opportunity of knowing his loyalty, signalised his year of office as high sheriff, by subjecting Mr. Hayes to a series of petty persecutions. Mr. Hayes had the misfortune of being educated in France, and of speaking the language of that country with fluency. This was in the mind of Sir Thomas, *prima facie*, evidence of a disloyal and rebellious spirit; so that in the wantonness of power, he made a hostile visit at three different times to the house of the affrighted priest. He had him ordered out before him on each of these occasions, and there, surrounded by his armed myrmidons, threatened to burn his house, a thatched one, and to tie him up to the triangles as a rebel and abettor of rebels, as a con-

spirator holding treasonable relations with France. Neither the mildness or the known loyalty of the man, nor the sacredness of his office, would, in all probability, have averted the execution of Fitzgerald's threats. The priest owed his escape more to the fear of displeasing Lord Hawarden, whose protestation and friendship he was known to enjoy.

"If, in consequence of these wanton outrages, any unkind feeling towards Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, could have lingered in the heart of Mr. Hayes, he had in after years had frequent opportunities of gratifying it.

"Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald became a Baronet, had an act of Indemnity passed by the Legislature, to protect him from the legal consequences of his arbitrary and inhuman conduct during the year of his shrievalty, and settled down as an inoffensive country gentleman at his seat at Lisheen. He wished that the past should be forgotten, and probably feeling that he had sinned against Mr. Hayes, made overtures towards a reconciliation. He was met in the same spirit, and Mr. Hayes and he became friends.

"Mr. Hayes was wont to dine at his house, and on these occasions was occasionally doomed to witness scenes of violent altercation between him and his wife. Lady Fitzgerald was a woman of an imperious and overbearing disposition. She despised her husband and took every opportunity to give expression to her feelings. She would, when in bad temper, call him opprobrious names—call him 'the hangman of '98,'—upbraid him with his cowardly cruelties when in power—tell him even in the presence of company, that he had flogged innocent men, and that the most disloyal of his victims were more loyal than himself. On some occasions, even at dinner, her violence would carry her so far as to fling the plate off which she dined, and its entire contents, into the face of her lord. He would weep as a child, and implore Mr. Hayes to dine with him often, as he had found that his presence was a restraint upon his persecutor."

"Accompanied by his flying column, Sir Thomas Fitzgerald entered the chapel of Castleincy, within two miles of Templemore, on a Sunday during Mass, and standing on the platform of the Altar, closely viewed the congregation in the hope of detecting some rebellious spirit among them,

Failing in this, when Mass was over, he betook himself to a rustic seat under the shadow of a large tree in the chapel-yard, and ordered as many of the affrighted people as he pleased to kneel to him, as if he were in the tribunal of penance. He then interrogated them as to whether they were United Irishmen, or whether there were any in the neighbourhood, and the replies he met with in such an unholy tribunal may be easily conjectured.

"N.B.—The foregoing I heard from my brother, who heard it from the Rev. Wm. F. Mullally, late P.P. of Anacarty, who died in 1864. He heard it from his uncle, the Rev. James Mullally, P.P. of Loughmore and Castleincy in 1798, and with whom the Rev. Wm. ministered as curate for several years.

JAMES O'CARROLL."

Many well authenticated facts might be added in proof of the accuracy of the reminiscences furnished by our correspondent, the Rev. Mr. O'Carroll. We remember to have read a letter in the "Memoirs of Sir John Moore," in which that humane man describes his arrival with the army at Clougheen, and finding, to his surprise, the streets lined with peasantry, all on their knees, and bareheaded. Sir John on making inquiry as to the cause, was informed that Mr. Judkin Fitzgerald was going through the people on one of his scourging expeditions.

FALSE TRUSTEES.

"Four Courts' Marshalsea,
"31st December, 1868.

"SIR,—I trust you will pardon the inquisitiveness of the writer, when you learn, that he is at present deprived of the liberty essential to legitimate inquiry. In 'The Sham Squire,' page 302, first line, 'two gentlemen' are described in Mr. Caulfield's letter, as having left bequests to the Four Courts' Marshalsea for charitable purposes. I am aware that the Sham Squire was one of these; but pray who was the other? and the extent and nature of his

bequest? As an intending cultivator of food for the minds of the curious, I am at present breaking up some virgin soil, and would claim your indulgence in the form of any information you can afford. Title of my forthcoming work to be, 'Whitewash.'—Yours respectfully,

"J. F. MATHEWS.

"Wm. J. Fitzpatrick, Esq."

In answering our Correspondent's query publicly, we also, no doubt, satisfy a wider curiosity. The gentleman, whom the Governor of the Four Courts' Marshalsea alludes to, but does not name, was Mr. Charles Powell, who directed that the interest accruing from £800, which he lodged in the hands of the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin, should be disbursed at the same season, and in the same way as the Sham Squire's bequest. The startling fact transpires, however, on examining the Corporate Records, that these Civic functionaries squandered the principal in convivial and other expenses, and left an amount equivalent to the annual interest, as a charge on the City Estate!

If the unreformed Corporation of Dublin possessed bad Lord Mayors, it had also to boast of some worthies and Whittingtons. Mr. Dalton, when describing Finglas in his *History of the County Dublin*, writes, p. 379 :—"About the same time (*i.e.* 1697), Sir Daniel Bellingham, first Lord Mayor of the City of Dublin, granted lands in this parish, then of the value of about £60 per annum, and in 1764 considered worth £200 per annum, for the relief of poor debtors in the City and Four Courts' Marshalsea, and vested the same in the Clerk of the Crown, and one of the six clerks of the Chancery, as trustees for that purpose.

"This laudable object, however, was never enforced, and the heirs of the trustees have appropriated the property."

It may not be too late, even at this hour, to uncloak the hidden vampires, and compel them to disgorge their ill-gotten treasure!

ALEX. KNOX.—CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. GEORGE A. CRAWFORD, addressing us from the United Service Club, London, on April 3rd, 1868, observes :—

"I would venture to surmise that the statement relative to Alexander Knox (Sham Squire, 3rd Ed., p. 225), might possibly be the better of a closer examination.

"Sir R. Peel was Chief Secretary for Ireland from 1812 to 1818, and to this period the circumstances mentioned by you should probably be referred.

"Knox had, I believe, been in early life subject to attacks of epilepsy, and certainly suffered often from severe nervous illness. It is well known how depressing such illnesses are to the mind, and how they often induce temporary hallucination, under the influence of which the patient's acts pass beyond the control of his ordinary reason. But whatever substratum of truth there may be in the story, professing to come from Knox's medical attendants (and which you, by the way, have only received at second hand), I suspect it has been somewhat exaggerated; at any rate, the cause assigned for the act is widely at variance with probability. Knox's personal character was of an unusually high type; he had comparatively early withdrawn from public life, and thenceforward his studies and pursuits were directed in quite a different course. It may be added that, in 1812, Knox had arrived at the mature age of 54.

"Since writing the above a passage in the editor's preface to the 3rd vol. of Knox's Remains (p. xix), has caught my eye, and more than confirms my suspicions.

"'About the year 1803 a brighter period commences. His epileptic fits had then entirely left him, and a quieter and more settled state of spirits was beginning to dawn. In 1803 he made the acquaintance of Peter La Touche, of Belle Vue, where, till Mr. La Touche's death, Mr. Knox was the almost constant and honoured inmate. And here, *with scarcely any intervals, and suffering from little more than* SLIGHT *temporary indispositions*, he continued to enjoy a moderate share of bodily health, an abundance of tranquil happiness, and a competent degree of animal spirits,

in the serenity of a religious life and the agreeable excitement of varied intellectual society.'

"Mr. La Touche died in 1828, and the remarks quoted above apply to a period extending from nine years before Peel's Secretaryship to ten years after it, and three years before Knox's own death, in 1831, aged 73. I should also add, that a perusal of his correspondence and other admirable writings, which date up to the year of his death, show that no diminution whatever had taken place in the vigour of his intellect or tone of his mind.

"Under these circumstances I still more than ever suspect that exact inquiries will show the story related to you to be a mere new edition of the three black crows from beginning to end."

Having enclosed the foregoing document to Doctor M'Keever, a distinguished physician of Dublin, he has replied in a long letter, of which the following are extracts. We re-open the subject with hesitation; but the accuracy of our statement having been impugned, we feel it a duty to sustain it:—

"7, Cavendish Row, April 18th, 1868.

"Alas! my dear friend, the old Scytheman has of late committed such sad havoc among my early friends and acquaintances that I know not even one to whom I could apply for information on the very delicate subject adverted to in the note of your London correspondent. I am, in fact, somewhat like Tom Moore's last rose of summer, 'left blooming alone,' the companions of my juvenile days 'all faded and gone!' But such are among the evils of protracted existence—yet, why indulge in useless regrets or lugubrious retrospects? Such is our fate, and to it both duty and interest compel us to submit. However, '*revenons à nos moutons.*' The facts are, I conceive, correctly stated in your very valuable work, and were communicated to me direct, *not second-hand*, by Dr. Labatt, a man of high professional eminence, of strict unbending integrity, one who would scorn to lend himself to a reckless falsehood, the coining of a wicked, distempered brain. The same may be said of the late venerable Patriarch, Mr. Peile, who for more than half a century enjoyed a large share of public

patronage, besides holding the responsible office of Inspector-General of Military Hospitals. This amiable excellent man lived to the advanced age of 90, and only within the last year or two has been called to his great account.

"As to Mr. Knox having been subject to epileptic seizures, such is the very form of constitution in which I would expect the morbid hallucination alluded to, and (*en parenthèse*), I may observe, such men have been remarkable for their refined literary tastes, as well as intellectual '*enjoyments*;' witness Julius Cæsar, Napoleon Bonaparte, and, if I mistake not, the present Pontiff, Pio Nono. Now, I can very well conceive, that as the animal propensities of man fetter and control his nobler aspirations, Mr. Knox may thus have been enabled to devote his leisure hours to congenial literary pursuits. History presents us with a remarkable case of a similar kind (although not self-inflicted), in the person of the celebrated Abelard.* . . . . . Well, as to age, the mature age of 54—this I consider altogether relative. In most men who have not impaired their constitution in early life, passion and power, I should consider in their prime at the period mentioned—the more likely in this case, as Mr. Knox lived to the advanced age of 73. . . . . .

"On the entire, my dear friend, I am inclined to think it will be found that the account given in your interesting book of this melancholy occurrence is the true and correct one, and that it is not, as your correspondent would facetiously represent it, that of *tres bètes noires.*

"But, sad to say, however dishonouring it may be to our common humanity, such details furnish ample proof of the truth of the axiom, 'Truth is stranger than fiction.' Believe me, your's most truly,

"THOS. M'KEEVER."

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* The case of Abelard is not in point: but the History of Origen, an eminent Father of the Church, furnishes a parallel.—W. J. F.

DOLLY MONROE.

We have received from an ex-member for Limerick an interesting letter suggesting a few additional details at p. 167, which he is so good as to furnish. He writes:—

"I have been interested and instructed by the perusal of 'The Sham Squire,' and I hope it shall be extensively circulated in England, where it could not fail to disabuse the public opinion of that country of many erroneous impressions in regard to the qualities and the habits of the natives of Ireland, whose distrust in the law of the land is not unnatural where the administration of it has been connected with so much immorality.

"As you have been evidently anxious to obtain the most accurate information relative to parties introduced into your narrative, I take the liberty of suggesting an addendum in your next edition of a note, p. 167, 'Baratariana.' One of 'the trusty friends' of Lord Townshend was Robert Waller, elder brother of George, clerk of the Minutes of Excise. He was member of Parliament for the borough of Dundalk, then a nomination borough under the control of Lord Roden, who was first cousin of Mr. Waller, who subsequently became a commissioner of the Revenue, when those officers had been multiplied for the purpose of parliamentary corruption. Mr. Waller was created a baronet in 1780, and the title is still held by his great-grandson. I remember, in my juvenile days, to have seen a full-length portrait, at Rathfarnham Castle, of the beautiful Dolly Monroe, and a relative of hers told me that Lord Townshend pretended to her aunt, Lady Ely, that his object was to captivate Miss Monroe, and prevail upon her to become Lady Townshend, a delusion he kept up until Lady Ely had induced her lord to give his parliamentary support (about the strongest in the House of Commons) to Lord Townshend's administration; but, to Lady Ely's great mortification, the viceroy married Miss Montgomery, whose portrait, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was certainly not as handsome as that of Miss Monroe."

THE O'HARA FAMILY ON THE "SHAM SQUIRE."

At the request of the publisher, Mr. W. B. Kelly, we include in our Appendix the following able letter, with which we have been favoured by Michael Banim, Esq., of the "O'Hara Family." The letter is dated Kilkenny, March 31, 1869:—

"I regard the two books, 'The Sham Squire' and its companion, 'Curious Family History, or Ireland Before the Union,' as first-class historical evidence. You quote in the last-named work Byron's adage, that 'reality is more strange than fiction.' Both books show the verity of this saying with the self-demonstration of an axiom. Until I read your revelations, I could scarcely imagine, fabricator of fiction as I have been, any thing like the intricacy and ingenuity of rascality you have exposed to view in the Sham Squire and in several of his compeers and abettors. But your book is not scandal, but high historical evidence. Looking on the Sham Squire and others whose portraits you have limned, in both your books, as the machinery by which the governing mechanists of the day manipulated, you have shown convincingly, and beyond contest, the mean shifts and the low degradation to which the art of governing was reduced by bad Statesmen. You have demonstrated by your books, that fellowship with the devil in human guise was the companionship considered most befitting the ruling powers, and regarded as the most effective machinery of government. If the adage, 'Show me your company, and I'll tell who you are,' be relevant to the days of the Sham Squire, you have more than suggested that he and those who encouraged him were rascals all, root and branch. That, in fact, Ireland was under the control of a pack of hounds, who, by themselves and their terriers, looked on the government of a country to be a piece of malign sport, the country entrusted to them as their game, to be run down, and, if possible, devoured. You have produced the conviction, that where the agents of authority were employed because of their lowness in the moral scale, that the employers of such disgusting underlings were as devoid of

rectitude as their tools, and that disregard of all principles of rectitude was the code of rule.

"Reference to the political surface gives no idea of the state of things photographically placed before us in the 'Sham Squire' and its sequel as the distinct reality; there is no pause for inferences, after your portraiture of the period. There is nothing suppositious; intrigues and intriguers are stamped with the impress of reality. Such historical portraits as yours are now valued; it is by such startling revelations as these that the truth will guide and control the future historian; theories and disputable assertions will evaporate before the radiance of the truth. Plain statements of proven facts always extinguish the most ingenious false colouring, or the most affluent advocacy. A sensible jury judges by the evidence, not by the distortions of the advocates at either side; you have arranged and produced the evidence in court, and the ultimate result will be, according to the jurymen's pledge, 'a true verdict according to the evidence.'

"In this point of view, exclusive of the intrinsic merit of your books, regarding them as sun paintings, your two works, the 'Sham Squire,' and its sequel, 'Curious Family History,' &c., are invaluable as historic materials. The history of Ireland is yet to be written, so far as I have had the opportunity of examining; the books published under that title are venomous accusations on the one side, or overstrained recrimination and defence on the other. We want the cool, dispassionate, and, therefore, conclusive history of the country. In my honest judgment, your 'Sham Squire' and its equally piquant companion volume, will, in the hands of the future historian of our country, throw light on the dark period in question beyond any hitherto existing intelligence.

"On this subject, the want of an impressive self-asserting history of Ireland, I could say much but I will not further indulge my crude observations. I must conclude by congratulating you on your success, and by thanking you on my own part, and on the part of our future historian, for your contributions towards an hereafter 'History of Ireland.'"

INFORMERS EVERYWHERE.

Conspirators and informers will co-exist until the crack of doom, and the wider the conspiracy the greater is the certainty of detection. Some of the seemingly staunchest hearts in Smith O'Brien's movement of '48, were false to their chief and colleagues; and when the crisis came, suggested to the police magistrates, that in order to preserve consistency and keep up the delusion, they ought to be arrested and imprisoned.* Even while we write, the ranks of the Fenian brotherhood, although knotted as it seemed by the most binding oaths of secrecy, are broken and betrayed by internal spies. Nor are the informers confined to Ireland. One of the American correspondents of the *Times*, in a letter dated Philadelphia, October 24, 1865, writes: "The Fenian Congress continues its sessions, and has so much business to attend to that they are protracted far into the night. The green-uniformed sentinels still guard its doors closely, and hope to keep the secret of the deliberations within. They have changed their weapons to loaded muskets, in order to terrify attempting intruders; but their watchfulness is of little avail, for not only are there informers inside in the interest of your Government, but I learn that others assist in the deliberations who are in the interest of our own, and who send daily reports of the proceedings to Washington, that the Government may know in time the adoption of any measures tending to violate the peace between England and America."

In concluding a book which deals largely with Irish informers, we have no desire to convey the inference that treachery or duplicity, for what Shakespeare calls "saint-seducing gold," is a specialty of the Celtic character. The records of every age and nation furnish ample illustrations of both, even in the most aggravated form. Philip of Macedon said that he would "never despair of taking any fortress to which an ass might enter laden with gold." Pausanias, King of Sparta, and commander of the Greeks

* Communicated by F. T. Porter, Esq., ex-police magistrate.

at the battle of Platæa, was put to death by his own countrymen for intriguing to betray Greece to Persia. The physician of Pyrrhus informed the Roman general Fabricius, that he was ready to poison his royal master for pay. Wallace was doubly betrayed, first by his servant, and finally by his false friend Sir J. Monteith, who received a grant of land, in acknowledgment, from the English Privy Council. The published letters of Lord Orrery, son of Boyle, the famous English adventurer, confess that he was set as a regular spy over the Catholic plantations in Clare. King Charles the Second received large douceurs from the French monarch, and shaped his foreign policy accordingly. Sidney was secretly subsidised by France, and Dalrymple's memoirs disclose many similar cases. The private secretary of James the Third,* and conductor of his correspondence, is found to have been in receipt of a debauching pension of £2,000 a-year from the British Minister Walpole !—a fact admitted by Walpole's own son, in "Walpoliana." Louis XI. of France, accomplished his ends by bribing the ministers of the King of Castile. The publication of the French official records shows to what a great extent the members of the English legislature were in the pay of Louis XIV. The History of Cockaigne, the vile betrayer of the Rev. William Jackson,† reveals that the informers of that time were not confined to Irishmen; and Captain Armstrong, who fattened his substance on the blood of the Sheares, did not belong to an Irish family. We learn from Napier's narrative of the Peninsular war, that Wellington had paid informers on Soult's staff, and Soult had similar channels of information through officers on Wellington's ‡ staff. Nor does Scotland

* Also known as the Chevalier de St. George father of the Pretender, Prince Charles Edward.

† P. 286, *ante*.

‡ The Duke, in one of his conversations with Rogers, describes an informer, called Don Uran de la Rosa, and sometimes Ozèlle, who, during the progress of the Peninsular war, was wont to dine with the English and the French alternately. "When I was ambassador at Paris," added Wellington, "he came and begged me to make interest with Soult for the settlement of his accounts, 'How can I?' I said, laughing, 'when we made such use of you as we did?' They were settled, however, if we could believe him.

seem to have been specially fastidious. In a letter from the subsequent Duke of Wellington to James Trail, Esq., dated London, 18th March, 1808, he expresses a wish that a Scotch clergyman should immediately wait upon him, preparatory to proceeding, on a mission of espionage, to France and Holland; and Dr. Madden, in his book on the Penal Laws, informs us that this person "was a very remarkable man, of the name of Robertson, employed by the Duke, on several secret missions of a very questionable kind for a minister to have been engaged on." Barry O'Meara, the Boswell of Napoleon at St. Helena, was assured by that personage that, of the many English spies which his executive had in pay, including a number of ladies, of whom some were of high rank, one lady especially, of very high rank, sometimes got so much as £3,000 a month. We could add numerous instances, and, doubtless, still more startling details of the doings of spies and informers in foreign countries would have come to light, had the sale of a series of secret-service letters and receipts been suffered, on February 17, 1866, to take its course at Mr. Sotheby's. The papers, which extended from 1790 to 1827, and seem to have been sold as waste by an ignorant official at the Foreign Office, disclosed some curious instances of secret expenditure on the part of English ambassadors abroad; but, by command of Lord Clarendon, the lot was withdrawn!

After his death, a Frenchman came to me in London, and when he had vapoured away for some time, declaring that Ozèlle had won every battle and saved Europe, he said, 'Here are his memoirs; shall we publish them or not?' I saw his drift, and said, 'Do as you please; he was neither more nor less than a spy.' I heard no more of them or of him." For full details, see "Recollections," by Samuel Rogers, pp. 198—201.

THE END.